1

POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST NOVEMBER 23 • 1963 20c

WHY DE GAULLE DEFIES US

France: a new atomic power

PROFITS FROM GRIEF

You can't afford to die

Why Valachi talked / Smoldering Romy Schneider / First-aid psychiatry

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POST

NOVEMBER 23, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 41

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Americans don't want fancy funerals *(Speaking Out)* . . . *by Jessica Mitford* 8

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The story behind the crime hearings . . . . . *by Peter Maas* 21

Last summer, in a startling exclusive, the *Post* revealed the inner workings of *Cosa Nostra*, the nationwide crime syndicate. Joseph Valachi, the *Cosa Nostra* hoodlum whose never-before-told story was revealed by contributing writer Peter Maas, has subsequently made newspaper and TV headlines through appearances before a Senate investigating committee. In this issue, for the first time, Maas reveals what Valachi did *not* tell Congress: why he risked death to betray the organized underworld; his attitude toward society, crime and punishment; how the FBI persuaded him to talk; and why he agreed to tell all in public.

De Gaulle builds a new France . . . . . *by Don Cook* 24

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The authors. **Don Cook,** chief European correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*, surveys the political prospects of the "New France" and its patriarchal President Charles de Gaulle. . . . **Daniel S. Greenberg,** a Washington-based staff writer for *Science* magazine, reports on the new concentrated-protein food which may be the answer to malnutrition in underdeveloped countries. . . . **C. Robert Jennings,** who traces the turbulent career of actress Romy Schneider, is a contributing writer. . . . *Post* medical writer **Robert P. Goldman** tells of Boston's new instant-therapy program to help the mentally ill. . . . Free-lance writer and former newspaperman **Roy Bongartz** takes a picturesque tour of Florida's sunny Cypress Gardens. . . . Contributing writer **Roul Tunley** analyzes the phenomenon of a Democratic governor in the Vermont statehouse—the first in history. . . . Cleveland *Press* sports editor **Bob August**, whose last *Post* piece dealt with the fatal illness of young gridiron star Ernie Davis, takes a penetrating look at his hometown's troubled pro football team. . . . **Martin Mayer,** who spent several days interviewing cadets and administrative personnel at Colorado's Air Force Academy, is a free-lance writer and author of *The Schools*.

The cover picture of Charles de Gaulle was taken by contributing photographer **John Launois,** who accompanied the dynamic French president on his five-day political tour of the provinces.

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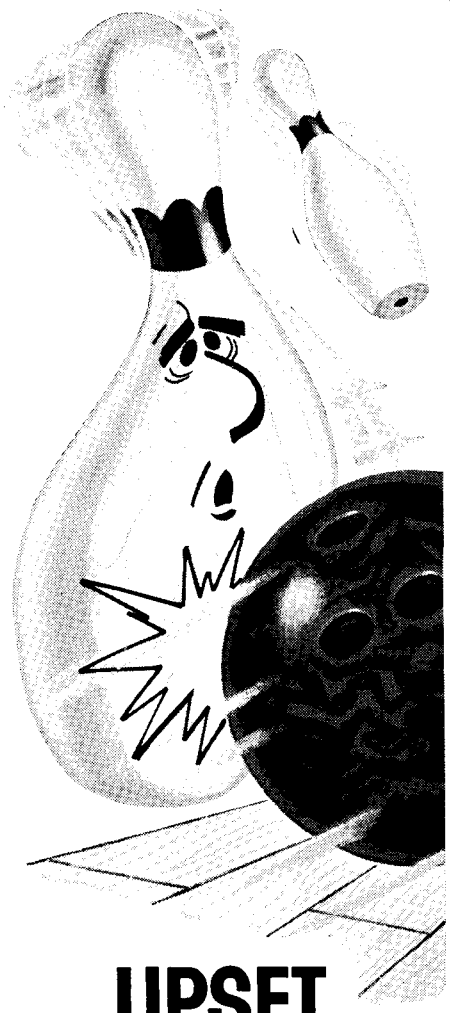

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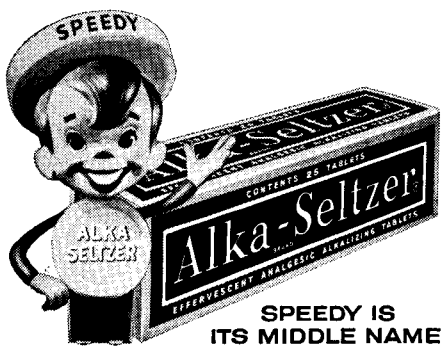
If you've never tried Alka-Seltzer you don't know how speedy relief can be!

When you have an upset stomach there's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer.

Alka-Seltzer contains a soothing stomach alkalizer, ready to go to work instantly to soothe and settle upset stomach.

Headache, too? Alka-Seltzer provides the effective pain-reliever, sodium acetylsalicylate, in a completely dissolved solution. In the first ten minutes—when you really need it—the system quickly absorbs more of this Alka-Seltzer pain-reliever.

Take two Alka-Seltzer tablets before bed and wake up feeling better!



SPEEDY IS ITS MIDDLE NAME

LETTERS

Banish Keats!

I've rarely read anything so dangerously absurd as John Keats's STAY HOME AND DON'T VOTE [Oct. 26]. Mr. Keats quite boldly expresses the contempt of the self-styled "intellectual" for the average American. May I remind him that this republic was founded upon a strong belief in the nobility of mind of the average man, and the belief is justified. I know truck drivers with more brains than a lot of "intellectuals."

TAYLOR CALDWELL
Buffalo, N.Y.

• Congratulations to John Keats! I've been trying to say the same thing that he wrote in his article for 20 years. My friends think I'm negative.

MRS. RUTH K. VAN GORDER
Portland, Oreg.

• Millions of Americans have *died* so we could vote, and it is flat against our national heritage not to do so.

WALTER E. BOYD
Pasadena, Calif.

• Democracy may be a dream, Mr. Keats, but it's a good dream.

MYRON R. FOX
Brookville, Ohio

• I say the author is ridiculous. Our entire life is a process of learning. If we do our best to understand the issues, then we are ready to vote.

FRED N. CHRISTMAN
Waynesboro, Pa.

• Well, I suppose John Keats will soon be exiled to Outer Mongolia for his downright "un-American" allegations. But I, for one, don't think even the original John Keats could have stated his points better.

MARK A. BERNHEIM
Jamaica, N.Y.

Separate schools

Thomas J. Fleming's suggestion [THE CRISIS IN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, Oct. 26] that Catholics gradually phase themselves out of the parochial-school business is sane and sensible—and is an answer that should have been thought of long ago. Many of us Protestants will gladly assume the additional tax burden that several million more youngsters in our public-school system will mean. We love our public schools and would welcome more fellow-Americans to enjoy their benefits.

GUNNAR HOGLUND, *Nat. Youth Dir.*
Baptist General Conference
Chicago, Ill.

• I fail to be alarmed by Mr. Fleming's dark probings into the American parochial-school system. What school system—parochial or public—is not haunted by the fear of being substandard? The explosion in education has reached cosmic proportions. Are Catholics the only ones ducking falling debris?

SISTER M. DIANA, O.P.
Akron, Ohio

• Parochial schools are not "obsolete," but educational freedom soon will be if there is no change in the present coercive tax system that makes no allowance for those who do not believe in a purely secular philosophy of education.

JOHN B. A. HOSTAGE
Nashua, N.H.

• I spent last summer in Europe, and when I mentioned to my friends there the treatment accorded Catholic children in the United States, they found it difficult to believe. In the five countries I visited, all schools without exception receive some government support, and there was *no one* who babbled about "union of church and state." One test of democracy lies in the treatment accorded minorities, and by this standard the countries of Europe are, in the field of education, much more democratic than ours.

SEVERIN LAMPING
Bowling Green, Mo.

• What might otherwise be a most useful critique is badly marred by the absurd sample arithmetic problem: "If a priest saves 800 souls from Purgatory with one Mass, how many will he save with 20 Masses?" The implication of this statement is a gross misrepresentation of the Catholic doctrines of Purgatory, Salvation and the Mass. Mr. Fleming might have demonstrated greater objectivity by using a real quote from a real text to make his point.

LEO G. BYRNE
Newark, Ohio

• To read your magazine, one would think that only the Roman Catholic Church maintains parochial schools. The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod maintains more than 1,400 elementary and high schools with an enrollment of more than 150,000 pupils.

RICHARD ZALENT
Cleveland, Ohio

• On behalf of the citizens of Wilton, Conn., the undersigned wish to protest the two paragraphs devoted to our town in Mr. Fleming's article. We find many of the facts listed inaccurate and his inferences and conclusions erroneous to an alarming degree.

The vote on the use of public funds to transport children to the Catholic school here was not "demanded" by anyone. It stemmed from an act of the state legislature enabling towns to decide by referendum whether bus transportation should be provided for children attending private schools.

Public meetings were held in a spirit of goodwill before the referendum, the principal subjects of debate being along legal lines as to constitutionality of the proposed step, separation of church and state as a principle and the question of the safety and welfare of the children. Our meetings since the voting have been most cordial.

Wilton was, is and promises to remain a friendly town.

VINCENT J. TITO SR.,
PAUL F. SCHUCKER JR.,
J. ANDREW SQUIRES, *Selectmen*

REV. ROBERT L. GREEN JR.,
St. Matthews Episcopal Church

REV. ARTHUR E. HIGGINS,
REV. CHESTER E. MILLER,
Congregational Church of Wilton

FATHER JOSEPH N. MURPHY,
Our Lady of Fatima Church
Wilton, Conn.

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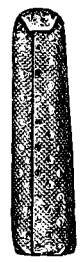

MODERN IN FORM. PAZO suppositories are ideal for today's active people. Foil-wrapped, handy to carry in pocket or purse, simple to use wherever you go. Stainless, pure-white . . . no messy applicator, no messy stains.

MODERN IN FORMULA. Some products claim all-purpose ingredients which are expected to do many jobs. PAZO suppositories, however, are a scientifically developed *combination* of tested ingredients . . . each chosen for its ability to do one *primary* job with full-strength effectiveness.

Primary Function of Specific Ingredient	PAZO	Most Heavily Advertised Brand	Petroleum Jelly
Pile Tissue Shrinkage	X	X	
Lubrication	X	X	X
Antiseptic Action	X	X	
Pain Relief	X		
Itch Relief	X		

Use the most modern way to soothe and shrink hemorrhoid tissue without surgery . . . PAZO suppositories. Ask for . . .

THE PAZO® FORMULA HEMORRHOID SUPPOSITORIES
ALSO AVAILABLE IN OINTMENT FORM

Dr. Grabow

The World's Only PRE-SMOKED PIPE
NEEDS NO BREAKING-IN

Write for free booklet
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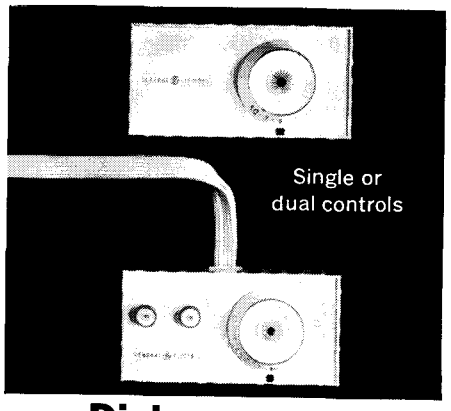
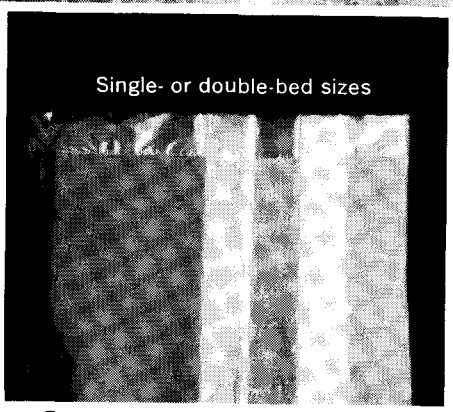
General Electric's Sleep-Guard® Blanket
(the one that adjusts to the temperature)

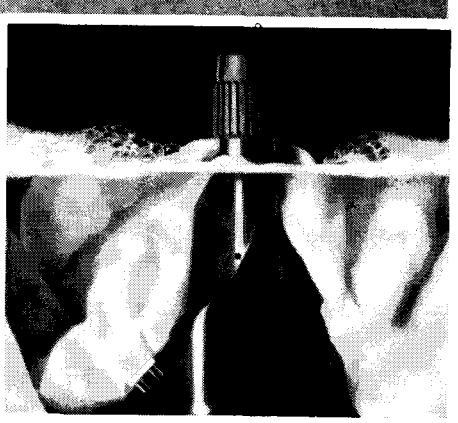


Dials you cozy



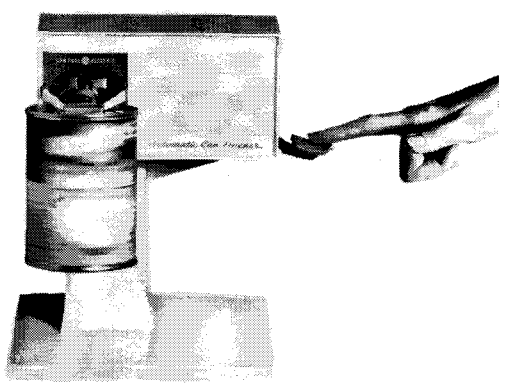
Comes in five colors

Has tailored corners

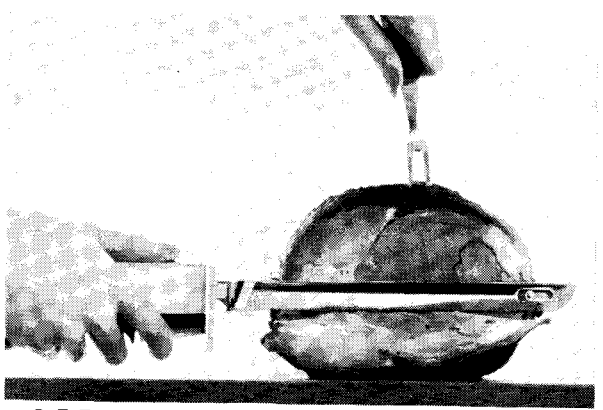


Welcomes your washer

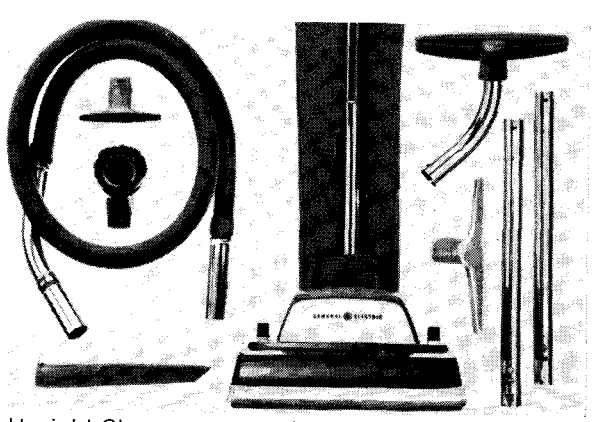
3 more General Electric Appliances that do more for you



G-E Can Opener pierces, opens cans at one touch!



G-E Electric Slicing Knife. All you do is guide it!



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"My luscious dish of a daughter! Every delicious delinquent inch of her is designed to drive her father (that's me) **nuts!** She discovers 'causes'...and I **land in the clink.** She becomes a beatnik... and I become page one news. She studies art in Paris, and who are the gendarmes after – me! **One of her is enough.** But there are just too many boys in this world!"

JAMES STEWART AND **SANDRA DEE** IN **"TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE"**

COLOR BY DE LUXE

Watch for it at your favorite theatre!

LETTERS

Silver search

Marvin Kitman [ONE MAN'S SEARCH FOR FREE SILVER, Oct. 26] searched for silver the hard way. Here in the silver state, any casino will gladly change even unsecured $100 Federal Reserve notes to chips, and chips to silver dollars, in the expectancy of changing all or part from his pocket to theirs.

I felt for Mr. Kitman on the problem of transporting 1,000 silver dollars. Out here we have holes in every pocket from carrying around one or two.

ROD STEWART
Las Vegas, Nev.

Tackled but intact

Being the fellow who wasn't "kissed" by John Henry Johnson ["KISS THE GUY OR TACKLE HIM?" by Myron Cope, Oct. 26], I'm sure John Henry will be happy to know that his tackle was not as devastating as stated by Mr. Cope. [Cope reported that Johnson tackled Bewley with such force in a Canadian League game that Bewley's jaw was broken and he had to retire from football.] I recovered sufficiently to play eight more years of pro football with the Montreal Alouettes, played in three Grey Cup games (Canadian pro final), two East-West All Star games and won the scoring championship in 1958. I retired in 1962 to become head football coach at McGill University and am most fortunate to have on the team several outstanding American football players who are doing graduate work here.

BILL BEWLEY
Montreal, Canada

Mao's madness

To charge Mao with clinical madness on the grounds that Stewart Alsop does [AFFAIRS OF STATE: THE MADNESS OF MAO TSE-TUNG, Oct. 26] is about as sensible or as foolish as saying that our own commitment to the military defense of South Vietnam on the other side of the world is a proof of U.S. lunacy in high places. Could be that Mr. Alsop's Washington informants are striving a little too hard to prove the realism of their own thinking.

EDMUND ZAWACKI
Madison, Wis.

Wrong Roosevelt

In your story on the Mafia [by Peter Maas, Aug. 10-17] you published a picture caption which read, "Joe Profaci ran Brooklyn mob from former Teddy Roosevelt estate." Does this refer to my father, Theodore Roosevelt, and to his former home at Oyster Bay? The estate was owned for many years by the Theodore Roosevelt Association and is now the property of the Federal Government.

ARCHIBALD B. ROOSEVELT
New York, N.Y.

The Profaci property to which the caption refers is located in Etra, N.J., and was formerly owned by Kate Shippen Roosevelt, widow of President Roosevelt's first cousin. While local residents refer to it as "the Teddy Roosevelt estate," it has no connection with the former President or his Sagamore Hill estate at Oyster Bay, N.Y.—ED.

COMING SOON...in The Post

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

Roadbuilding corruption wastes millions

SHIRLEY MACLAINE

Sounds off on manners and morals

Speaking Out:

Stop the giveaway to veterans

Tough week for a working gambler

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"Pops is a darling but also a square. He gets into so many scrapes, he's practically **an adult delinquent.** Like with those gendarmes in a Paris dive...or his **strip-down dive** into the Seine Or the time the cops had to hustle him off the campus. He says **it's all my fault...** but can I help it if I love life, **and the boys love me ?"**

20th Century-Fox presents

"TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE"

co-starring AUDREY MEADOWS · ROBERT MORLEY · PHILIPPE FORQUET · JOHN McGIVER

Produced and Directed by HENRY KOSTER / Based on the play by PHOEBE and HENRY EPHRON

Screenplay by NUNNALLY JOHNSON / Produced on the stage by HAROLD S. PRINCE / A CINEMASCOPE PICTURE

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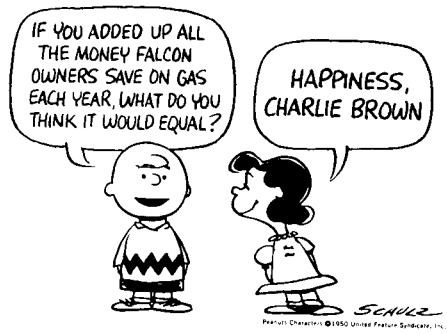
FALCON SQUIRE WAGON

Night had fallen over the kingdom when the little princess and her guardians arrived in a magic chariot. Magic, because all the bumps disappeared under the sorcery of a wider tread, and longer springs. A fairy tale? Test-drive a new Falcon Squire and let it cast its spell on you!


IF YOU ADDED UP ALL THE MONEY FALCON OWNERS SAVE ON GAS EACH YEAR, WHAT DO YOU THINK IT WOULD EQUAL?
HAPPINESS, CHARLIE BROWN
SCHULZ

TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE
FOR A CHANGE!

FORD

Falcon • Fairlane • Ford • Thunderbird

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SPEAKING OUT

The voice of dissent

Miss Mitford, author of the best-selling exposé, "The American Way of Death," was born in England and came to the U.S. in 1939. A Californian, she recently was the victim of what "The New York Times" called "a McCarthyite attack" by a Congressman who equated her criticism of morticians with anti-Americanism.

Americans don't want fancy funerals

By Jessica Mitford

A controversial author says the surprising public reaction to her book explodes the morticians' favorite myth.

When I wrote my book, *The American Way of Death*, attacking the American funeral, I expected a violent reaction from the funeral industry. What I didn't expect, and what has come as a complete surprise to me, was the avalanche of letters I received from ordinary people who object to elaborate, costly funerals. This broad, deep resentment bodes ill for the morticians and their two-billion-dollar-a-year empire. It brands as a myth their cherished assumption that the American standard of dying stems from public demand and suggests that, in fact, a consumers' revolt is beginning.

Undertakers have long insisted that people are only too glad to pay extra so that modern technology and "know-how" can be applied to the production of ever more splendid funeral merchandise. Gaudier caskets. Finer burial negligees. Bigger and more beautiful undertaking establishments with softer and thicker carpeting. Newer and better embalming techniques for the purpose of achieving an ever more lifelike appearance in American corpses.

The myopic belief of the funeral industry, in short, is that only a few crackpots and troublemakers disapprove of the contemporary American funeral. "Fortunately," said Wilber Krieger, managing director of National Selected Morticians, in an attack on my book, "there are tens of thousands of families in this country who, from experience, know this criticism is ill-founded. We leave it to them to judge the merits of the case put forward by Miss Mitford."

One might have supposed, then, that many readers would be offended by my book, by the suggestion that the typical American funeral of today with "cosmetized" corpse in lavish casket is grotesque, inappropriate and a ridiculous waste of financial resources. The behavior of a society toward its dead is, after all, an extremely sensitive subject, and criticism in this area might be expected to arouse very deep emotions.

The protest, when it came, proved to be one-sided indeed, and from one quarter alone: the funeral men themselves. Of the avalanche of letters I have received about my book from all over the country, from all sorts of people, I have yet to hear from a satisfied customer. I find it rather surprising, in fact, that not one correspondent has so far come forward to praise or justify the typical contemporary funeral, to commend the embalmer's handiwork or to say of a funeral in his own family, "It was worth every cent." On the contrary, I have been deluged with new complaints, new "horror stories" about the depletion of small estates by funeral charges, new expressions of revulsion against the style in which we bury our dead.

Typical of these was a letter from a schoolteacher in Chicago who had worked and sacrificed to provide adequate nursing and some comforts for her father during a terminal illness. When her father died, she refused to purchase the elaborate casket urged on her by the undertaker. She shocked him to his boots by insisting that even the "minimum-priced service" at $695 was too high; that if he would not supply a plain wooden coffin for half that sum, as specified in her father's will, she would take the body elsewhere. This threat worked (as it often does) and the reluctant undertaker complied, but the schoolteacher learned later that he had confided to her relatives that "she must be a little off in the head."

There was the advertising executive who, while arranging for the funeral of his mother, was called on by the undertaker to choose between two materials for the casket lining. "What's the difference?" he asked. The undertaker explained that the more expensive material was pure silk and the cheaper was rayon: "We find rayon is a lot more irritating to the skin."

And then there was the report from a TV crew which recently filmed a program in the establishment of one of the largest and most "reputable" undertakers in California. The owner piously assured them that no hard selling was done in *his* place. The choice was entirely up to the family; in fact, they were even encouraged to browse around among the caskets without a salesman present. The TV men were impressed until one of the sound crew spotted a hidden microphone in the casket-selection room, placed there for the purpose of eavesdropping on the conversation of the bereaved family!

Religious leaders of all major denominations have communicated their agreement with my findings. An Episcopal bishop wrote, "Your book stabs alive a quiet undercurrent of distaste and dissatisfaction with present funeral practices. It is entertaining, frightening, and moves one to want to act." A Methodist pastor in Racine, Wis., said, "After reading it, 100,000 clergymen surely will rise up and shout, 'Glory Hallelujah!' For at last someone has spoken out against the needless cost and the pagan customs and body worship of our funerals." And a rabbi from Springfield, Mass., "It is a powerful statement and one which will have many repercussions. It is high time that the synagogue took action in an area of life where Jews are helpless victims, reestablishing standards of burial and mourning in accordance with the law and the spirit of Jewish tradition." Rather ominous, but in a way to me the most gratifying of all, was this comment of *The Long Island Catholic* in a review of my book: "Get it. Then rally 'round and support this woman. I have an idea she will die a martyr's death."

Panic in the parlors

The depth of popular feeling on this subject came, as I've said, as a surprise to me. The reaction of the funeral trade, however, came as no surprise at all. Spokesmen for the trade are rounding on "the Mitford menace" with fangs bared, refusing to see that their real trouble lies not with any one book or magazine article nor with any one critic, but rather with large numbers of ordinary people in all walks of life who are becoming increasingly restive about the style and cost of the modern funeral.

Long before my book was published, the funeral industry became aware that it was in progress. Headlines began to appear in the undertakers' trade journals: MITFORD DAY DRAWS CLOSER! . . . JESSICA MITFORD PLANS ANTI-FUNERAL BOOK. And on a more optimistic note, WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG, BAD BOOK? On the eve of publication, *The Director*, official organ of the influential National Funeral Directors Association, carried a front-page editorial on the subject, advising the nation's undertakers to "adapt to the situation calmly, to refuse to panic in either thought or action, remembering that the funeral is a custom long established by common consent." *Mortuary Management*, an undertakers' monthly, voices the same idea:

> These are the days when you must hold steadfast even though you have every right to lash out against the unprovoked attacks with every weapon at your command. . . . Actually, the danger to the equilibrium of funeral service is not in the book per se. It is in the residual use of Miss Mitford's material. . . . Newspapers, large and small, are reviewing the Mitford volume, passing and re-passing its poisons among the citizenry.

The undertakers, long accustomed to operating behind discreetly closed doors, their business methods shrouded in secrecy, have traditionally done their best to avoid the spotlight. The focus of their fear is that the "citizenry" will become informed of facts hitherto concealed, facts about the repulsive and unnecessary procedure of embalming, the part this plays in "building up the sale," and above all, facts about pricing of funerals. The undertakers are no doubt aware that public ignorance of these matters has long been the major factor in inducing the American public to accept the industry's funerary offerings without argument. They also know that the more people learn about

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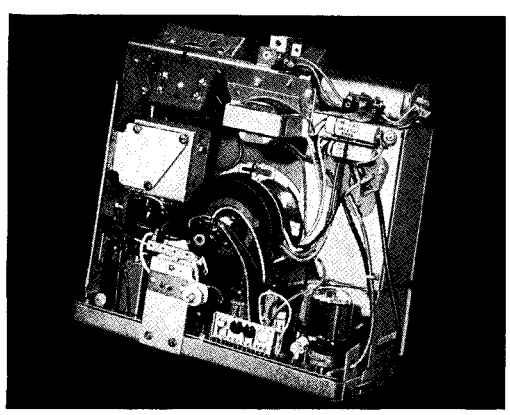
ADMIRAL, CHICAGO. CANADIAN ADMIRAL, PORT CREDIT, ONTARIO.
*OPTIONAL WITH DEALER. PRICES AND SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

Built to take it...anywhere!

New Admiral 11" (overall diagonal) Playmate



The one built like the big sets . . . for rugged reliability. The only personal portable with a powerful, precision-crafted, horizontal chassis framed in steel. Takes the jolts and jars a portable gets! Retractable handle, telescopic antenna.

Make a date with the Playmate. Just one foot small and so lightweight a child can carry it! Take it anywhere. The Admiral Playmate is ruggedly-built. No other personal portable is so powerful...so precision-crafted for lasting quality.

You'll enjoy the brightest, sharpest picture Admiral has ever created, because the Playmate with 14,000 volts has more picture power per-square-inch than any other personal portable. You'll admire the smart, sculptured beauty that makes the Playmate perfect for the bedroom, kitchen, den, anywhere! Take one home soon. In beige, black, red, sun gold and white...with golden accents...starting at only **$99.95***

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MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

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UNIQUE TV COMMERCIAL

Harry James' TV test proves new Kleenex tissues won't break through

Recently for a current television commercial, Harry James picked up his trumpet and blew the most unusual solo of his long career. For what happened—see the adjoining page.

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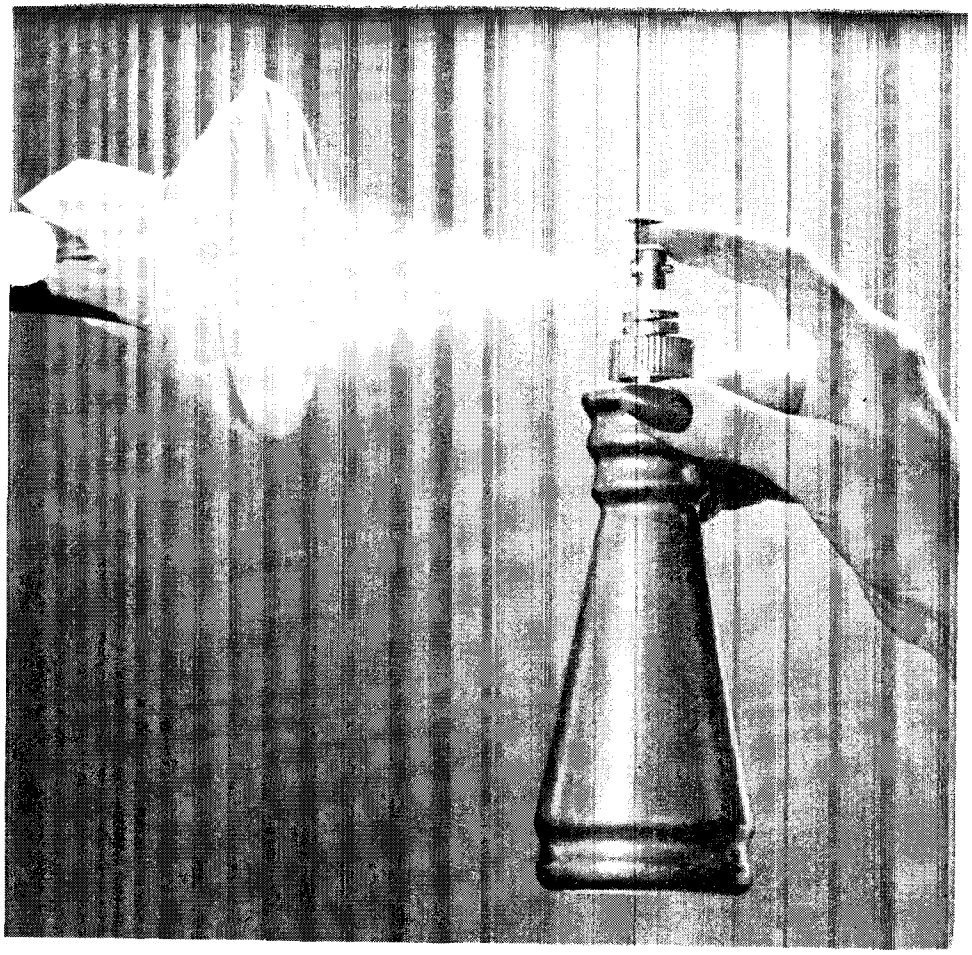
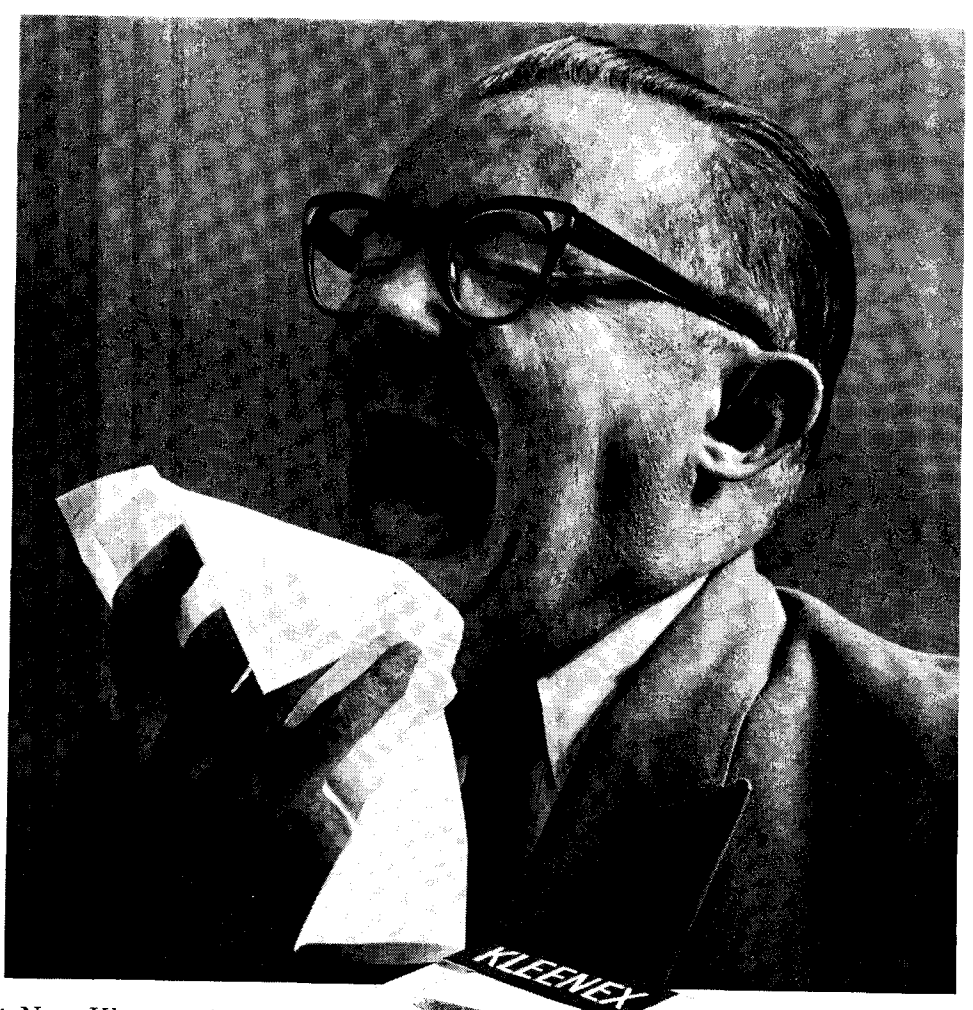


FIRST A NEW, IMPROVED KLEENEX TISSUE was tied to the bell of Harry James' trumpet. As the cameras rolled, it was soaked with water—then James took his famous stance, threw back his head and blew. The tissue belled like a balloon, reverberating under the pressure—he hit the highest notes, but *it did not break through.*

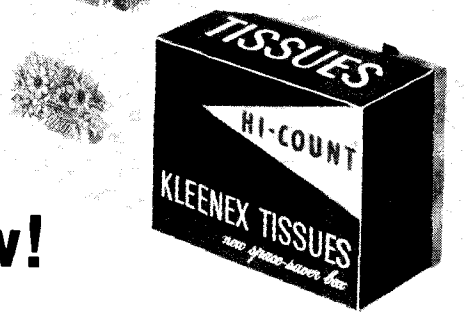
HERE'S PROOF OF THE REMARKABLE NEW KLEENEX STRENGTH. The tissue was untied from the trumpet, and this film close-up shows the water-soaked portion—without the slightest break or tear. Any tissue that can hold up under the force of Harry James' trumpeting won't break through under heavy cold cream or lotions, big sneezes or spills.

NEW SOFTNESS DEMONSTRATED, TOO. Pretty vocalist Peggy Taylor asks a lady in the audience to test the unusual softness of the new Kleenex tissues . . . as she sings "Kleenex has something new to blow its horn about—they won't break through—much softer, too!" You, too, will discover this new softness at the first touch.



PROVE IT TO YOURSELF! New Kleenex tissues are unlike any you've ever used. They won't break through under heavy sneezes, heavy face creams or sudden spills. Discover new Kleenex Tissues in all three Space-Saver boxes—Hi-Count, Regular Count and Dispenser size. Try these new Kleenex tissues soon.

New!



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these things, the greater the danger that they will seek some alternative and that the rebellion will spread.

My book describes a funeral-reform movement, the funeral and memorial societies, first brought to national attention by *The Saturday Evening Post* two years ago in Roul Tunley's article, CAN YOU AFFORD TO DIE? These groups, led for the most part by the clergy, are organizing to guarantee freedom of choice in funerary matters. They help those who prefer simplicity to obtain dignified, inexpensive funerals—a return to the plain wooden coffin at a reasonable price, usually between $100 and $200. Emphasis is on the spiritual aspects of death rather than on the beautified corpse in open casket. A memorial service honoring the memory of the deceased, and conducted by a clergyman of his faith, is generally held *after* burial or cremation—without benefit of the ubiquitous offices of the "funeral director."

While the funerals arranged for funeral-society members represent only a tiny fraction of the total deaths, they are nevertheless regarded by the undertaker as a dread portent for the future. He is aware, too, that the influence the societies exert on funeral costs and customs extends far beyond their actual membership.

The methods by which the undertakers propose to silence criticism and hang on to their enormously lucrative traffic in the artifacts of death were blueprinted early this year by Frederick Llewellyn, executive vice president of Forest Lawn Memorial-Park in Glendale, Calif. In a series of articles written for *The American Funeral Director*, titled, ARE FUNERAL CUSTOMS GOING THE WAY OF THE BUGGY WHIP? Llewellyn sets forth for his undertaking colleagues the major arguments to be used:

> There is a great tide sweeping over America today, washing away at the foundations of decent memorialization. . . . If the Communists can help undermine one of the most fundamental of religious rites, the way in which we care for our dead; if they can get more people asking not, "Is it right?" but "Is it practical?" they can undermine religion and along with it the laws of the land. Then, as Mr. Khrushchev said, "America will fall like a ripe plum!"

Elsewhere in this series Llewellyn quotes the famous Khrushchev remark, "We will bury you!"—perhaps fearing that Khrushchev was actually intending to move in and give Forest Lawn competition in this respect.

The latest in this particular vein to come to my attention is an advertisement in an Oakland, Calif., newspaper sponsored by the "Renowned Abbey Memorial Gardens" of Vallejo. A well-dressed father is pictured talking to his well-dressed little boy. The heads of both are bowed in profound sorrow. "My dear son," the father is saying solemnly, "I am so sorry you are going to have to live under Communism. It seemed to come so quickly. I didn't think their lies could win. . . ." Follows the punch line: "No nation has ever turned to Communism, Socialism or Fascism until the leaders have first been able to destroy MEMORIALIZATION. The dignity of man, the freedom of life and the worship of God—these principles on which our nation was founded—throughout all ages and in all lands have never been any greater than the MEMORIALIZATION shown in death. Many so-called 'memorial societies' are trying to destroy this MEMORIALIZATION. . . ."

Beyond these orbital flights of rhetoric, attempts on the part of industry leaders to refute the facts set forth in my book have been rather vague and obscure. For example, I estimate that the funerals of adults who died in 1960 cost an average of $1,450, including everything—undertaker's charges, burial vault, grave, marker, etc. Howard C. Raether, executive secretary of the National Funeral Directors Association, says he thinks this estimate is high, but he does not attempt to supply one of his own. "It is difficult if not impossible," Raether says, "to estimate an average funeral, taking all expenses into consideration."

Merchandise of death

Krieger of National Selected Morticians gets more specific. In refutation of my charge that in most communities it is impossible for the average person to buy a funeral for less than a fixed minimum of several hundred dollars, he says, "Families faced with the responsibility of arranging funeral services will find that every established and reputable funeral director can offer them a wide range of prices covering their services and the necessary merchandise beginning less than $200." This is the same Krieger who a few months before in a speech to the members of his organization lamented the fact that "many funeral directors today are showing a minimum over $600."

Is there such a thing as manipulation of the bereaved to induce them to spend more than they might have intended? Of course not, says Krieger. "No reputable funeral director would attempt to influence the survivors on such a personal matter, or take advantage of their emotional state at such a time. It would be unthinkable." Again, this is the same Krieger who developed an elaborate scheme of casket arrangement in the selection room (where the customer is taken to make his purchase) designed to extract the maximum amount of cash from each sale. According to Krieger's plan, the higher-priced caskets should be placed in a nice, roomy part of the selection room which he calls the "Avenue of Approach" leading off to the *right* (because, he says, most people are right-handed and if lost, they tend to turn to the right). The cheaper units can be crowded together off to the *left* in an aisle he calls "Resistance Lane." Krieger warns the morticians against displaying a "heavy concentration of units under $300, which makes it very easy for the client to buy in this area with complete satisfaction."

Unfortunately for the undertakers, it would seem that there is little popular support for the theory that a "fine funeral" is America's first line of defense and the highest expression of patriotism. Funeral customers seem to be saying that they would welcome a heavy concentration of units under $300; that they would even prefer to decide for themselves whether they want to be transformed by the embalmer's art into Beautiful Memory Pictures, decked out for public exhibition in trappings they couldn't afford in life, or to return quietly to dust after the fashion of their forefathers.

Perhaps the emerging consumers' revolt against the Dismal Trade will restore meaning to the old (and poignant) epitaph, Rest In Peace. THE END

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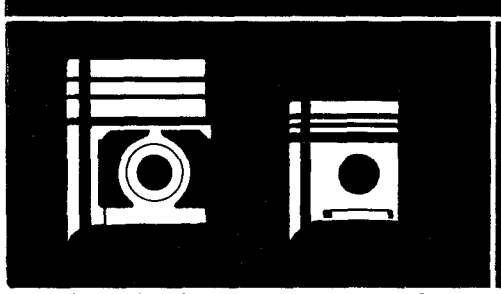
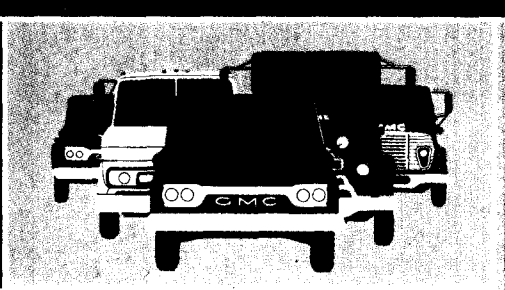
GMC breakthrough engineering in action: V-6 engine turns in amazing records. Many owners report 100,000 miles, 125,000 miles, 150,000 miles and more of rough, gruelling work... and still no major engine overhaul! V-6...only GMC Trucks have it!



V-6 piston is bigger. You can see why it delivers up to 40% more torque. Shorter, thicker, tougher crankshaft, too. And up to 60% more bearing area. Compare the 305 V-6 with other engines in its class. It's the durability champ!

Twice the oil flow and twice the water flow protect the giant V-6 parts . . . help prevent warping, pitting, wearing and breaking. Hot spots and grinding friction just don't have a chance. Engine life is lengthened. Maintenance cost is kept low.



Broader line than ever before. Trucks from ½ ton to 60 tons. A choice of 40 pickups . . . including a new pickup at a low, budget price. Its thrifty in-line engine has a simple design that assures economical operation. See your GMC Dealer—first.

GMC
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
TRUCKS
FROM ½ TO 60 TONS

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There's a dynamic new team of young professionals in the home entertainment business today—the new team at Sylvania.

They're men with a mission. Men with nerve and know-how. Men with a deep grudge against stale ideas and stagnant thinking.

Engineers, designers, scientists—who insist that this year's TV or stereo set should have next year's quality, style and performance.

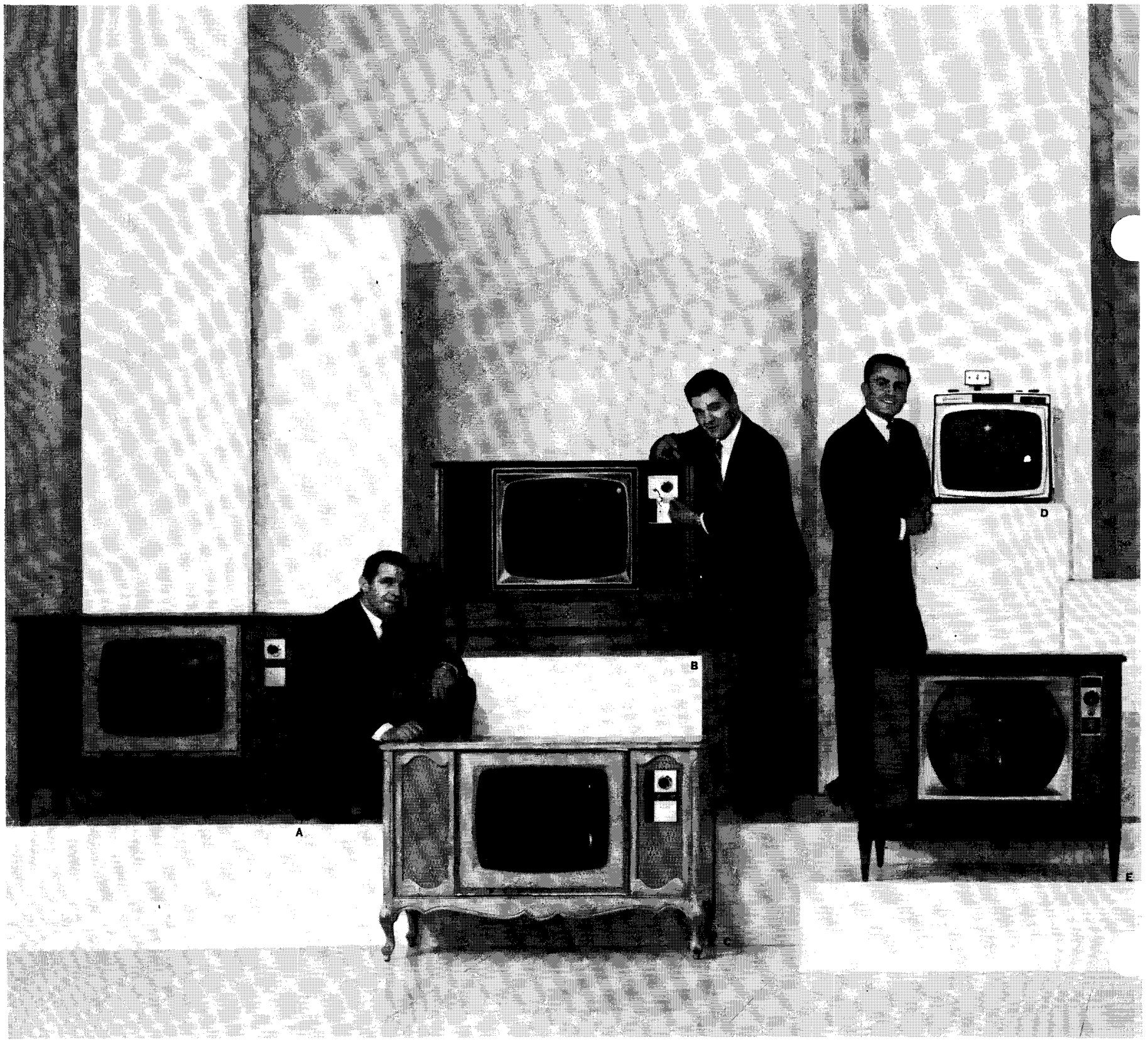
Production men, research men, executives—who believe new equipment should require less service, less often and at far less cost than ever before.

Their thinking is new—in every way but one. They have an old-fashioned idea about value.

They think you deserve more for your money. More style, more performance, more imagination, more dependability—than you've ever gotten before.

If this kind of thinking is your kind of thinking—then Sylvania is your kind of product. See your dealer today.

from the new faces at Sylvania **EXCITING NEW TRENDS IN TV**



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New trends in performance, quality, styling, value—For 1964, Sylvania brings you America's most forward-looking audio-visual instruments. Here are some of the outstanding advances and advantages that make Sylvania TV your best value in sight.

1964 Halovision—the only visibly better picture in TV today. Only Halovision gives you a picture surrounded by a frame of soft, eye-pleasing light—HALOLIGHT® surround lighting. Makes the picture look bigger, brighter—easier to watch.

New Power Bonus Chassis—in all Halovision models—gives you a whole new outlook on viewing. Delivers vivid blacks and clean whites that rival prize-winning photographs. Offers sensitivity that virtually brings you miles closer to every station in your area. Gives you clearer, sharper pictures, even in fringe areas. And you hear sound with new purity and power.

New Power Stream Chassis—in all portable and Dynamic America console models. The first chassis that harnesses the immense power of 5 Strap Frame Grid Tubes—created to meet space-age demands. Result: better-looking pictures, more satisfying sound, longer life.

New Sylvania SILVER SCREEN 85® Picture Tube—adds extra value to all Sylvania sets. No picture tube made can give you brighter, sharper, clearer pictures.

New fine furniture styling—more flair, more fashion, more fine craftsmanship than ever before. Quality in every detail. Up-to-the-minute with such decorator ideas as antiqued finishes in a choice of smart colors. Read keyed captions below for specific features and other exciting facts about Sylvania TV.

(D) New Skylark Portable—with unique Curtain-Timer clock—goes off when you doze off. Wakes you up to TV, too—if you wish. New Power Stream Chassis, improved sound circuit, front speaker. Sculptured-look styling in "blend-with-anything" charcoal.

(G) New Suburbanite V Portable TV—combines smart Antiqued White cabinet with superb performance of Power Stream Chassis. Front-projected sound.

(J, K) New Sylvania Table TV—for those who want beautiful styling, top performance in a minimum of space. Power Stream Chassis. (J) features 19" Bonded Screen*, charcoal and gold cabinet. (K) features 23" Bonded Screen†, ebony-toned cabinet.

(I, B) New Sylvania Dynamic America TV—outstanding performance and styling at a truly sensible price. New Power Stream Chassis. 23" Bonded Screen†. (I) lowboy, Early American. (B) contemporary cabinet in walnut veneers, selected hardwoods.

(A) New Sylvania Halovision—the frame-of-light TV with the visibly better picture. New Power Bonus Chassis. 23" Bonded Screen†. All-wood Italian Provincial cabinet. Walnut veneers and selected hardwoods.

(F, C) New Sylvania HighPoint TV—the ultimate in styling and picture performance. All with 23" Halovision Picture†, ultra-powerful Power Bonus Chassis, all-wood cabinets. (F) Early American Styling in genuine maple veneers and matching solids. (C) French Provincial styling with exciting Antiqued White finish.

(H) New Sylvania Home Entertainment Center packs five kinds of entertainment in one cabinet. Halovision TV with Power Bonus Chassis. Stereo phono. AM radio. FM radio. FM-stereo with new Sylvania supersensitive tuner. All for under $550—far less than if you bought each of these fine instruments separately.

(E) New Sylvania "Natural Look" Color TV breathes new life and excitement into your TV viewing. Color TV's most dependable chassis gives pictures so rich you feel like you're looking through a window instead of at a screen. Rich, room-filling sound; simplified color tuning.

*diagonal measure, 174 sq. in. viewing area. †diagonal measure, 275 sq. in. viewing area.

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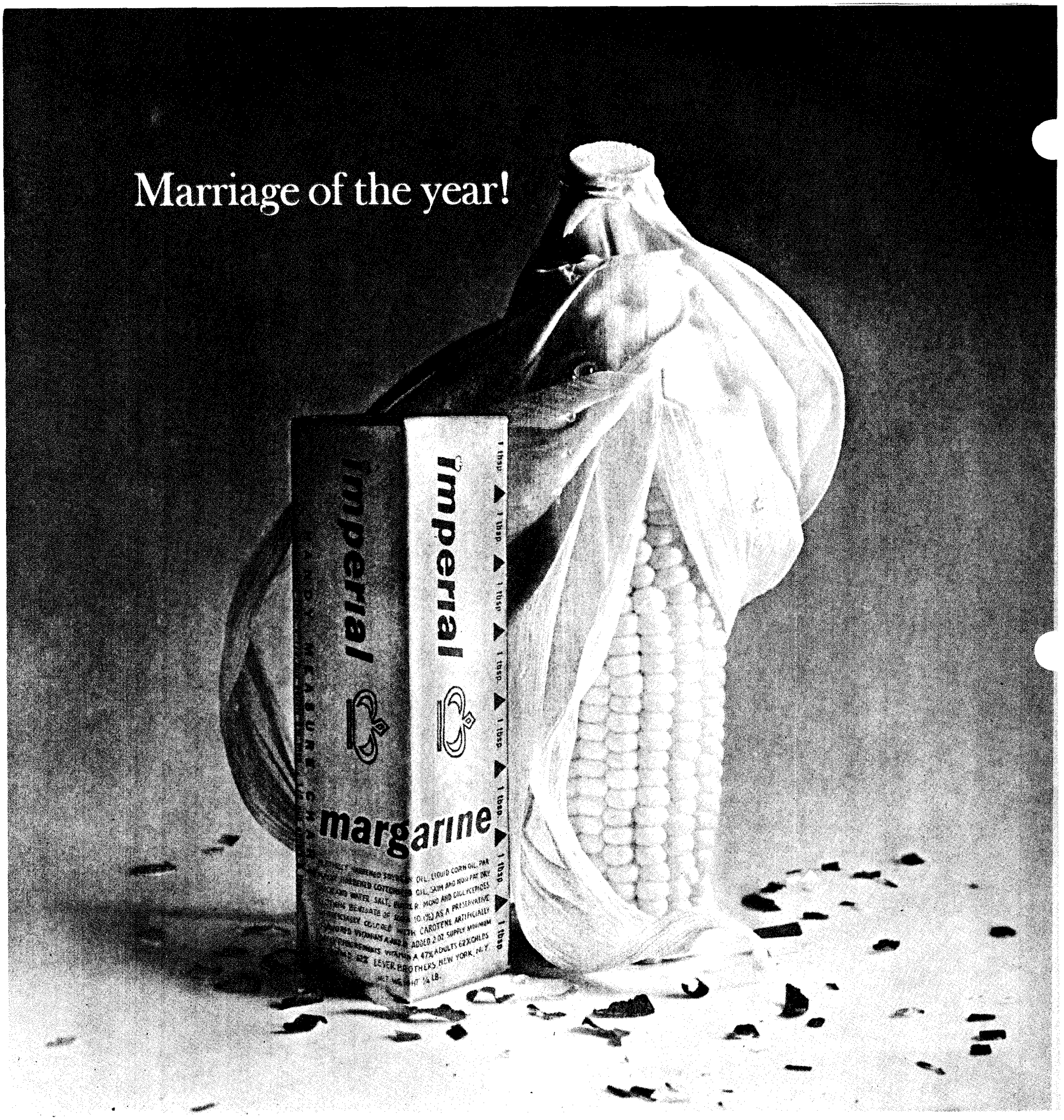

Imperial Flavor and Corn Oil Goodness!

Always a bridesmaid, never a bride—that's what corn oil was before now! Corn oil margarines just can't give you the flavor of the old-fashioned spread...the flavor of Imperial. But, at last, Imperial has found a way to marry corn oil with other light, pure vegetable oils and still keep Imperial's famous flavor. Now New Imperial, with this nutritious blend, gives you both corn oil goodness and all the wonderful, fresh, delicate flavor you love! Try New Imperial Margarine soon. You'll discover that the marriage of the year is Imperial flavor with liquid corn oil added.

©1963 Lever Brothers Company *Imperial*—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Only Imperial gives you the flavor of the expensive spread and corn oil goodness, too!

NEW! SPECIAL BLEND
Imperial
margarine

Any way you use Imperial, Lever Brothers Company guarantees complete satisfaction or your money back.

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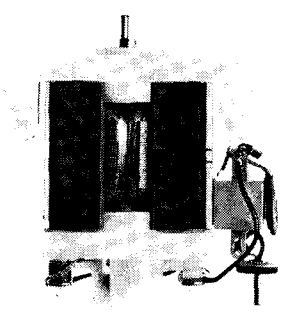
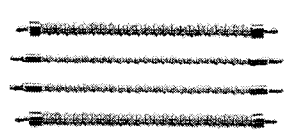
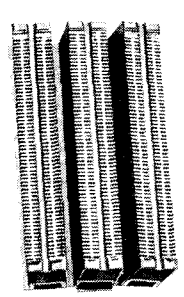
Many shavers cost less than a REMINGTON® 25. Then why do more men buy REMINGTON?



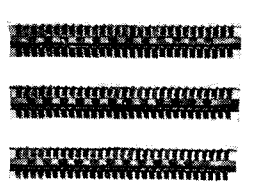
The REMINGTON motor. It's more efficent. It turns electric power into more whisker-cutting power. More than any other shaver. What you feel is smooth action. What you get is a smooth face.



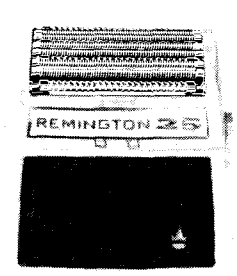
These comb-like rollers are exclusive with REMINGTON. They're right on top of the shaver head. They adjust to any type of skin and beard. They roll skin down. Pop whiskers up into the cutters; make sure they're sliced off cleanly, comfortably.



This is the shaving head. Big. Note the slots. 756 to be exact. Since the whiskers have to pass through the slots to get to the cutters... the more slots, the faster the shave.



348 whisker-cutting edges. Every REMINGTON has them. Made of surgical high carbon steel they're sharper, longer lasting than stainless steel. Honed on an angle, they slice whiskers off instead of "ploughing" them up.



More REMINGTON Shavers have been made and sold (over 46,000,000) than any other make. Reason enough to pay a little more? Yes

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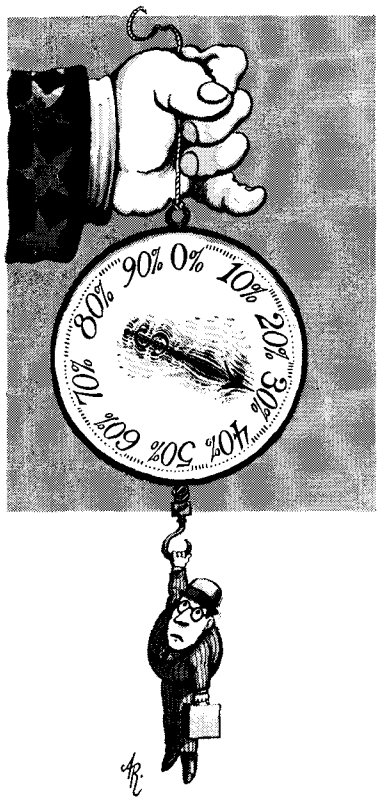
The great tax myth



WASHINGTON: Most of us, when we pay our income taxes, find comfort in the thought that the very rich are really getting stuck. Alas, this happy thought is a myth. If the rich are rich enough and smart enough, they pay very little more, proportionately, than the rest of us. They may even pay less. If you don't believe this, try the tax quiz which follows.

The quiz is based on statistics prepared by the Office of Tax Analysis of the Office of the Secretary of the Treasury. The statistics are derived from taxes actually paid in 1960 by typical taxpayers—married, with two dependents, and with "typical dividends, capital gains and other income, and typical itemized deductions." In other words, the statistics apply not to some fellow with a special tax situation, but to a typical taxpayer in each bracket. Here is the quiz:

ONE. It is a widely advertised fact that under present law the highest tax rate in our system of progressive income tax is a confiscatory 91 percent. How many people in this country pay 91 percent on their real incomes?

a) 323. b) None. c) 8,429. (Mark one.)

TWO. Take a taxpayer with an income of a million dollars a year after deductions. What percentage did Mr. Million pay on his adjusted gross income (line 11, page 1 on your tax return)?

a) 87%. b) 59%. c) 26%. d) 71%.

THREE. How much did Mr. Million have left out of his million-a-year income after paying his tax?

a) $187,000. b) $1,239,659. c) $91,362. d) $9.28. e) $525,478.

FOUR. Under our system of progressive taxation, which of the following typically pays the highest percentage of income as taxes under present tax laws?

a) $9,000-a-year man. b) Million-a-year man. c) $50,000-a-year man.

FIVE. Same question, under the Administration-approved, House-passed tax bill.

Here are the answers, as supplied by the Treasury Department:

ONE. b) No one in the country pays 91 percent on real income. The reason is simple. Anyone who makes that kind of money also has enough money to hire a good tax lawyer. The tax lawyer will find all sorts of ways to cut back on taxable income, while leaving his client with plenty of untaxed or low-taxed spending money.

TWO. c) Mr. Million paid $261,929—or about 26 percent—on his adjusted gross income of a million dollars. Actually, Mr. Million undoubtedly paid less than 26 percent on his real income. Just about every Mr. Million in the country has part of his money in tax-free bonds. The income from such bonds, which is free of federal tax, need not be reported to the Treasury.

THREE. b) Yes, that's right—*after* paying his tax of $261,929 on his adjusted gross income of one million dollars, Mr. Million ended up with an "after-tax income" of almost a million and a quarter. The explanation of this neat trick is, of course, the special treatment of capital gains, with a maximum tax of 25 percent. Under present law, only 50 percent of realized long-term capital gains are included in adjusted gross income. The money he made on the other 50 percent explains why Mr. Million's after-tax income was higher than the adjusted gross income he reported to the Treasury. Obviously, Mr. Million's tax lawyer makes certain that as much as possible of Mr. Million's income is in the form of capital gains, as little as possible in income taxable at the progressive rate.

FOUR AND FIVE. c) Under what is supposed to be a system of graduated tax, a man with $50,000 a year typically pays a greater percentage of his income to the Government than a man whose income is 20 times as big. Mr. Typical $50,000-a-year, according to the Treasury figures, pays 28.5 percent of his income under present law, and would pay 24.5 percent under the Administration bill. Mr. Million pays 26.1 percent and would pay 23.8 percent. Actually, since Mr. Million undoubtedly has a lot of money in tax-free bonds, the disparity is almost certainly greater than that.

These rather surprising statistics were furnished by the Treasury Department as an answer to Sen. Albert Gore's charge that the Administration-supported, House-passed tax bill was a "rich man's bill." They were intended to disprove Senator Gore's charge that a very rich man would more than double his income after taxes under the Administration bill, while a man in the $12,000-a-year bracket would get a mere five percent increase in after-tax income.

Senator Gore's statistics are as accurate as the Treasury's, as regards *taxable* income. But what the Treasury's statistics make clear is that no rich man in his senses takes the bulk of his income in taxable form. He uses all sorts of techniques to keep his money out of the Treasury's grasping hands—capital gains, depletion allowances for oil or other resources, real-estate deals, charity, tax-free bonds and so on. Thus, in fact, Mr. Million's real income will not increase by a much greater percentage than the $12,000-a-year man's, if the Administration bill is passed.

In the process of proving this point, the Treasury statisticians have inadvertently proved another. The widespread notion that this country's tax system is steeply progressive, and in the top bracket confiscatory, is a myth.

Certain further conclusions can reasonably be drawn from the Treasury's surprising statistics. First, the rich, if they regarded their own economic self-interest, ought to be rip-roaring Democrats. If Richard M. Nixon were President, and if he had proposed such a bill, it would have been denounced as a "rich-man's tax bill" and a "payoff to business" by the whole northern Democratic Party and the entire liberal press. It would never have had a chance of passing.

Second, if the Treasury really took nine out of ten dollars from the income of a man with a lot of money to invest, the capitalist system would collapse—no sensible man wants to risk his capital for the Treasury's benefit.

And third, a man cannot possibly get rich by earning a salary or other taxable income—dear old Uncle will take the stuff away from him. Under the capitalist system, which works imperfectly but better than any other yet devised, the only way to get rich is to be a capitalist. The only way to make money and keep it is to use money to make money.

Stewart Alsop

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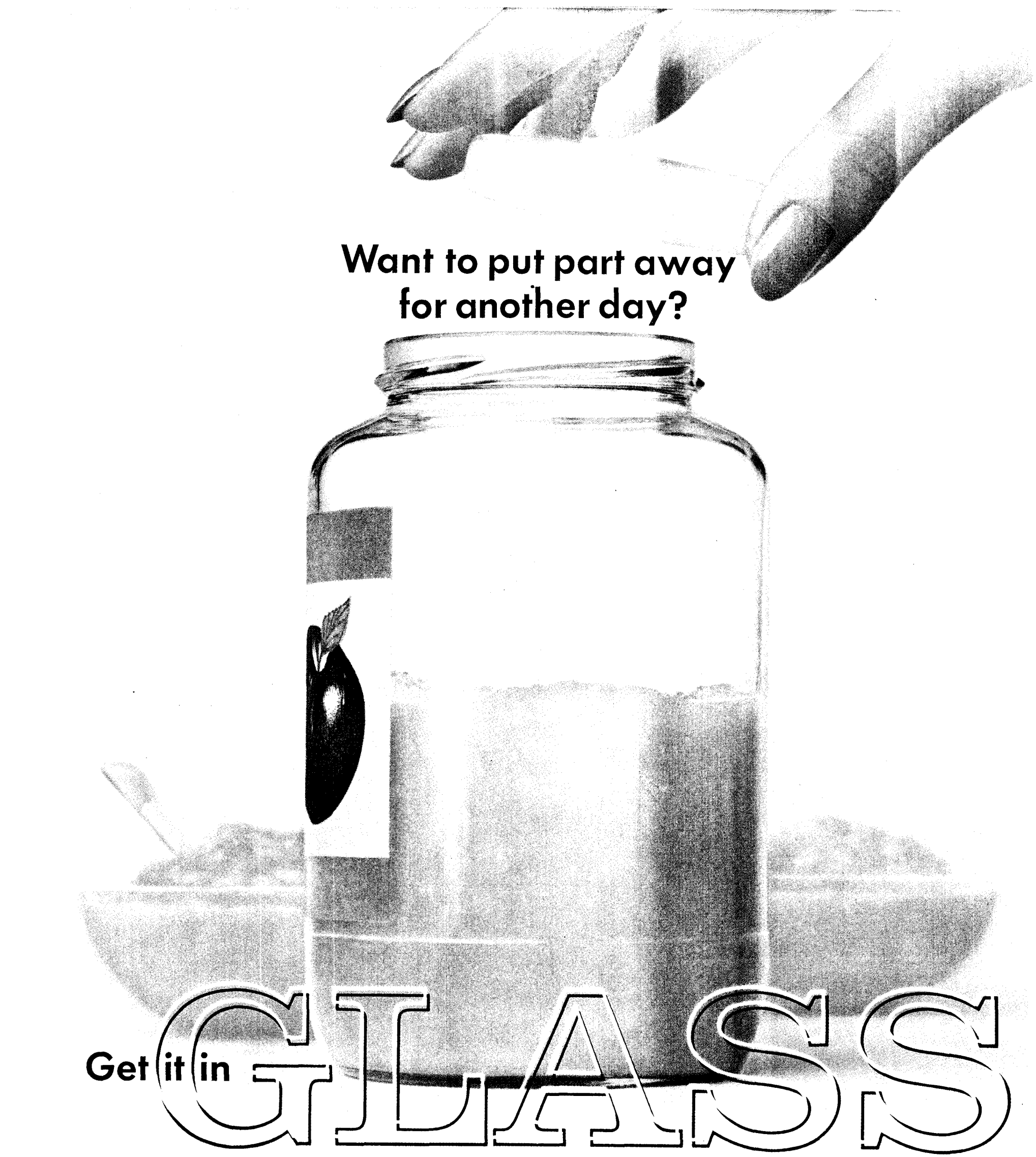

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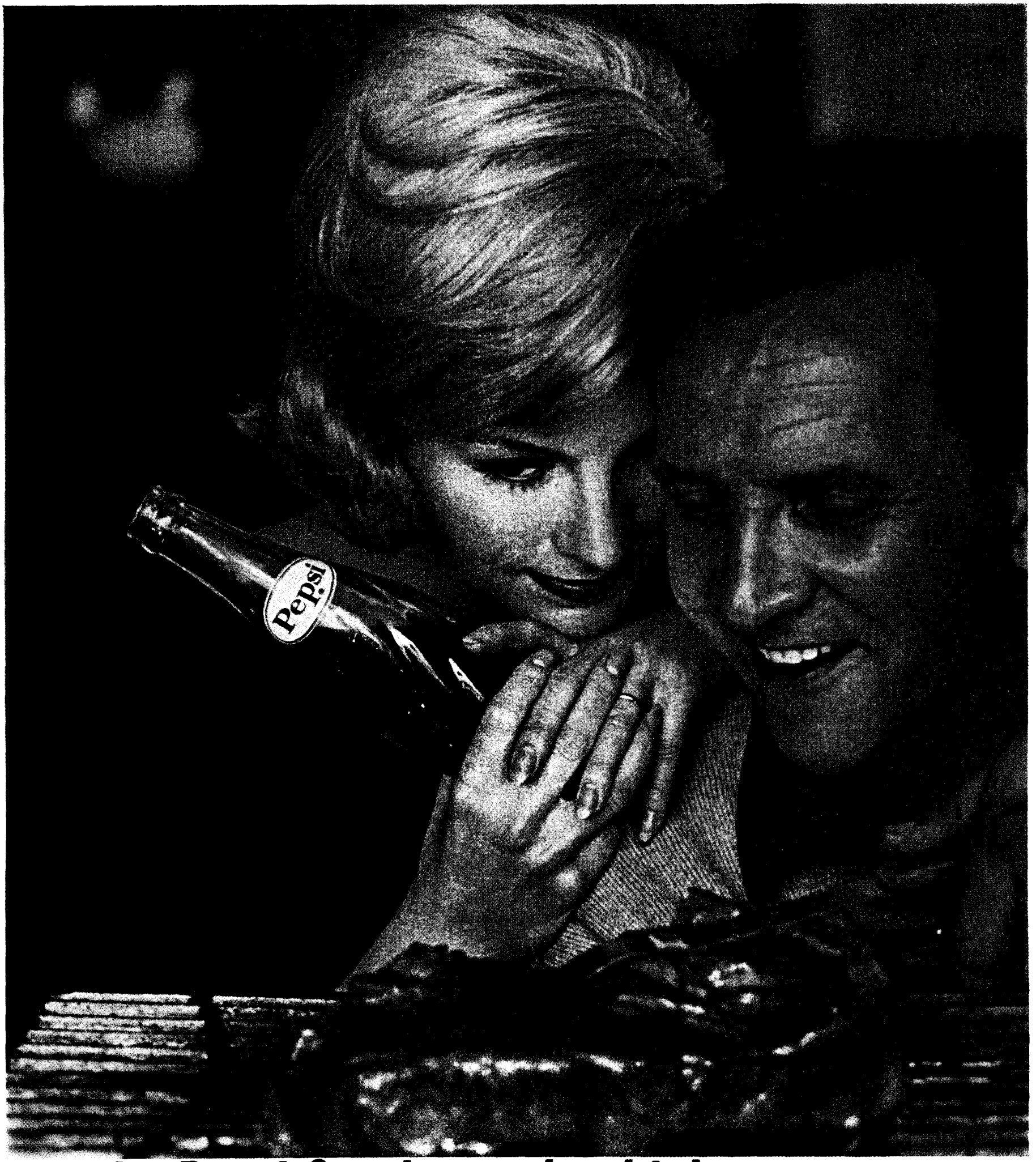

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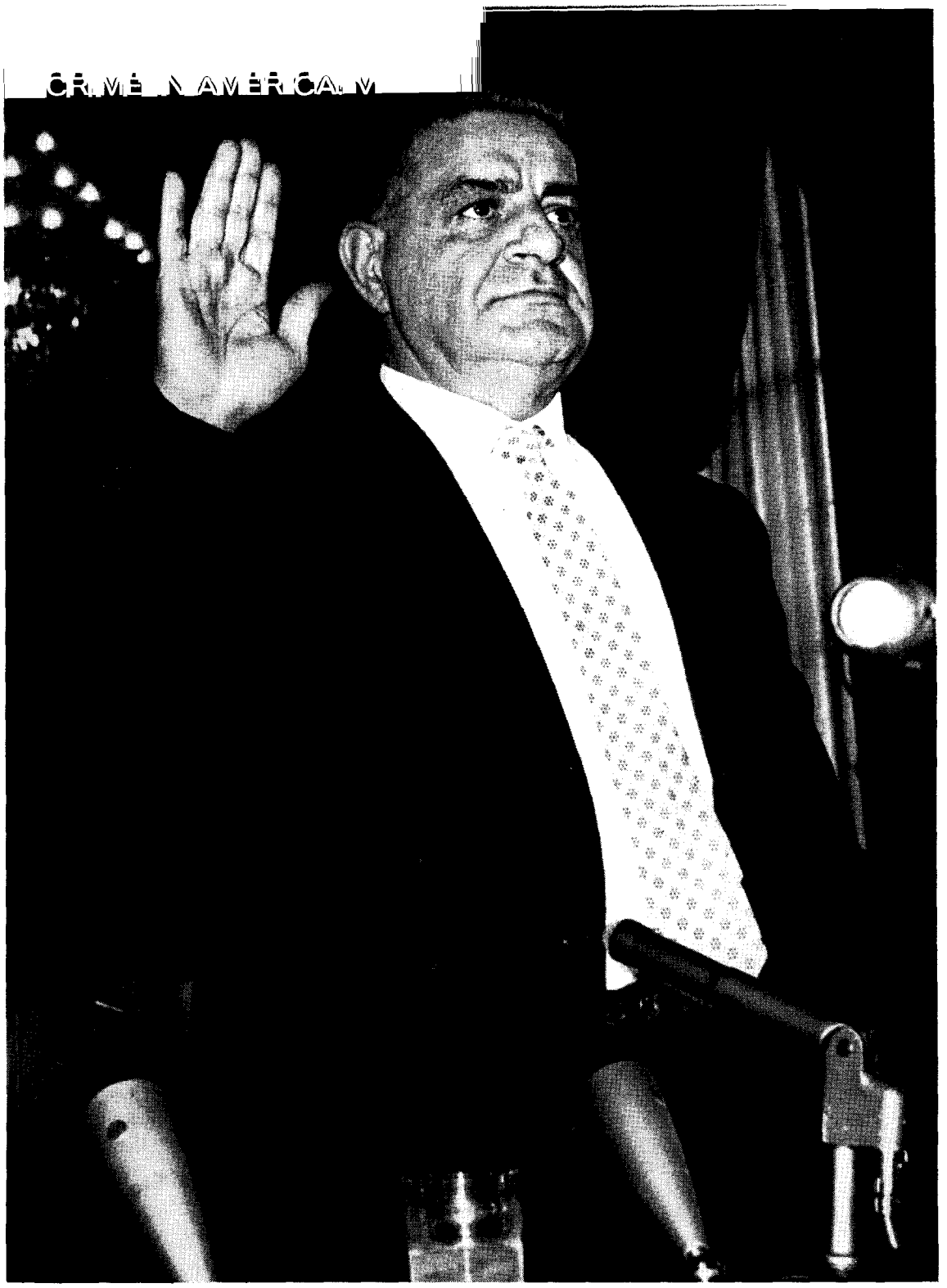

Mobster Valachi is sworn in on first day of testimony before televised Senate committee hearings.

Joe Valachi:

The killer who told on the mob

Last August, the POST reported this killer's account of life inside the Cosa Nostra. Now, the story of the man himself, and why he talked.

In all of his violent life, Joseph Valachi had done little that would make him stand out from the crowd. Then last summer a shocked and fascinated nation learned that for more than a year he had been telling federal officials everything he knew about the nationwide crime cartel he calls *Cosa Nostra*. Suddenly, this obscure hoodlum became almost as famous as Al Capone: Not only did he dominate newspapers, magazines and television, but he achieved full celebrity status when comics began making jokes about him. But, as the squat, aging Valachi sucked on a plastic lemon and rasped out his account of life with Vito, Joe Bananas and Buster from Chicago, the dramatic story behind his appearance remained untold.

Valachi is still being held in maximum security at the Washington, D.C., jail, where he is undergoing intensive questioning by local law officers from both the U.S. and Canada. It will be years before the full effect of his information can be accurately measured. But when his cooperation was first revealed in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Attorney General Robert Kennedy declared that Valachi's testimony represented "the biggest intelligence breakthrough yet in combating organized crime and racketeering in the United States."

The syndicate's existence has been known for over half a century under a variety of names: Mafia, Black Hand, Unione Siciliano and others. But never before has a member broken the underworld code of silence, and never before has the law had such a revealing insight into "America's second government." What kind of a man is Joe Valachi? And why was he the first to talk?

"Revenge was a large part of it," says a federal official who has been with the case almost from the beginning, "but it was also a cold, calculated move for survival. Don't think for a moment that this is a repentent sinner. He is a killer capable of extreme violence. He is devious, rebellious against

By PETER MAAS

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"Do they get what I'm tryin' to tell them?" Valachi asked his guards after hearings were over. "Do they understand?"

all constituted authority, and he lives in a world of fear and suspicion."

Each of these traits played a part in Valachi's struggle for survival. It began over a year and a half ago in the U.S. Penitentiary at Atlanta, when *Cosa Nostra* kingpin Vito Genovese bestowed on him his now-famous "kiss of death." Even then, Valachi made one last desperate attempt to save his skin within *Cosa Nostra* before he took the first step that eventually led him to spill its secrets.

On June 17, 1962, he asked prison officials for solitary confinement without giving any reason. Then he wrote a letter. The name of the person to whom it was addressed remains closely guarded today by the Justice Department. By means of this letter, Valachi hoped to get word to a *Cosa Nostra* chieftain in New York who had been friendly to him over the years, Thomas (Three-Finger Brown) Luchese. Valachi wanted Luchese to know that he was unjustly charged with being an informer, and that the manner in which he was judged violated the *Cosa Nostra* code.

Here is the letter, exactly as Valachi wrote it:

"I'll advice you just as soon as you will receive this drop every thing and come and see me don't let money stand in your way. it is of most important. don't waste one day. understand. then I will never bother you any more. when you come make sure you get in. remember don't lose any time."

Prison officials returned the letter to Valachi for rewriting, hoping that this might give them a clue as to why he had asked for solitary confinement. Valachi refused. In his terror-stricken state he concluded that part of the prison administration was somehow in the plot to kill him. From Valachi's standpoint, the idea was perfectly believable; to him the power and influence of a Vito Genovese were almost limitless.

Just five days later, on June 22, when Valachi was finally ordered out of solitary because of his continued silence, he took matters into his own hands. Thinking he recognized his executioner, he assaulted a fellow convict from behind and beat him to death with a length of pipe. It was only afterward that Valachi learned he had been misled by a remarkable instance of physical resemblance and had killed the wrong man.

This was the turning point. "Valachi," I was told, "has no real remorse for anything he has done in his life, except this. Nothing crushes him more than the fact that he got the wrong guy. It really plagues him. Getting the guy who was going to get *him* was the one satisfaction he was willing to settle for. If he had been successful, he probably never would have talked."

Even then, Valachi did not take the prison officials into his confidence. Instead, he managed to slip a pair of cryptic messages out of the prison. Since the lives of the people involved might be endangered, the Justice Department will not disclose how this was done. But one went to the New York office of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. The second wound up in the hands of the FBI.

Meanwhile, Valachi, who has an I.Q. of 85, underwent a neuropsychiatric examination in Atlanta. In view of his later decision to talk, the report makes fascinating reading. While "amiable in manner," the report said in part, Valachi "appeared under much tension," and "there was hesitancy and emotional blocking of speech in discussing his present difficulty.

"Regarding the subject's present predicament, he said he had himself 'locked up' because rumors were all over that he had 'squealed.' He stated that when he went into solitary he was in 'bad shape' and that it would be hard for anyone to understand how it felt to be so accused."

During the course of the examination Valachi freely admitted that his brother was in a hospital for the criminally insane, and added that there had been a history of mental illness in his family. As for Valachi himself, the report concluded:

"No hallucinatory experience or suicidal tendencies could be elicited. Comprehension and memory showed no gross defects. The subject is suffering from a paranoid state. . . . Whether [this] and the idea of being branded and called an informer by other inmates have any basis in fact, this physician does not know. At the present time he is not considered to be psychotic. He understands the proceedings against him; he is able to intelligently advise counsel, assist in his own defense and stand trial."

A week later the same psychiatrist attempted a second interview. But when Valachi was questioned about the slaying, he became "quite agitated." Leaping from his chair, he shouted, "Don't bother me. You make me nervous. Come back in a few days."

Narcotics takes over

At this point Valachi's message to the Federal Bureau of Narcotics had been received by its New York office. Narcotics Bureau officials had been convinced for years that Valachi was an important figure in the movement of heroin across U.S. borders, and they decided at once to take him up on his offer to talk.

On July 17, in an Atlanta courtroom, Valachi pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree and was sentenced to life imprisonment. He was promptly taken in tow by a narcotics agent and flown to the Westchester County jail, a few miles north of New York City. He was given the name of "Joseph DeMarco" and installed in a cell in the jail's hospital wing.

Legally in the custody of Attorney General Kennedy, Valachi was intensively questioned by narcotics agents for some two months. During this interrogation, it became apparent that he had important information which extended beyond the scope of the Narcotics Bureau. As a result, the Organized Crime and Racketeering Section of the Justice Department turned him over to the FBI.

Up to this time Valachi had yet to mention the existence of the *Cosa Nostra*. There have since been some charges that Valachi fabricated the name. The fact is, however, that the words *Cosa Nostra*, or "Our Thing," have frequently cropped up during police wire taps in a number of cities around the country. For at least a year before Valachi came along, the FBI had reason to believe that *Cosa Nostra* was the true name for the underworld syndicate.

At the Westchester County jail Valachi dramatically confirmed the FBI's theory. A veteran agent, assigned to question him, said, "Joe, you know I'm here because the Attorney General wants this information. I want to talk about the organization by name, rank and serial number. What's the name. Is it the Mafia?"

"No," Valachi replied. "No Mafia."

"OK," the agent said. "Is it of Italian origin?"

"What do you mean?" Valachi parried.

"Joe," the agent said, "we know a lot more than you think. Now I'll give you the first part. You give me the second. It's *Cosa* . . . ?"

Valachi appeared dumbfounded. For almost a minute he said nothing. Then he rasped in the gutteral tones that would become so familiar to the nation: "*Cosa Nostra!* So you know about it."

The FBI, in line with a policy of not publicizing individual agents, refuses to reveal the name of this agent. But according to William Hundley, who heads the Justice Department's Organized Crime and Racketeering Section, he was the key figure in getting Valachi to talk.

"Without him," says Hundley, "we could have blown the whole thing. He is an unusual man with great imagination and initiative. He had a tremendous knack for winning Valachi's confidence. He knew exactly when to be tough and when to baby him along. If Valachi was sick, for instance, he was the one who would bring him his medicine. If Valachi got into one of his down periods, he would always come up with the right pep talk to snap him out of it. Every once in a while he would get some of the Italian delicacies—cheeses and spiced sausage—that Valachi especially likes. These may sound like small things, but they helped make all the difference. He practically lived with him for eight months, and Valachi wound up thinking that he was his only friend—and, quite frankly, Valachi was right."

Some measure of the problem of dealing with Valachi is contained in a probation officer's report of four years ago, written while the mobster was awaiting sentence after his conviction for dealing in narcotics. The report summed up, "There is little that can be said in his favor, since he has failed to demonstrate any real semblance of moral conscience and social conformity. He has never been quite in tune with the society in which he lives, and at this late age there is little reason to indicate that he ever will."

From October through last January Valachi was questioned on an average of four days a week. These sessions usually lasted about three hours, after which he would become increasingly jumpy and difficult to deal with. During this period it was soon established that Valachi's remarkable memory worked best when he was allowed to tell his story without interruption, even though any one sentence might feature a half-dozen unidentified "hes," "hims" and "thems."

After the initial breakthrough, Valachi sketched out the organizational structure of *Cosa Nostra* and its top membership with comparatively little prodding. Then, with typical ambivalence, he began trying to learn how much the FBI actually knew about the inner workings of *Cosa Nostra*. Endless hours were spent in this sort of fencing.

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Each time it happened, Valachi would be told, "You must be our teacher. It doesn't matter what we know. You must tell it to us."

Valachi was repeatedly warned that he must tell the truth and that if he were caught in even one lie, it would discredit his entire story. On one occasion, he shouted back angrily, "You're always talking about the truth, the truth, the truth! What the hell do you think I'm telling you?"

Nonetheless these warnings had the desired effect, and Valachi followed a consistent pattern. If he described a situation of which he had personal knowledge, he would make a flat declaration. If the information was secondhand, he would preface, "I don't know, but one of the boys told me." If Valachi believed it himself, he would refer to the source as being "solid."

Most of the time Valachi's moods took violent swings up and down. Scarcely a day passed without a reference to Vito Genovese and the sentence he had imposed. When Valachi fell into a depression, he would whine, "That bastard! Why did he do it? He had no right." When he was up, he would laugh bitterly and say, "I was as smart as he was. I was waiting to see his moves while I was making my own."

Once he said, "I'm a dead man already. But the more I live the more shame it is for Vito."

In his deepest depressions Valachi would pace ceaselessly back and forth in his cell puffing on one of the 60-odd cigarettes he smoked down to the nub each day. At such times he dwelt on the futility of trying to break the power of *Cosa Nostra*. "What good is it what I'm telling you?" he would insist. "Nobody will listen. Nobody will believe. You know what I mean? *Cosa Nostra*, it's like another government. It's too big."

To counter this, he was constantly reminded that he had some heavyweight help on his side—including Attorney General Kennedy and FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover. There were also elements in his own character which the questioners could capitalize on. One was his habit of blaming his troubles on everyone else. "Valachi," says one official, "thinks everybody is responsible for Joe except Joe. He only took up crime, for instance, because he never had a chance as a kid. It was the prison administration's fault that he had to kill a guy he didn't even know. He doesn't even consider himself a traitor to *Cosa Nostra;* in his mind Vito Genovese was the real traitor."

Another characteristic the FBI played on was Valachi's frustrated ambitions within the crime syndicate. "Why," he would complain, "should some guy who's put in less time be ahead of me?" Still a third was his enormous ego. "You say you want to destroy the bosses," he was told. "This is the way you can do it."

As Valachi continued to provide details of his life in *Cosa Nostra*, a remarkable physical transformation began to take place. He is a small man, just under five feet, six, and his normal weight is around 150 pounds. At the time his FBI interrogations began, however, he had ballooned up to 188. Says one of his custodians: "He looked like a bum. He was a guy without pride. All he wanted to do was exist. We had to order him to change his clothes, and he went for days without shaving. Then all of a sudden he started going on a diet. Next he asked if he could have some exercise equipment. It was like he had gone into training for a fight."

During this period Valachi religiously worked out for at least an hour a day. He even kept it up during his televised appearances before the Senate Subcommittee on Investigations. His spiritual catharsis has left something to be desired, however. Several times he was asked if he would like to see a priest. He always refused. "I got no time for that," he says.

The only deal federal officials made with Valachi was an agreement "to leave his family out of it." Valachi is married and has one son. His wife Mildred is the daughter of a *Cosa Nostra* lieutenant named Tommy Reina, who was gunned down in 1930. His son is a construction worker living in the Bronx. Valachi, who had various legitimate fronts which included two bars, a dress business and a jukebox operation, says his son knew nothing of his underworld activities: "The kid's a square. I didn't want him to know nothing about me. I didn't want him in the life."

The interrogation sessions varied widely. Sometimes when an interview was scheduled, Valachi would announce, "I don't want to talk about anything today. I want to relax." On such occasions he felt reminiscent. Once, when the Justice Department's William Hundley was there, Valachi wanted to talk about his first crime. As he told it, his father, a day laborer, couldn't meet the rent. So nine-year-old Joe and his brother stole a crate of soap cakes from a neighborhood store and sold them door to door at half price. With his remarkable memory, he even recalled the brand, which is no longer in existence, and seemed disappointed that Hundley had never heard of it.

An "amusing" obituary

On other occasions he started a session by announcing that he had picked "some winners." His favorite reading matter was the New York *Daily News*, and the first thing he did was turn to the racing results. Next he would turn to the obituary page. One morning he found the death notice of a gunman with whom he had once worked. With much amusement, Valachi recalled a murder assignment on which they had collaborated, when his late friend's trigger finger had "frozen" after his target was lined up. This was a typical example of his sense of humor.

Even so, Valachi retained all of his instinctive guile. In his *Cosa Nostra* days, when he was handed a "contract," he went to elaborate lengths to make sure that the killing was authorized, and not one motivated by personal greed or revenge, which would leave him caught between rival bosses. At the Westchester County jail he applied the same techniques. The place made him feel "creepy," he said. For one thing, he had met another prisoner there who had known him in the "old days." For another, "everyone" knew that the Federal Bureau of Narcotics used it to question informers. His real reason, it is felt, was that Valachi wanted to test the interest and power of Attorney General Kennedy. To keep him happy, it was decided to transfer him to the stockade at Fort Monmouth, N. J. Monmouth was selected because of its tight security as a communications center, and also because it is near New York City, where Valachi's chief FBI interrogator resided.

Valachi's anxiety during this period was not baseless: It has since been established that *Cosa Nostra* chiefs had picked up his trail and traced him to the New York area. They believed, however that he was holed up in a New York hotel.

In March, federal marshals drove Valachi from the Westchester jail to Monmouth. He went by car, wearing civilian clothing obtained from his home by an FBI agent. "He looked like a hood on the late show," says one of his escorts, "snap-brim hat, collar tabs halfway down his chest and a cashmere polo coat. He made quite a sight."

Initially Valachi was supposed to remain at Monmouth for 21 days. But it took weeks of painstaking investigation to check his story and to question him about the *Cosa Nostra* membership: who precisely was in it and, just as important, who was not. By now he had also expressed a willingness to testify in public. Attorney General Kennedy and his staff considered this proposal throughout last April and May. Three key points caused them to favor it.

The first was the fact that Valachi, who has a limited imagination and a weak command of English, never once said anything that conflicted with information already known by police.

Second was the possibility that his appearance would create support for dormant anticrime legislation which would, among other things, legalize wire taps under Federal Court control.

The third was the belief that Congress and the country ought to hear, as only an insider could tell it, what has previously been known only by law-enforcement agencies.

There was a major problem, however. How would Valachi's revelations affect the intelligence operations of the FBI? Following a series of meetings between top Justice Department and FBI officials, it was decided to go ahead.

On September 9 Valachi was flown from Fort Monmouth to the District of Columbia jail in Washington. To avoid attention, since his presence at Monmouth had leaked out, he was garbed in the uniform of an Army MP. Shortly thereafter he took the stand for the first time.

During the hearings, he was allowed to have a television set. Two of his reactions are especially noteworthy. Upon hearing some of the jokes aired at his expense, he asked for closed Senate sessions. "If they laugh," he said, "they won't believe." He also expressed astonishment at the protests that his appearance was a slur on Americans of Italian descent. "I'm not talking about Italians," he said. "I'm talking about criminals."

But nothing indicated the duality of Joseph Valachi's nature more than the anxious questions he asked after he had finished his Senate testimony. The first concerned *Cosa Nostra*. "What do you hear?" he asked his guardians. "Does anyone give me the 'right' for what I'm doing?"

The other question was addressed to the nation. "Did they get what I'm tryin' to tell them?" he asked. "Do they understand?" THE END

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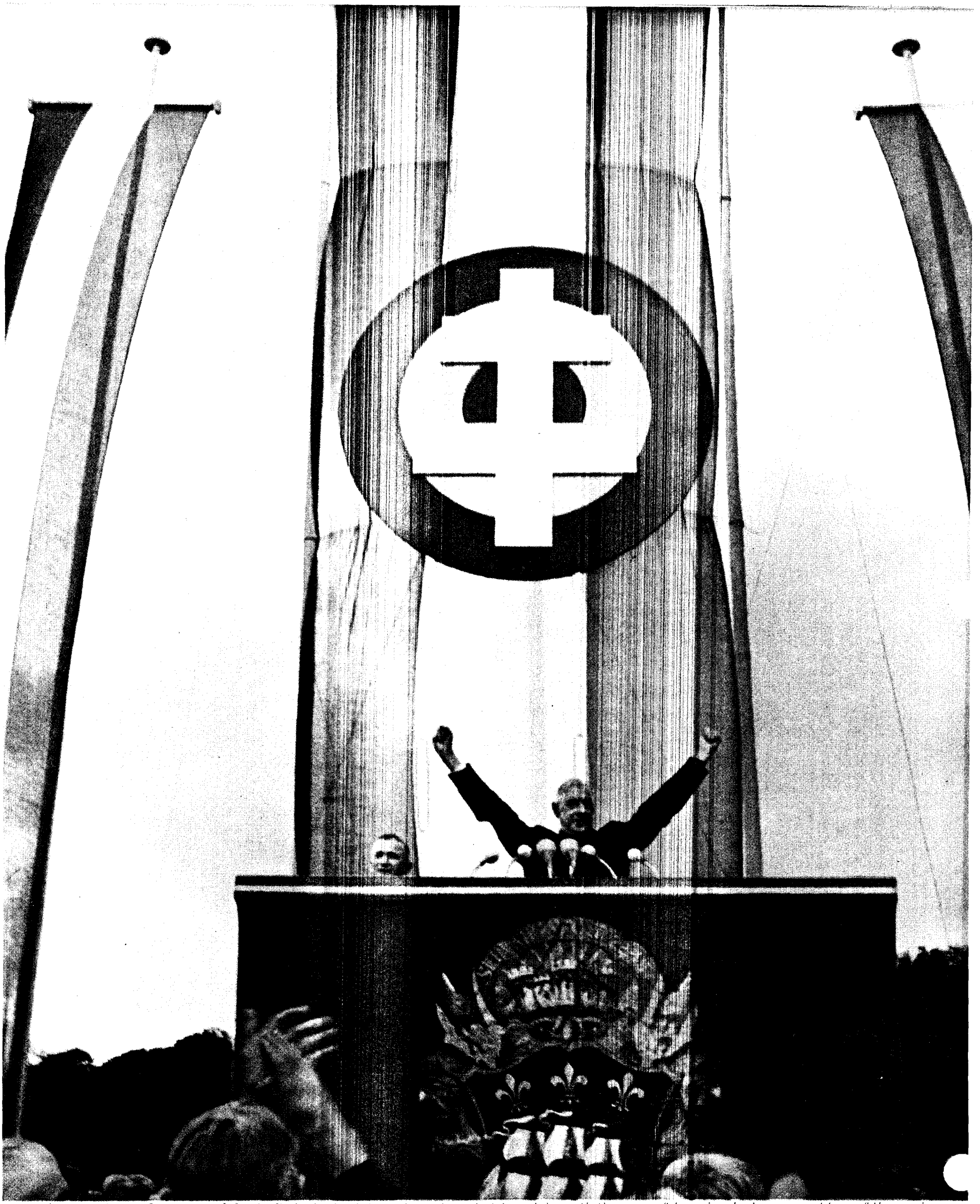

Pomp and splendor surround de Gaulle in La Rochelle as he gestures in triumph beneath the cross of Lorraine during a recent tour of the provinces.

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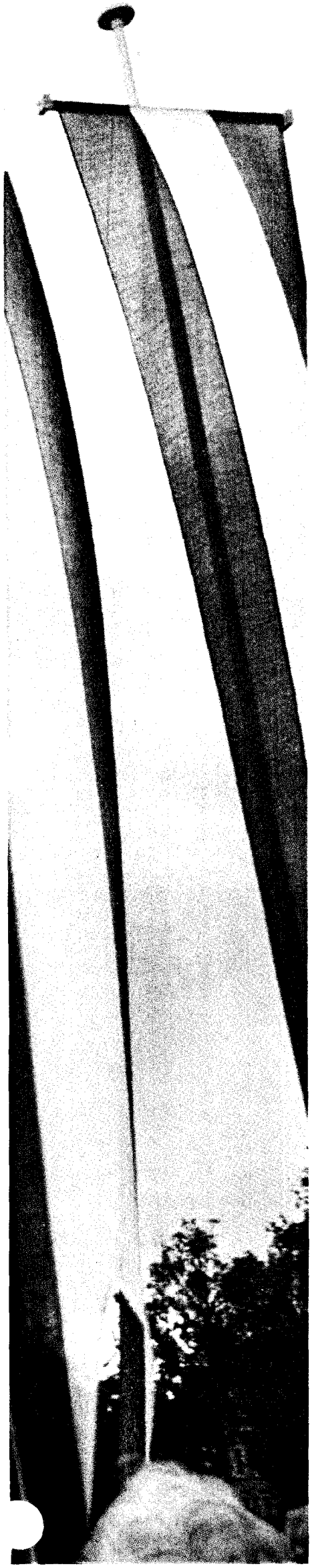


By Don Cook

Photographs by JOHN LAUNOIS

DE GAULLE BUILDS A NEW FRANCE

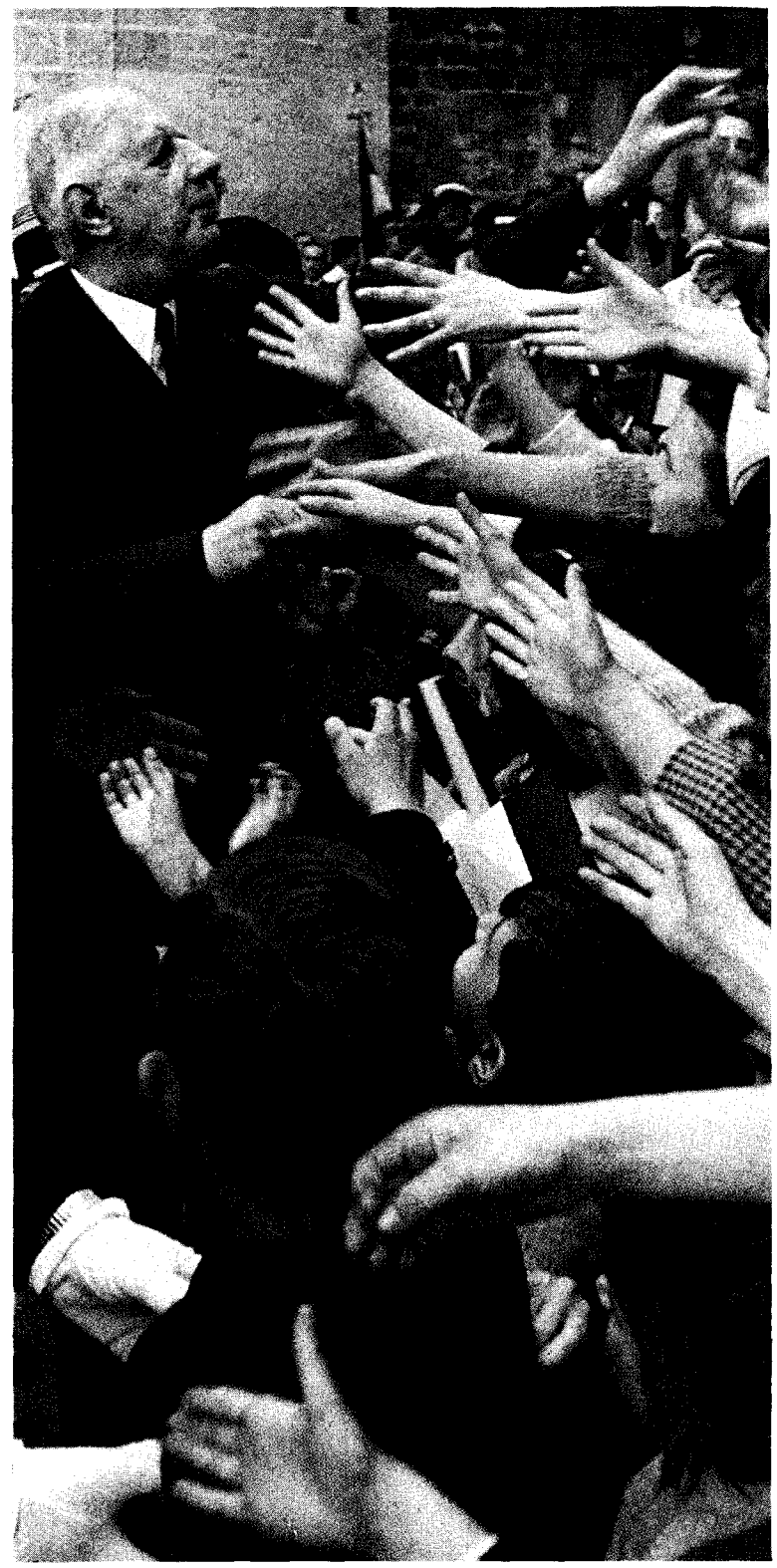
For the first time in a quarter century, peace and prosperity have come to this historic land. But the man who brought about its transformation is demanding that France play a grander role in the world—as the nuclear-armed leader of an independent-minded Europe.

Nobody else can become the master of our destiny. . . . We are the best judges of what we ought to do." Towering above the cheering crowd at Lyons, General Charles de Gaulle went on to outline the "renewal" of France as one of the world's great powers. "France does not admit," de Gaulle said, "that two privileged states should alone possess power and domination once and for all and forever. France will continue [atomic testing] for her security. . . ." As the general raised his arms in a salute that seemed to embrace all France, the crowd chanted "De Gaulle! De Gaulle! De Gaulle!" His name echoing on the air, Charles de Gaulle beamed patriarchal benevolence.

This autumn represents a moment in history that de Gaulle has spent almost a quarter century in preparing. With its first atomic bomb operational, France has finally become the world's fourth nuclear nation. Its new supersonic Mirage IV jets, with atomic bombs in their bays, stand as a symbol of France's power.

De Gaulle's words are no longer theory. What he calls "the glory of France" is fast becoming reality. His speeches can no longer be dismissed as the inconsequential meanderings of a 19th-century mind—as was the tendency during World War II, and even after de Gaulle's return to power in 1958. France today is a force to be dealt with, and de Gaulle is frankly telling the world that France intends to be an independent power with a policy of her own. Washington officials may fume when de Gaulle boycotts an East-West disarmament conference, refuses to pay for the U.N. force in the Congo or calls for an American withdrawal from Vietnam, but behind de Gaulle's personal attitude of independence lies the fact that France itself is a nation renewed.

The French franc is a solid currency at last. The economy has been growing at seven percent a year, more than double the U.S. growth rate. French dollar reserves are now so large (approximately four billion dollars) that France could upset the value of the dollar any day by calling on the United States for gold. And the nation



Straining to touch the man who remade their nation, people of La Rochelle show the reach of his power.

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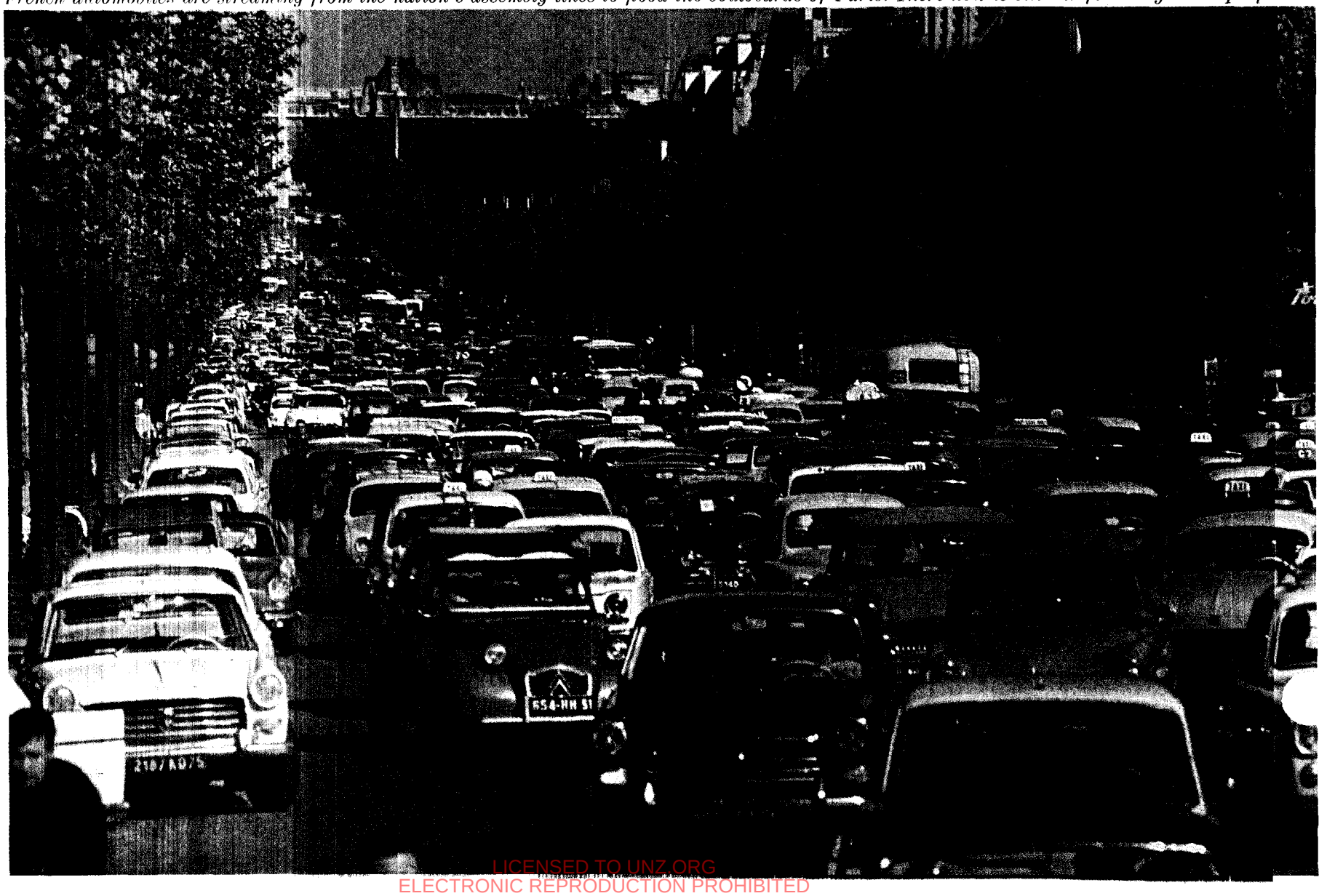
The blare of trumpets accompanies the horsemen of the Garde Républicaine, on parade to honor the king of Sweden during a recent state visit.

French automobiles are streaming from the nation's assembly lines to flood the boulevards of Paris. There now is one car for every seven people.



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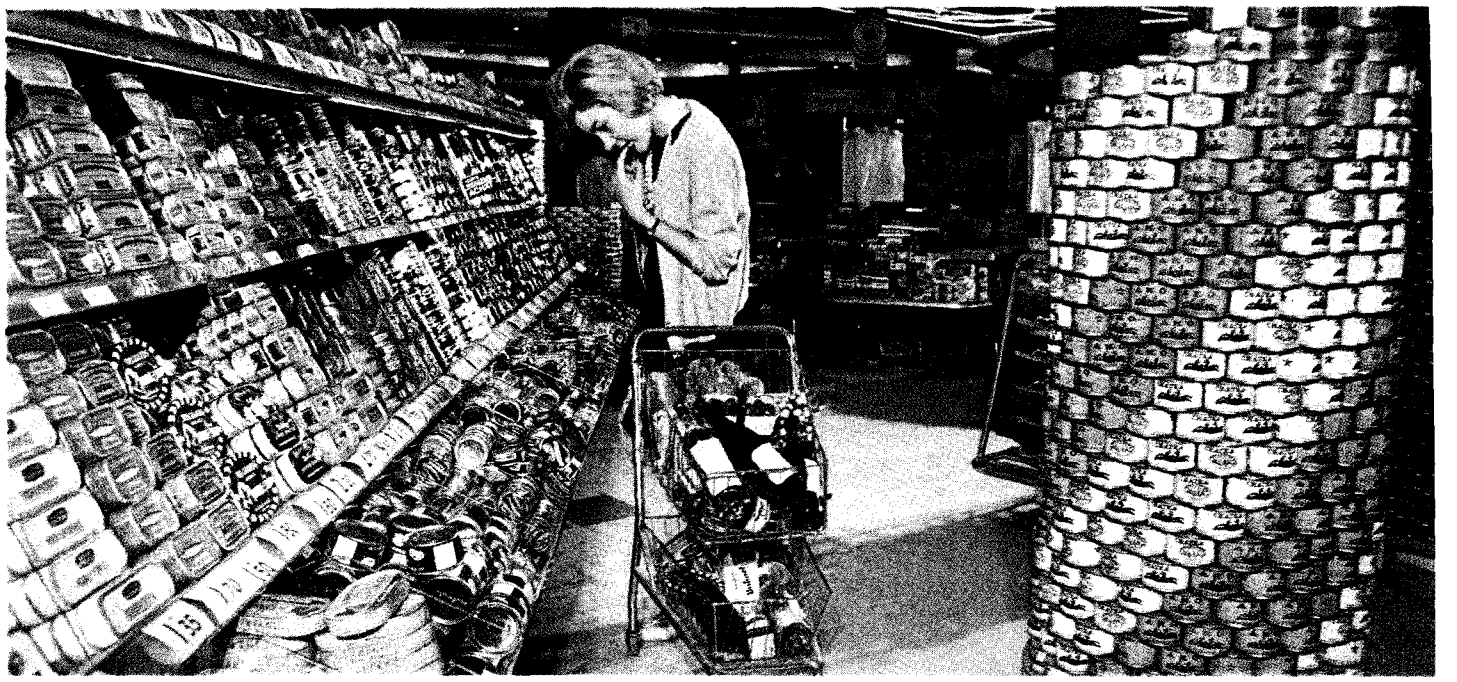
Gaullist France combines the pomp of antique ceremony with an abundance of new automobiles and consumer goods.



A Parisian ponders the array of food items available to fill her shopping cart in one of the growing number of supermarkets.

t is spending the most per capita on ı to underdeveloped countries is not the United States—but France.

The renewal of France is evident in many key industries. Europe's fi iest railway system has been electrified in all directions, and the Mistral Express makes the run from Paris to Nice at an average of 80 miles an hour. France is second only to the United States in the exporting of aircraft, and its Caravelle jet dominates the airways of the continent. Perhaps the most significant single new construction is the vast and costly enriched-uranium plant which is slowly growing at Pierrelatte in the Rhone Valley. "We are amused when you Americans keep saying that France cannot afford an atomic program," said one French minister. "The cost does not worry us in the least. We are building whole new industries in fields like computers and electronics. Even if it were not for the political arguments, we would still have to have a nuclear program, because any modern nation has to have that capability."

The renewal is evident in small things, too, like the frozen-food counters that now offer *coq au vin* and crepes suzette at the little grocery stores in the Parisian suburbs. All over France, there now is a refrigerator in every fourth home, a washing machine in every sixth home and a car for every seven people, with the sta- 'ics improving every month. In the last ıt years the population of France has own by more than four million—plus another 700,000 Frenchmen who arrived from Algeria last year. De Gaulle talks of a nation of 100 million Frenchmen in the next century.

This renewal is not simply a matter of economic statistics but also of spirit. In the Place de la Concorde, for example, Parisians can see it in the cleaning of such classics of French architecture as the Hôtel de Crillon and the Ministère de la Marine. Decades of grime have been removed, and the stately façades glow in the fall sunshine in the mellow cream tones of their original stone, as they looked when Louis Napoleon's carriage clattered across the square a century ago.

The Gaullist era is often compared to Louis Napoleon's Second Empire, in fact, not only because France experienced a similar "renewal" a century ago but also because de Gaulle's rule has an almost imperial style. No constitutional checks and balances impede him. No member of his cabinet challenges him or even questions him. Parliament, by a free vote of the people, has become a rubber-stamp organization. When the highest constitutional court ruled against his wish to prosecute conspirators in a special tribunal, de Gaulle shook the judicial system upside down. Though the press is free, and full of some of the cruelest political satire in the world, government censors control the news agency, Agence France Presse, and prevent politically unfavorable programs from being seen on the government television network.

De Gaulle, in governing France, answers only to his own conscience, his ntelligence and his sense of history—all ıidable. Some consider this a danger- ituation, for there have been at least ıt plotted or attempted assassinations. The closest call was in August of 1962, when machine-gun bullets splattered into de Gaulle's speeding car, missing the president and his wife by inches. If an assassin struck him down, nobody has the faintest guess who would or could succeed him. All that is certain is that de Gaulle's achievements will far outlast his years in office. And for the present, France is very much de Gaulle's France. The man and the nation have virtually merged. "I am moved when I see him, because he represents so much to France," says one young official as he tries to explain de Gaulle's personal power. "Crowds are moved by him too. . . . They feel trust in a great man who has brought France through so much."

A career of bitterness

Charles de Gaulle has awaited this success for a long long time. Throughout the long wait, his life and struggles have had one fundamental melancholy theme: bitterness. Much of de Gaulle's bitterness may seem to be nothing but self-imposed, almost masochistic invention. But this does not change the fact that de Gaulle feels the way he does and acts accordingly.

Winston Churchill's great life bubbles over with adventure, gusto, humanity, humor and magnanimity—but not de Gaulle's. His allies, his friends, his enemies, his fellow army officers, French politicians, French justice, the cartoonists, the newspapers, the behavior of his countrymen for the last 40 years—almost everything and everybody has added to the bitterness of his life.

"How can you govern a country which produces 246 kinds of cheese," he burst out one day to a member of his staff. It was a typical "Gaullism"—penetrating, ironic, but essentially bitter. Then there was the case of a French diplomat who came to make a farewell call on the president before taking up a new ambassadorship. "Monsieur le President, I am filled with joy at my appointment," the visitor said. De Gaulle transfixed him from behind his desk and replied icily, "You are a career diplomat. Joy is an inappropriate emotion in your profession."

De Gaulle's bitterness toward the United States is historic. It goes back to 1940 when Roosevelt's administration refused to deal with de Gaulle's Free French and recognized the Vichy regime that imposed a death sentence on de Gaulle.

How can a bitter man rule a great nation? Paradoxically it is bitterness which seems to have molded and sustained de Gaulle in his lonely Pilgrim's Progress for France—bitterness plus his burning patriotism and unshakable faith that he would see France restored to the greatness of her past. He stood alone when France fell—storing up a bitterness against his American and British allies, the full effects of which we are only now feeling from the emergent France. He stood alone through 12 years of political retirement, the locust years of political chaos under the Fourth Republic. Then came his lonely struggle to end the Algerian war, beginning with those famous and bitterly misleading words to the jubilant mob of French Algerians in the Algiers Forum in June of 1958: "*Je vous ai compris*" [I have understood you]. But they did not understand de Gaulle, and when the Algerian storm nearly engulfed him in the "revolt of the generals" in April of 1961, no one who saw him can forget the enraged bitterness with which he filled the television screen and called on French soldiers to shoot any officers who were in revolt against the state. Historically right so often, de Gaulle is bitterly indifferent to those who oppose him.

"The truth is that the general just doesn't give a damn," a weary Western diplomat remarked after de Gaulle's famous January press conference, when he barred British entry to the Common Market and rejected President Kennedy's plan for a NATO nuclear force. "Nothing, nobody can influence him. He makes a policy out of not giving a damn."

France's intelligent, able, ice-cold foreign minister, Maurice Couve de Murville, puts it somewhat more diplomatically. "The general believes that it is better for France to have *a* policy, even if some people believe it to be the wrong policy, than to have *no* policy," he once said. "Of course this leads to disagreement—you disagree with us on many things. But that does not mean that you are right and we are wrong, or that we are right and you are wrong. At least France *has* a policy."

The policy is simple: "France's interests." General de Gaulle alone decides and defines what those are. And he makes free and cynical use of other nations if this will serve France. If the United States maintains missiles and troops in defense of Europe, if the rest of Europe wants to build a Common Market, if Germany hopes to bury the past—if these things help de Gaulle build the new, renewed France, he welcomes them, reaps the advantages, and offers "a strong France" in return. But he will not sacrifice what he believes to be French interests to the overall interests of anybody else.

"No doubt because we show a will of our own, build up a nuclear force, develop a policy, this displeases former conventions which assigned France to the role of a so-called 'integrated' nation—that is to say 'unobtrusive,'" de Gaulle once declared. "Inevitably surprise, if not bitterness results. But it is a fact that people will put up with it until the time when they welcome it!"

To arrive at this moment of history, General de Gaulle, a pioneer in the tactics of mobile tank warfare, has marched and maneuvered, attacked, retreated and counterattacked with the precision of a military strategist and the skill of a master politician.

"I have concluded that politics is too serious a business to leave to the politicians," de Gaulle once wrote to former British Prime Minister Clement Attlee. The paraphrase of Clemenceau's famous epigram on generals and war expresses a distrust of ordinary politics and a determination that France would be run differently under the Fifth Republic. Since his return to power in 1958, in the midst of near civil war, there have been three distinct phases to the de Gaulle era.

First, from 1958 to 1960, was a period of consolidation. De Gaulle's achievement in this period was to create complete stability at the top so that France could move forward. Despite all the scorn and contempt which de Gaulle heaps on the old Fourth Republic, its accomplishments had not been inconsiderable. France had negotiated the Common Market treaty, had built up effective economic-planning machinery,

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Villagers in Futeau indulge in a national pastime: discussing politics.

Enjoying their newfound leisure, pretty sunbathers flock to the beach at St. Tropez.

Bemedaled World War I veterans, strong de Gaulle supporters, parade their banners.

had a program of industrial expansion well under way, had slowly brought inflation and the black-market franc under control, and had begun the liquidation of the French empire. It was de Gaulle's contribution to create the conditions in which Fourth Republic policies really could be made to work. First of all, currency reform was completed. And then the political deadwood was pruned away to enable the young planners to push economic growth.

There were two other important developments in "Phase One." De Gaulle's regime peacefully transformed 14 French African possessions into independent self-governing states—leaving Algeria as the only major colonial problem to be solved. At the same time, de Gaulle established the basic French policy of "nuclear independence" by refusing to permit the stockpiling of United States atomic warheads on French soil unless they were under full French control.

By 1960 de Gaulle was ready to tackle the Algerian problem, and this occupied the entire second phase of the de Gaulle era, through the murderous period of Secret Army Organization terrorism. After eight years of war de Gaulle settled the Algerian problem simply by negotiating an agreement on Algerian independence. After the cease-fire agreements had been approved in 1962 by overwhelming national referendums, the O.A.S. terrorists were still doing all they could to wreck the agreement, but de Gaulle saw a chance for a political counterattack. Using the assassination attempt of August, 1962, as an excuse for extending his power, de Gaulle opened Phase Three.

In order to make permanent the institution of a powerful French president with wide-ranging executive authority, de Gaulle went directly to the people. He called a referendum on a constitutional amendment that would scrap France's electoral college and provide for the direct popular election of future presidents. The National Assembly, seeing a threat to its own powers, rebelled and voted a motion of censure against the government.

De Gaulle stayed on the attack. He dissolved the National Assembly. Then in an astounding double victory he first won a narrow but sufficient "yes" vote for his constitutional amendment and followed this with an overwhelming triumph in the elections for a new National Assembly. In both cases he acted against the advice of his close collaborators, and he emerged victorious beyond the expectations of anyone. For the first time in the history of all the French republics, one party now held control of the National Assembly—the Gaullists and their supporters. De Gaulle's power was complete.

"France has permitted herself to be governed only occasionally in her history, and then only for periods of approximately seven years," de Gaulle once remarked. By this calculation the 73-year-old de Gaulle has two years to go—but nobody will be surprised if he decides to stretch it to Napoleonic proportions (1799–1815) and run for a second term.

In the meantime, to run the government machinery, President de Gaulle has assembled one of the most intelligent and technically competent cabinets ever put together. It is composed exclusively of career civil servants, diplomats, bankers, businessmen and lawyers—not a politician in the lot. Almost all are graduates of one of France's career-training schools, which have given the nation the most competent civil service in Europe, if not the world—the Ecole Polytechnique, the Ecole Nationale d'Administration, the Ecole Normale Supérieure.

Despite the age of the French president, the cabinet is youthful. Of 26 ministers, 11 are in their 40's and four are in their 30's. They are a highly literary lot, led by the minister for cultural affairs, André Malraux, who is one of the great novelists of the century. Premier Georges Pompidou, a professor of literature before becoming a banker, has published a critique on Racine and an anthology of French poetry. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, at 36 the youngest finance minister in French history, has written a 600-page novel and found time even in office to complete a biography of Rembrandt.

But at the very top of French national life, with his cabinet ministers, de Gaulle remains the aloof, unyielding taskmaster, brusque to a point of rudeness. When one minister arrived in de Gaulle's office to be offered a post, the president stuck out his hand, without rising from behind his desk, and said, "Monsieur, I wish to make you minister of such-and-such."

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There is a new spirit throughout the country, a feeling of energy and growth in the French people themselves.

At a Latin Quarter cellar, jazz musicians pack them in. In many night spots the customers are no longer Bohemians but well-dressed bourgeois youths.

The visitor, a very senior figure in the French economic world, responded by trying to open a discussion of what policies he might be expected to follow. De Gaulle waved him aside. "It is time for my rest," he said, and walked out a back door of his office. The minister-to-be, after deciding to accept the post, returned to the Elysée Palace the next day.

"I thought I would use the same technique," he recounted later. "So I strode into his office, stuck out my hand, and said, 'Monsieur le President, my answer is yes,' whereupon de Gaulle, without getting up, replied, '*Merci. Au revoir!*'"

A Gaullist New Frontier

This sort of treatment, which might drive men to despair, is actually tending to infuse the government and the nation with a renewed sense of confidence, firmness, determination and purpose.

"We, too, have our New Frontier, you know," a young French civil servant remarked with a smile. "Under de Gaulle there has been a sort of 'depoliticalization' in France, and a new generation is taking over in government. The big social questions in France are pretty much agreed: nationalization of industry, labor questions, social security and so on. The old political clash between left and right has almost disappeared. There is a sense of calm and certainty about our future which my generation never had before—and we owe it all to de Gaulle."

In some ways France is a New Frontiersman's dream. The French economic problem has never been one of resources—only of stability and the management of resources. And France under de Gaulle has the most "managed" economy in the free world. Government planners lay down broad four-year production targets, industry by industry. Beyond that the government itself directly owns or controls a vast segment of the economy—much of it nationalized under de Gaulle's first postwar government.

A Frenchman uses gas, electricity, water, coal, railroads and buses which are owned and operated by the state. A portion of the gasoline in his car comes from government-owned oil supplies. The car itself may well come from the state-owned Renault factory, which provides one third of French output. He smokes cigarettes—including imported American brands—which are manufactured or marketed solely by a nationalized tobacco monopoly. He is insured by a state-owned company, keeps his money in a bank that is usually owned or controlled by the government; and if he wants to borrow, the government is his main source.

The planners have done their work well. France has maintained an economic expansion rate averaging seven percent per year for the past five years, and even in the current slowing down all over Europe, the French expect another 5.5 percent expansion in 1963, about two percent above the average forecast for Europe.

Planning, of course, is no final answer, and planning can go wrong—as the government found out last March in the protracted national coal strike. For five years the government had been holding down coal wages in order to keep costs and inflationary tendencies stable in a basic industry. Good planning. But the nationalized Renault auto plant had been allowed to increase its wages to compete for labor with private car manufacturers. And the transport, gas and electricity workers all had crept forward. So when the government decided once again to hold down the miners, there was a strike, and a tough one. In the end the miners got more or less what they were demanding, and General de Gaulle's popularity slipped temporarily to 42 percent in a national public-opinion poll, the first time it had ever dropped below 50 percent.

The strike was also a reminder that there is an enormous amount of "renewal" to be done in France—housing, hospitals, highways. The most urgent and important of all, perhaps, is the need for more schools and the expansion of education. As in all prosperous nations, industry can keep moving on its own. but only the government can build schools and hire teachers for the future.

Yet there is no doubt that Frenchmen already have a new way of doing things. On a train from Germany to Paris recently a reporter sat with a Swiss manufacturer who owns a small plastics factory in Strasbourg, the crossroads city of Europe. He was on his way to Paris to buy a new motor which a Frenchman had only recently developed.

"It is easy to make a motor which will do 1,000 or 1,500 revolutions a minute," he explained, "but this motor will run at only one revolution a second or less. This has baffled designers for years, and you have no idea how much a slow-speed motor is needed in industry. The Frenchman who invented it did it all in a garage in Paris that looks like a junkyard, and he assembles these motors there from

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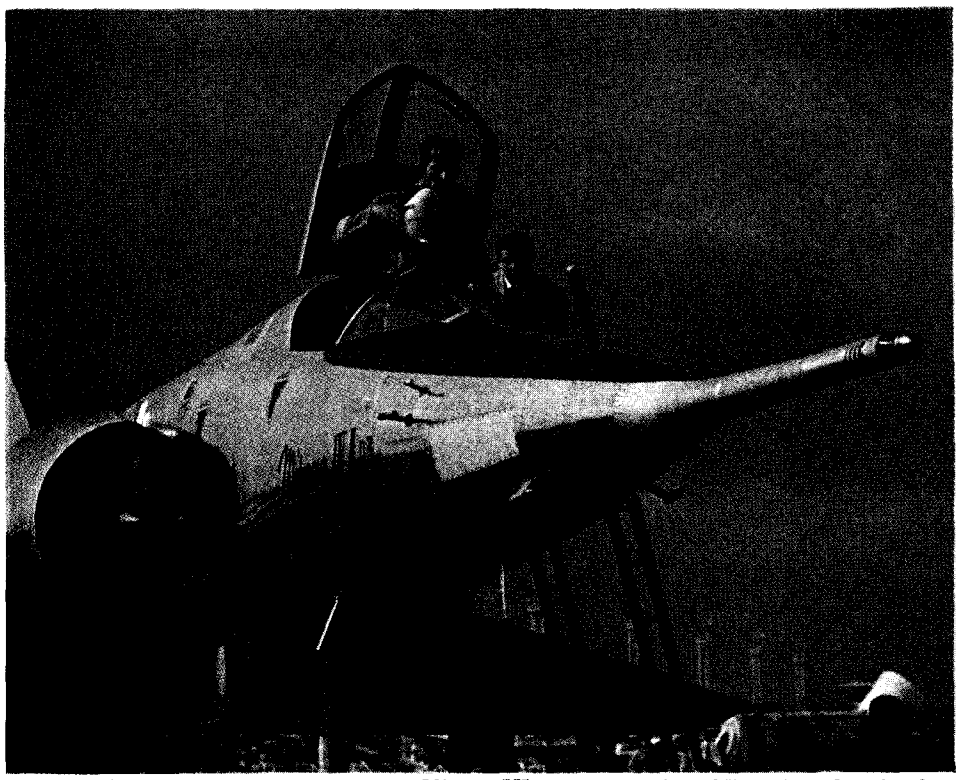


Crewmen ready a needle-nosed Mirage IV jet, new carrier of French nuclear bombs.

"Even if there were no political reasons for it, we'd still have to have a nuclear program," says a Gaullist. "Any modern nation has to have that capability."

parts which he subcontracts. He told me to be sure to get there by tomorrow because he is leaving for Japan."

It is easier to record French achievements under de Gaulle than to predict history's verdict on this particular form of government. Charles de Gaulle is no dictator. But he is a very supple autocrat. The democratic forms are observed, but the working political sense of democracy has dried up. De Gaulle is completely free to formulate, propose, then impose and execute policy with an independence enjoyed by no other head of government in the free world. Very seldom will he make mistakes or run into trouble, as he did with the coal miners. The French on the whole are content under his rule, living well without any visible or apparent loss of their cherished liberties. This is, therefore, a peculiar "Gaullist democracy"—with freedoms respected but political opinions meaningless.

Some call it monarchical, and the French often compare their president to a king. De Gaulle's official receptions are glittering replicas of the past, and now he is having the famous Grand Trianon at Versailles completely renovated to provide an even more glorious setting for state occasions. Yet de Gaulle uses these 18th-century methods and style to achieve his very modern ends. He recognizes clearly that there are real elements of power within pomp and circumstance.

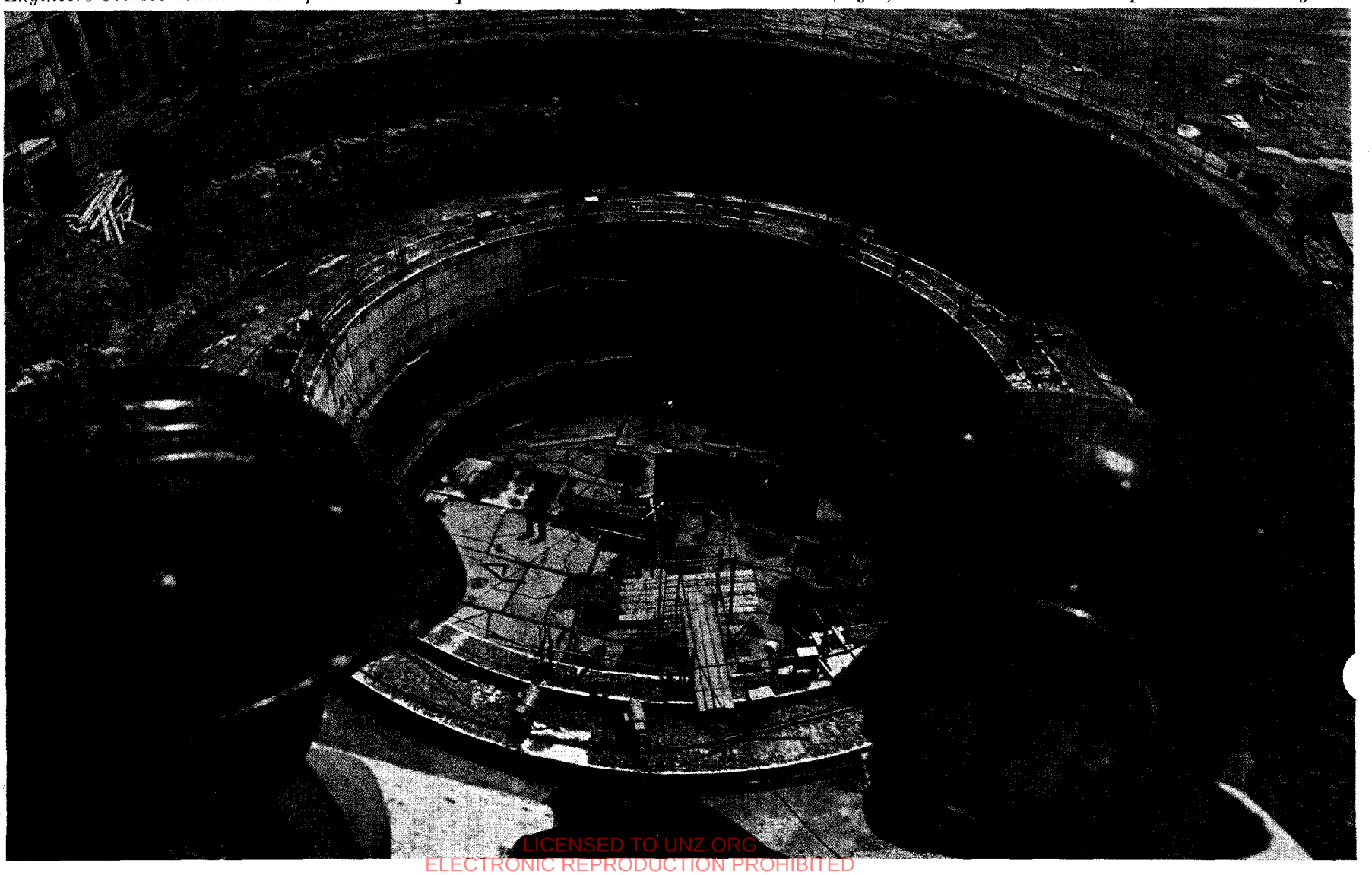
He has even used it in bringing the French army under control—one of the greatest problems he faced. Once a regimental color guard failed to dip its flags in salute when he drove by in review. Former French presidents would probably have contented themselves with chiding the review commander, if they noticed the lapse at all. De Gaulle broke and disbanded the entire regiment.

Today the French army, which for 15 years had run colonies, toppled governments and dominated France from the outside, is home and under control. It is being reduced to approximately 150,000 men, organized in six "divisional slices," with emphasis on mobility and light equipment. Two of the six divisions will be stationed in Germany, as at present, and one of the six will be a special "intervention division," with its own air-transport and paratroop units. The planned total level of armed-forces manpower in France is approximately 600,000. The French contend that this manpower saving alone—a reduction by half—will provide funds for the nuclear program which, they say, is costing only 13 percent of the military budget today.

Great events, the confrontation of great forces, these instantly seize de Gaulle's imagination and he expresses his commitment in unusual ways. During the crisis in faraway Cuba, he did not hesitate in pledging support to President Kennedy. Once, during a dangerous crisis in Algeria, he required 62-year-old Louis Joxe, then minister for Algerian affairs, to call on him at the Elysée Palace at 5:15 A.M. on his way to a six-o'clock takeoff for Algiers. Joxe found de Gaulle dressed and at his desk, and his only words were: "*Au revoir, Joxe, et bon voyage!*" But getting up early to say good-bye was de Gaulle's way of providing support for a minister.

"The young ministers are fascinated by him, and study and absorb his every move, his every word and gesture," one of them said to me. "He is breathing a spirit into our national life which Frenchmen have never felt before. He is shaping the way French leaders will act and think—that is, try to think and act—for years to come." THE END

Engineers oversee construction of a new atomic pile near Aix-en-Provence. Technicians (right) clean a reactor now in operation near Avignon.



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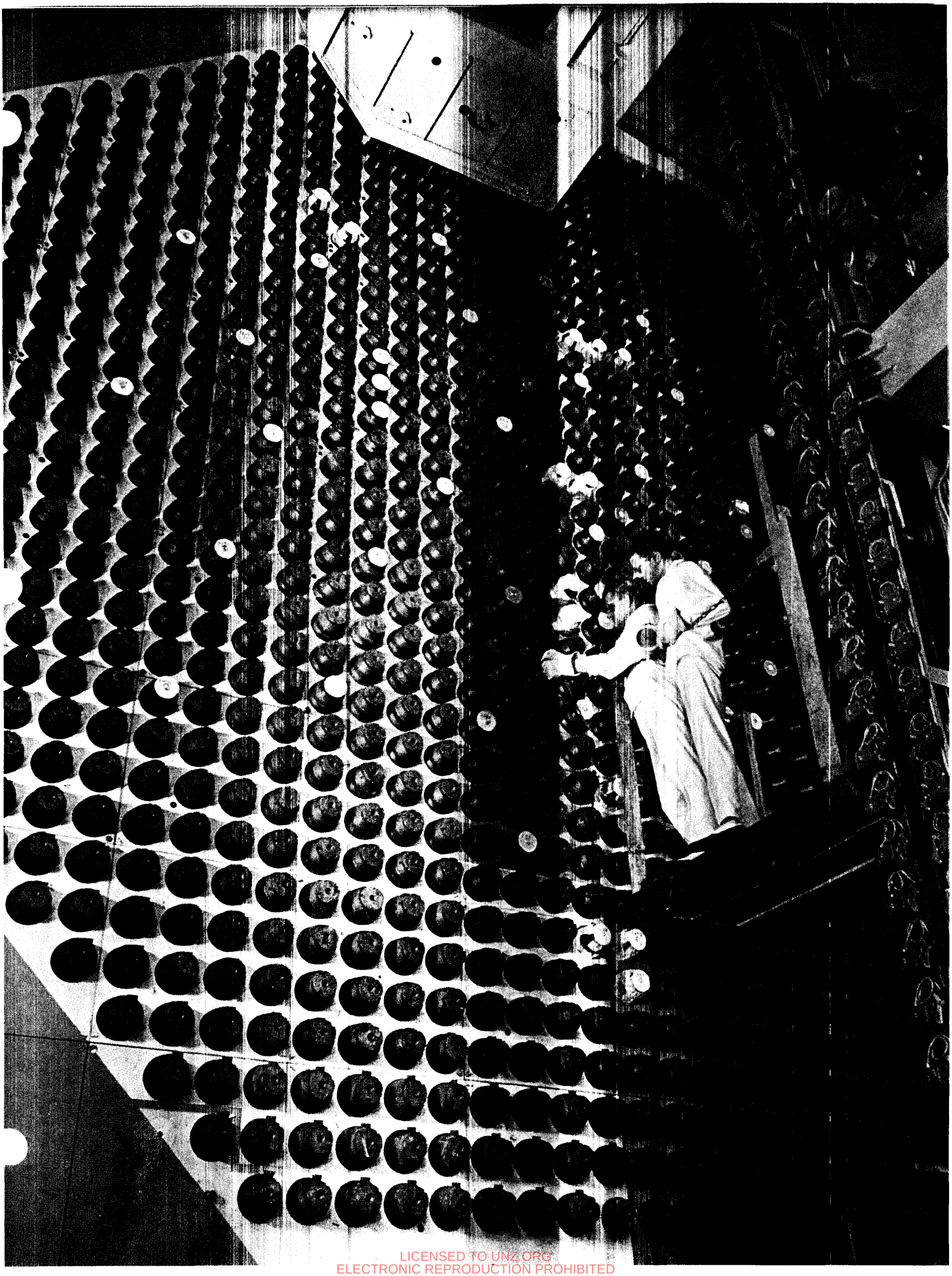

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FRACAS OVER FISH FLOUR

By DANIEL S. GREENBERG

Thirty tons of fish will yield six tons of protein-rich flour.

A cheap nutritious food concentrate made from fish offers new hope to the world's starving. But squeamish U.S. officials are blocking its sale.

The little gathering in the Senate dining room looked like a typical luncheon scene in official Washington. The menu was conventional: soup, hot biscuits and a rice casserole. The host, white-haired Sen. Paul H. Douglas, and most of his guests ate heartily. But the guest of honor, Commissioner George P. Larrick of the Food and Drug Administration, refused to touch a bite. For every dish on the menu contained a controversial new ingredient that Larrick has publicly condemned as "filthy and putrid." Furthermore, he has forbidden it to be sold across state lines for human food.

The ingredient, which Douglas was trying to publicize, is a potentially important discovery called fish flour. It is made by grinding up whole fish, and then removing all of the fats, oils and water through a complex series of chemical washes. The resulting product is an odorless, tasteless powder as clean, pure and sterile as a baby's formula. When added to many ordinary foods, such as soups, baked goods—even milk—it usually goes unnoticed. Yet it contains as much as 95 percent pure protein. Two to three tablespoonfuls pack as much protein as a quarter of a pound of juicy lean steak. And it costs only 15 cents a pound.

In a world where thousands die of famine every year, and where two people out of three live in constant hunger, the importance of such a cheap food could be enormous. Even in well-fed America, its value could be considerable. "It is a tragedy," says Senator Douglas, "that Mr. Larrick will not allow fish flour to be used inside the United States. Why shouldn't Americans have the right to consume a cheap, nutritious and pure food? It is laughable that Mr. Larrick permits bees, ants, silkworms and rattlesnakes to be sold for food but will not permit fish flour."

Larrick remains firmly opposed, however. He does not base his ruling on chemical, biological or bacteriological grounds, but on aesthetic ones. Fish flour, he concedes, is neither unwholesome nor harmful. Yet, although it was first introduced in 1959, he still will not give it FDA approval. Without that approval, his inspectors may seize and destroy the product if an attempt is made to sell it across state lines. Furthermore, no government agency may purchase it for consumption here or abroad.

"Our problem," says Larrick, "is that we're charged with enforcing a statute that says food is adulterated if it consists in whole or in part of any filthy, putrid or decomposed substance. Now when someone takes a 19-pound fish, intestinal contents and all, and grinds it into a powder, as far as I'm concerned, that's filthy and putrid. If we say it's OK for the American people to eat that powder, then how can we deny a manufacturer the right to sell sterilized garbage, or catsup made from wormy or rotten tomatoes? If we open the door to whole fish flour, we'll be destroying a system of safeguards that took fifty years to build."

Larrick's arguments sound reasonable enough, and they are supported by public health officials in 21 states, but they are not supported by most scientists. According to a blue-ribbon panel set up by the National Academy of Sciences, the fish-flour manufacturing process washes out most of the intestinal contents and leaves the remainder biologically harmless. As for the internal organs, the eyeballs and gills, the panel said, processing makes them indistinguishable from powdered, cleansed fillets. Presumably little else but pure protein can survive the manufacturing process—which includes a dozen treatments with water and boiling chemicals. To de-gut the fish before processing, as Larrick demands, would increase fish-flour cost by an estimated 50 cents a pound—from 15 to 65. Furthermore, under the criteria Larrick himself has set up, he could ban sardines, oysters, clams, shrimp and snails.

"To some extent," says one top FDA official, "we're being subjective and squeamish about this. There's no hard and fast definition of filth. You might say filth is that which a reasonable person would consider filthy. But we've got to draw the line someplace, and this is where we draw it."

According to many U.S. officials, however, Larrick has chosen a bad place to draw the line. For example, Sen. George S. McGovern of South Dakota, former director of the Food for Peace program, recently blasted Larrick's stand in a speech before a Washington conference of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization.

"For a key agency to condemn fish flour because of a purely 'aesthetic' evaluation based on an overly sensitive contemplation of its origins," the senator said, "is the wrong kind of imagination. Viewed against the pitiful backdrop of the world's crippled children any decision to curb production of a healthful product which has a protein content of over eighty percent is not sound. Let's be sure of our facts, yes, but let's not be inhibited by our bad dreams."

In mentioning the world's undernourished children, Senator McGovern emphasized one of the most compelling arguments in favor of fish flour. Protein deficiency is the world's most severe nutritional problem. In its milder form, it causes people to appear constantly tired, gloomy and stolid. In a report on this condition to the Mexican government, Dr. Federico Gomez of the Hospital Infantil de Mexico commented: "Those who observe superficially these human groups would think their laziness, indolence, filthiness and fatalism are distinctive racial traits. But, we ask, what human being can show the least amount of joy when its organic tissues are worn out by work; when its body is permanently tired; or when its stomach is empty, or perhaps full with a formless mass of corn and beans devoid of the nutrient element necessary to produce an average daily work?"

A more severe form of protein deficiency causes a disease called kwashiorkor, which is prevalent among infants in many African and Asian countries. The name is believed to originate in the Ga language of Ghana, and means "displaced one." It refers to the child that is displaced from the mother's breast by a new baby. Loss of protein soon leaves the victim with expressionless eyes, a puffy face, swollen arms and legs, and badly flaking skin.

Although there have been only four recorded cases in the United States, the disease is now coming to be recognized as "one of the most widespread scourges of mankind," according to a report by the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization. In South Africa, for example, it accounts for nine out of ten children's-hospital admissions. Dr. Jean Mayer, associate professor of nutrition at Harvard's School of Public Health, reports "the mortality [from kwashiorkor] is never less than thirty percent and in some areas goes up to one hundred percent." Doctor Mayer adds that studies have shown that "practically every child in certain African and Central American regions . . . has or has had some degree of protein malnutrition bordering on kwashiorkor."

But add a few spoonfuls of fish flour to the normal diet, and the results are almost magical. In a study in the Philippines several years ago, for example, Dr. Eugene Stransky, a leading nutritionist, divided children, four to 14 years old, into two groups. Both of the groups were kept on their normal rice diets, but one received a 20-grams-a-day supplement of fish flour. Those receiving the supplement had averaged a 10 percent increase in weight by the end of the experiment while those on the normal diets showed little or no increase in weight. Similar experiments conducted in recent years in Mexico, Peru, South Africa, Senegal and the Congo have yielded equally encouraging results.

This is the "pitiful backdrop" against which Senator McGovern considered the FDA's decision on fish flour. There are other protein concentrates as well, but he is particularly interested in fish flour, because it offers a number of other special advantages. Fish flour can be stored or shipped easily without fear of spoilage. And above all, it is cheap. Fifteen cents' worth, one pound, would be enough to save 100 children from the ravages of kwashiorkor each day. The

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Senators Gruening (Alaska), Douglas (Illinois) and Saltonstall (Massachusetts) display hearty appetites at a recent luncheon fortified with fish flour.

U.S. Department of Agriculture has estimated that the total world deficit in protein—the additional amount the world's people need to be adequately nourished—could be filled by 830,000 tons of fish flour a year. This amount of fish flour, at a cost of $250 million, would be only a quarter to half as expensive as an equal amount of protein in the form of powdered milk. The Food for Peace Program is spending $300 million this year, and much of this is for grain—less important than protein. Officials of VioBin Corporation, an Illinois pharmaceutical firm which perfected fish flour, estimate that $300 million "spent *just once* could set up permanent self-sustaining facilities in various parts of the world which could meet the animal-protein deficit indefinitely—and operate at a profit."

One reason for the cheapness of fish flour is that it can be made from "trash fish," which are now either thrown away or used as animal food. Thus many underdeveloped countries could readily obtain the necessary raw material and also develop a profitable fishing industry in the bargain.

The Food and Drug Administration's decision keeps a dead hand on the entire project, however. Although the pure-food laws do not prevent American manufacturers from selling the product abroad, U.S. foreign-aid officials are painfully aware of Soviet propaganda skills. They know what the Russians—and the receiving nations themselves—would say if we tried to get impoverished people to consume a food that we have ruled unfit for our own citizens.

"I was selling the stuff abroad, in small but growing amounts," says 71-year-old Ezra Levin, president of the VioBin Corp. "Then the FDA came along with its ruling, and I found interest dropping off all over the place. In San Salvador they told me, 'If FDA says it isn't good enough for Americans, then it isn't good enough for us.' Can you blame them?"

"I'll tell you what's going to come out of this," he continued. "Foreign countries aren't so stupid when they see a good economic prospect. They'll tell the underdeveloped countries that they make it clean and we make it dirty. They'll say it's so dirty the American government bans it. Then we can watch the American fishing industry get even sicker. This fish flour has a market for hundreds of thousands of tons, millions of tons, of fish a year. But FDA is saying that some other countries should get it."

Japan, Sweden, West Germany and other nations are already showing interest in capturing this huge potential market. Some of them already are producing fish flour on a small scale. The Soviets are actively at work on it and are reported to be developing factory ships that could process the product at sea and deliver it directly to the underdeveloped nations.

Theoretically the FDA is not the court of last resort on food-purity standards. Its rulings can be appealed to the federal judiciary. But if the appeal were lost, then fish flour would be finished for good in the U.S. Larrick, with ample precedent on his side, is confident that the federal courts would continue to uphold the FDA's definition of filth. Rather than risk a court fight, the Kennedy Administration has sought a slower but less perilous course. Under a one-million-dollar research program, financed by the Interior Department, efforts are under way to compile a sufficiently large body of scientific evidence with which to attack Larrick's objection and finally overwhelm it.

That may be the right way to handle it. But in the little African country of Sierra Leone, 80 out of every 100 infants die of protein malnutrition and its complications. How long should they be expected to wait? THE END

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ROMY SCHNEIDER

Cold-shouldered by Hollywood six years ago, the outspoken 25-year-old Viennese movie star has returned triumphantly to the picture capital with a reputation for no-nonsense, fierce ambition and a presence that scorches the screen.

By C. ROBERT JENNINGS

Photographs by John Bryson

When Romy Schneider, a captivating Viennese import of grinding ambition arrived for the first time in Hollywood six years ago, her reception was not merely muffled, but mute. She had journeyed from Europe at the behest of Walt Disney, who planned to test her for a film, *Third Man on the Mountain*. She did not get the part. In fact, she did not even get to see Disney. "I didn't get to see any of the people I wanted to see," Romy recalls frostily. "But I say, I can wait. I can come back later to see whom I want. Things change."

She has come back. And things have changed. So much so, that this fall when Romy Schneider returned to the film capital to costar opposite Jack Lemmon in *Good Neighbor Sam*, she established herself not just in splendor, but in state. Her entourage included a female secretary, her agent, her agent's male secretary, her press agent and his wife, her hairdresser and a photographer. She dined with the Right People and was guest of honor at a press party which turned the Beverly Hills Hotel into a photoflash shambles. She put in a telephone call to Louella. Hedda came to see *her*.

"I am what I am," says Romy.

She is, nevertheless, acid about the fierce round of Hollywood tribal rites to which stars usually are subjected. "Parties, parties—everybody is bored and noisy, and they think it so necessary, so amusing," she says. "I'm afraid of too much public. In Europe I go out only when I like to go out. You can't say to me, 'Go because stars do it.' I have a bad reputation because I don't do little things which are supposed to make a star."

What is most astonishing about the reception accorded Romy is that up to now, her scorching presence has been confined largely to such art films as *Boccaccio '70* and *The Trial*. But this, too, will change. Before the end of the year the mass American audience will see her in roles in two major films: that of an Austrian girl in love with a priest in *The Cardinal* and as a violin-playing trollop in a war film called *The Victors*.

Not since Dietrich has the old world offered such an on-screen image of prepotent sex. And yet to those who encounter her off-screen, she is almost gelid in her reserve. A tough, no-nonsense performer, Romy approaches her work with the intensity of a general going into battle. She knows her lines. She knows her cameras. "She is almost frighteningly professional," says director Carl Foreman, who chose her for *The Victors*.

Characteristically, from the day she agreed to do Foreman's film, she signed all her communiqués, "Yours, Regine"—the name of the character she played. When during a lunch break she was asked to discuss her next scene, she erupted, "Damn it, you can't ask me that. I can't talk about a scene before I make it." And when one bystander pointed out that Method actors place great store in penetrating character analysis, she made sawdust of him with, "The Method, agh, what the hell is the Method? I don't know what it is. Acting is acting. You know what to do. You only learn in the hardest schools—like Broadway or the Paris stage, or with tough directors like Otto Preminger and Orson Welles. To have personality, force, you can't get it from schools or buy it in books. My mother always quoted a director who said, 'Damn it, don't think, act!'"

Demonstrably, Romy Schneider at 25 is not the typical movie star who sleepwalks through life or her roles. What she does, she does relentlessly. "If a part called for her to swim the English channel," says George Hamilton, one of her *Victors* costars, "I do believe she would do it."

Unlike most film stars, she does not register all emotion with her chest. "If the bosom matters," says Romy, "I'm out." While she has uncommon beauty, often a sufficient credential for stardom, it is not her dominant quality. For Romy is too strong—in her own candid estimate, "hard"—for good looks to be her paramount attraction.

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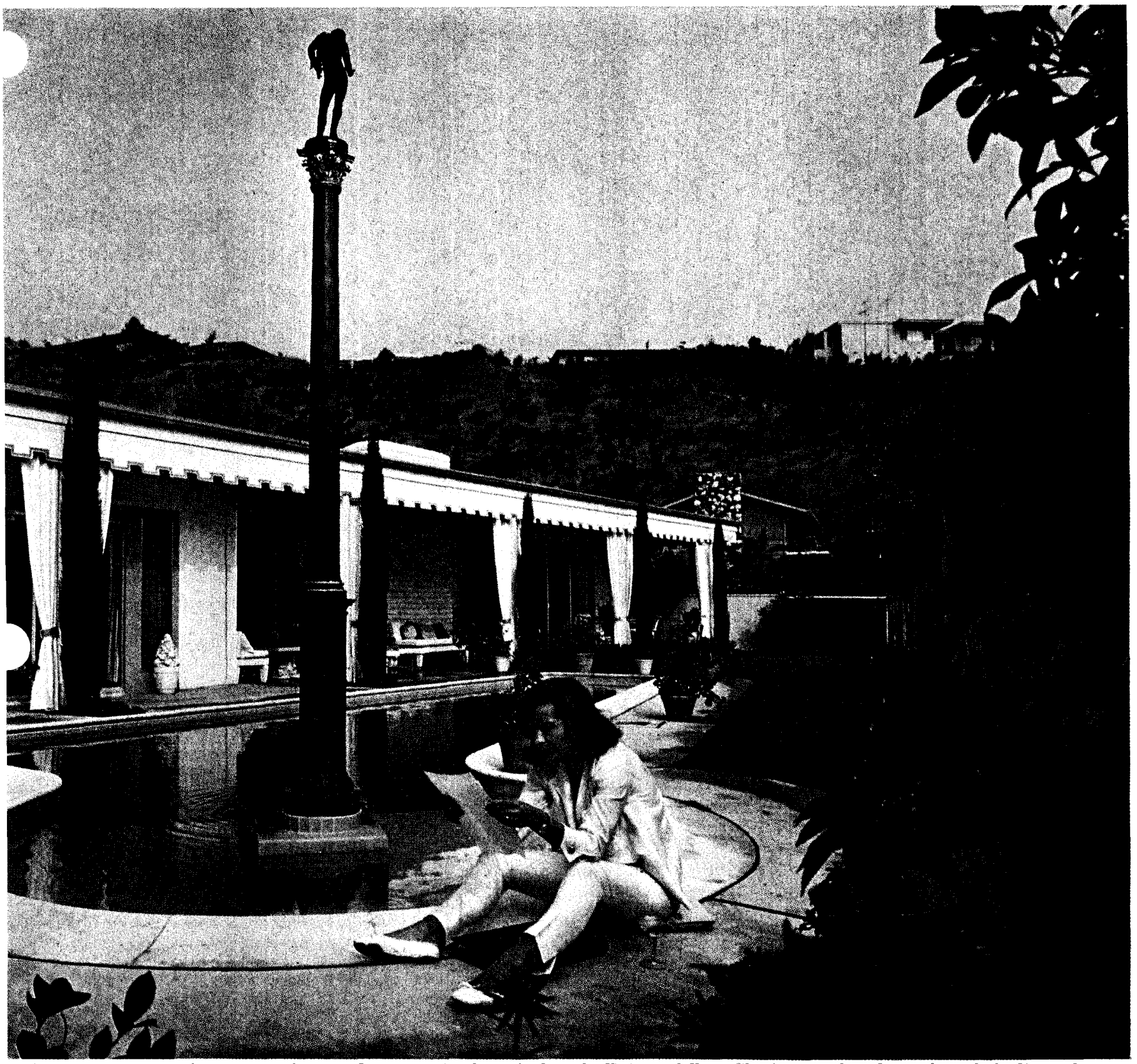

Romy reads a letter from Italian director Visconti at her home high in the Hollywood Hills. She dons mask and fins for a daily dip in the pool.

She is a complex creature, a woman of strange polarities, which is itself perhaps the mainspring of her appeal. Her great fascination lies in the built-in schizophrenia she projects. "She can be a cause of great disturbance," says Georges Clouzot, the great filmmaker (*Wages of Fear*, *Diabolique*) who chose Romy for his next picture, *In the Deep of Night*. "She can be as pure as she wants to be, but she also can be as bitchy as she chooses to be."

At first Carl Foreman found her cool and withdrawn. "But like a flower that reacts to sunshine," says Foreman, "she reacts in the same way if she feels genuinely liked or loved. Her whole personality changes, and she becomes very warm and loving in return, much like a little girl, very appealing, sometimes even hoydenish."

"I am not an easy person to live with," says Romy herself with acute self-awareness. "I have too many moods. Sometimes I think I am too ambitious. I expect everything from myself. Everything. And I have no patience, absolutely none at all. It is very troubling.

"Sometimes when I act a part in real life, I am the worst actress in the world and not the best person either. While my private life is the more important, I know I never could leave my profession. Maybe someday I say 'enough' and take up marriage, children and life for the man I love only. But for now, no."

Such fierce professional concern is naturally come by, for Romy Schneider was born to the business. Her father, Wolf Albach-Retty, is a mainstay of the Vienna Volks-theater, a celebrated repertory company. Her handsome mother, Magda Schneider, was a renowned singing star of European films. It was through her mother that Romy made her movie debut, at age 14, as Magda's daughter in a celluloid creampuff called *White Lilacs*. "The producers thought," says Romy with engaging disdain, "what a sweet idea!"

For the next seven years Romy was trapped in a floodtide of some of the weepiest and most popular German movies ever made. One observer scathingly referred to her as "Shirley Templehof." In all her early films Romy was plump and pixyish. She became rich and made others so. "But my passion for my profession was too big for me to go on with them and thus stay the same," she says. "I was tired of all that make-believe. I said I would make no more princess

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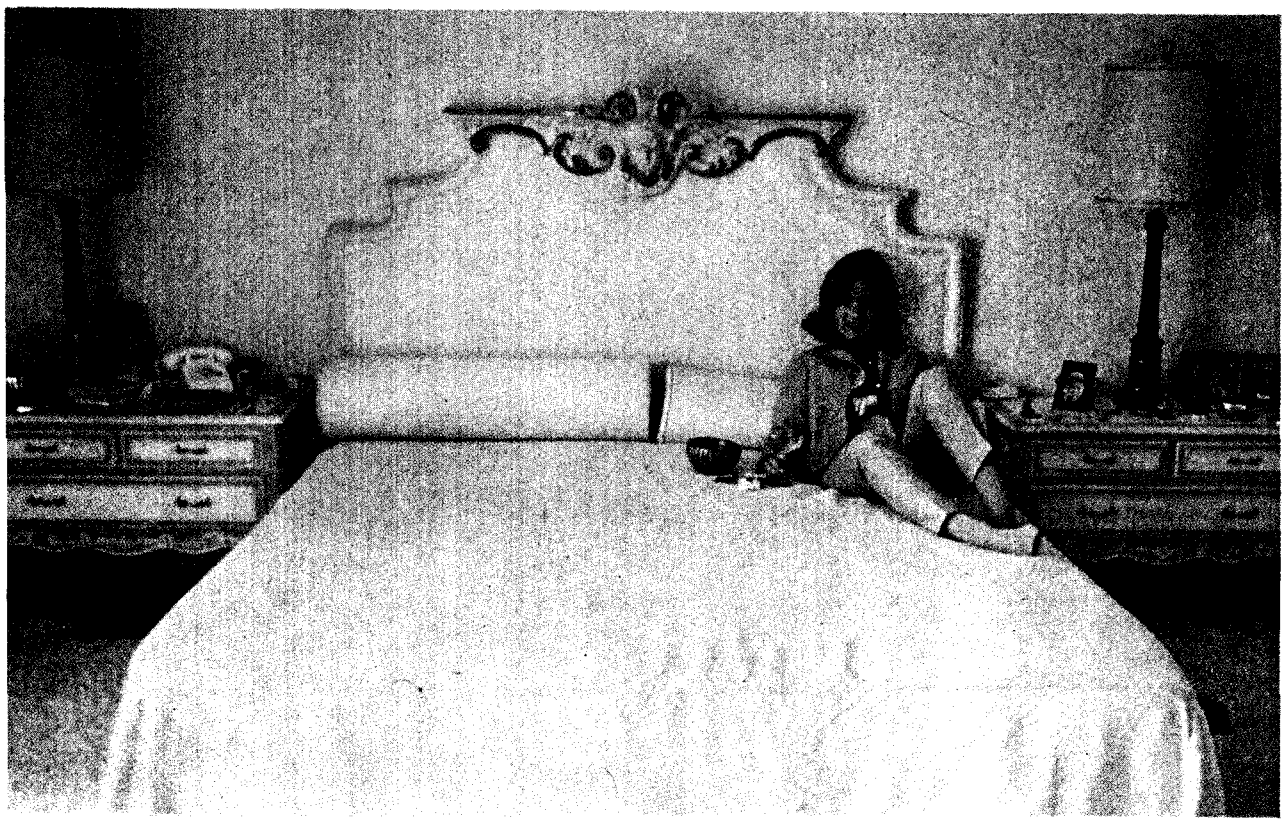

"THE MOST IMPORTANT THING OF ALL," SHE SAYS, "IS TO FEEL FREE."

Sitting alone on enormous bed, Romy relaxes to music. She soaks self daily in everything from Andres Segovia to Mahalia Jackson.

films—unless the princess is a bad, bad girl. After all, I grow up. To change as often as possible the work, the kind of parts on stage and screen, I must be strong. I wanted to be modern, hard and sophisticated—a grown woman."

The hardening process was already working unconsciously in her, for it had begun much earlier. In Berchtesgaden, site of Hitler's private villa, where Romy grew up with grandparents because her own parents were separated, she was exposed to the savagery of Nazi militarism. On one occasion, while running for a bomb shelter, she neglected to stop and give the *bürgermeister* the mandatory Nazi salute. A Nazi official beat her brutally about the face.

Nowadays, Romy is often at pains to make it clear that she is not German. When her English fails, she lapses not into her native tongue, but into French. When staffers for German publications interviewed her during *The Victors*, she carefully answered in English. And when Otto Preminger, during the filming of *The Cardinal*, tried to direct her in German, she pleaded, "Please, Otto, speak only English to me." This, Romy insists, is because "I feel the ambiance of where I am. I work in English, I want them to speak English to me."

The big change in Romy's career came in 1958, when she went to Paris to do *Christine*, a remake of *Liebelei*, her mother's best movie. The baby fat was already giving way to the woman. "Very unfortunately," she says, "the picture was very bad. But very fortunately I met Alain Delon."

He was her costar in the film, and soon they were living together. Under the spell of his "intelligent" persuasion, Romy said good-bye to gay Vienna, to Mamma and to Poppa, to $250,000 per picture and to shattered German producers who brayed angrily of her madness. The German press, says Romy with unaffected scorn, "threw stones at me."

For two difficult years she refused to work. "It was horrible for me. But I knew I must have the courage to wait, to think, to take time out for renewal, to get myself together. To do things you can't do when you're working like a fool. That can never be easy, but it was necessary. It's like reloading. To German filmmakers I had become a sponge that must be squeezed to the last drop. Nobody had ever asked me to shout—to behave like a real human being!"

While she was out looking for herself, and presumably shouting, Romy had another fateful encounter, also with a man—with Delon's friend, director Luchino Visconti. He coaxed Romy to the Paris stage in *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*. The play flopped. Nevertheless, she agreed when Visconti beckoned her for *Boccaccio '70*. She appeared in one sequence seminude, and the scene launched her as an international star.

An elegance of the heart

For France, the scene of her transformation, Romy harbors a deep passion. "The French have taught me to dress, to live, to sleep, to love—everything." She toured Europe in Chekhov's *The Seagull*, playing Nina—triumphantly—in French. She developed an awesome regard for the 80-year-old couturier Chanel, who clothed her in *Boccaccio*. "She is a queen," says Romy. "She taught me both outside elegance and the elegance of the heart." Romy and Delon settled in France, taking a three-story house in Paris, a bucolic estate at Tancrou, and a modern apartment on the Riviera which Romy decorated herself with French antiques, handsome English prints and a larger-than-life-size portrait of Alain.

At first they lived together openly. "We aren't married, but what's that got to do with it?" she said. "A marriage contract, what is it? Only a vulgar piece of paper." Then, apparently advised that this was no way to capture the Puritan heart of America, she began to speak quaintly of Alain as "my engaged husband." But hypocrisy did not become her, and impertinent inquiries by the press, she says, "made me feel like a whore."

Today, armed with new confidences and old pride, she says simply, "I live with the man I love. We try to be mature people. We try not to live like children—even if it seems we are sometimes. So far, our love is not limiting. We separate it from our work. But without the confidence we have in each other, it is really impossible."

But life for Romy is not all confident love and youth. Delon is known to stray, and both are victims of many forced separations. Says a close friend, "At first he ran after her. Now she runs after him. He's driving her wild!"

And there is still the deep inner conflict caused by her personal and geographic dislocation. "I feel about one-quarter Austrian, three-quarters French," says Romy, and the smaller fraction speaks sentimentally of waltzing to schmaltz, loathing the twist and going to opera by open carriage bathed in moonlight. "I am old-fashioned," she says. "I like men who kiss the hand, and I hate the thought of whooshing into space."

But Romy is painfully aware that this is not enough for her countryfolk, whose hackles now rise at the mention of her name. They can never forgive her forsaking Vienna for Paris. And it was only last spring that a Viennese newsman quoted her as calling her own people "idiots," which caused Preminger to bar the Austrian press from her stormy presence.

"I was misreported," insists Romy. "Anyway, there are things in life much more important than what people think or write about me. I am what I am. They can go to hell."

When her current assignment is finished in Hollywood, Romy will probably return for a time to her Riviera home, for which she occasionally pines. The view from the caned bar on her terrace in Monte Carlo overlooks Grace Kelly's toy palace, the gambling casino and a flotilla of yachts in the Mediterranean. But Romy's view carries much further.

"I have something better to do than jump from villa to villa and yacht to yacht," she says. "I can stay for hours on my terrace and just look at the people, normal people, and the sea. I very often go to sleep at nine o'clock with my book, my records, my dogs, and I am happy.

"I believe in the axiom that happiness is a virtue. I never feel so good as on the sea with the sun and the wind. And at night, when I am alone with Alain, who comes too seldom. That's almost all. I am most alive in these moments, and free. This is the most important thing, to live each moment. And to feel free." THE END

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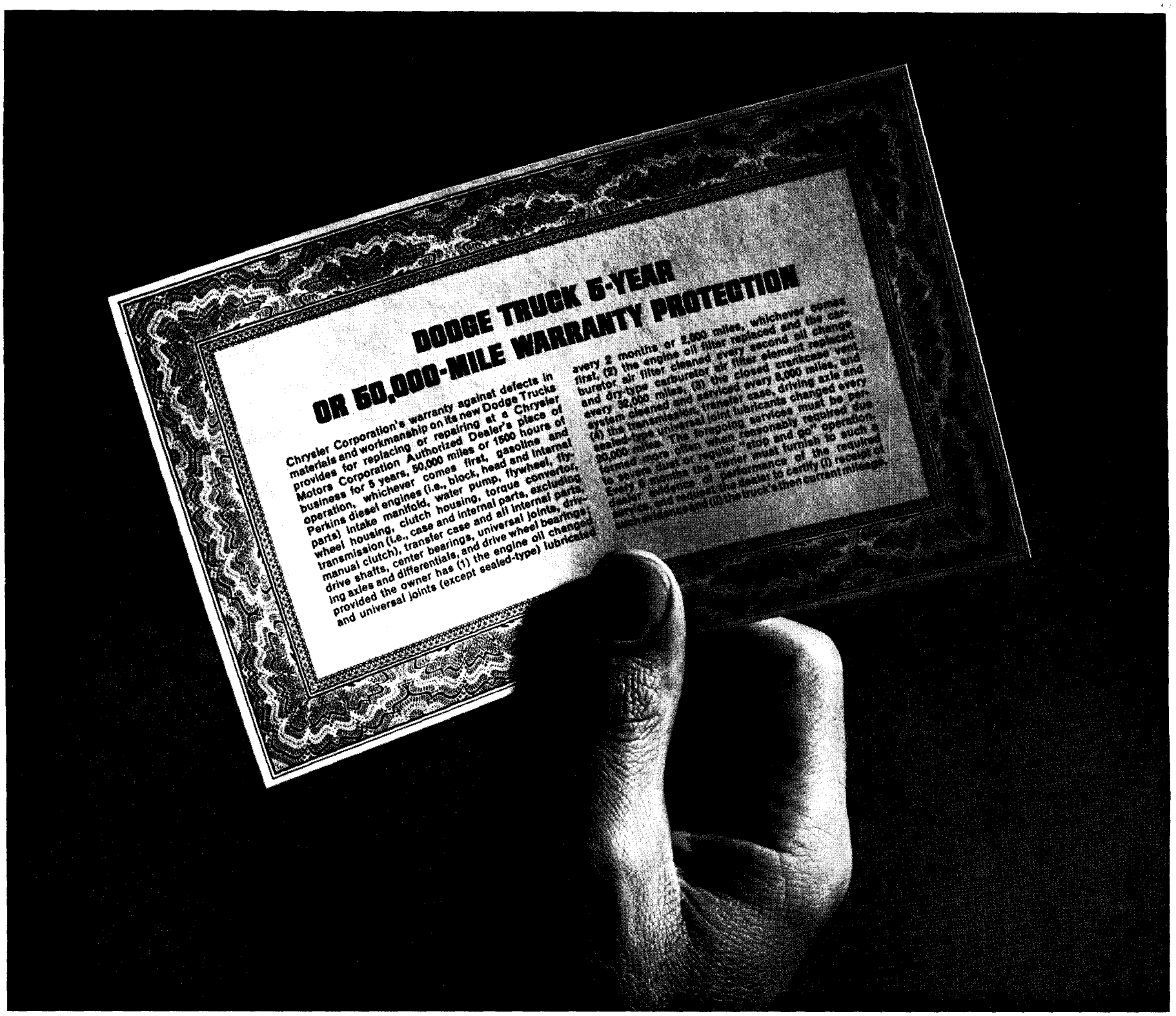
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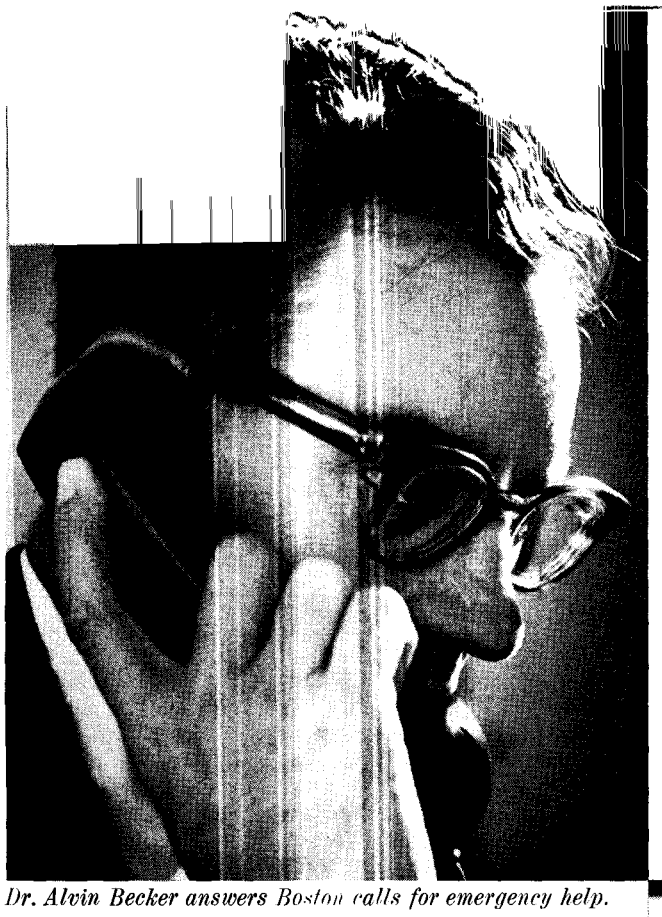

Dr. Alvin Becker answers Boston calls for emergency help.

DIAL A PSYCHIATRIST

Now the emotionally ill get first aid, with astonishing results.

By Robert P. Goldman

The telephone number is GE 6-2330. On a muggy, misty morning last summer, a distraught husband in Boston dialed the number and blurted out, "You've got to come here quick. I can't take it anymore. My wife has been acting crazy. She cries all the time, and won't leave the house. She says she's going to kill herself . . ."

Dr. Jacques Drouin, of the Boston State Hospital, drove immediately to the patient's home. He found the woman lying on the living-room floor, half-naked. He sat down on the floor next to her and said in a gentle tone, "I'm Doctor Drouin, a psychiatrist. I'm here to help you. Please tell me what's wrong. Why are you so unhappy?"

"Nobody wants me," the woman sobbed. "Nobody loves me. I'm worthless, worthless."

"You have a great deal in life," Doctor Drouin reassured her, "a devoted husband, two wonderful daughters. I'll try to help you understand. But if you want to get better, we'll have to work together."

"No one cares about me," she persisted. "They all hate me. They're going to set fire to the house across the street, and then they'll set fire to this house. After that, they'll put garbage in the water to poison me."

"I'll make sure no one hurts you," said Doctor Drouin, "but I don't want you to do anything to harm yourself." Over and over he repeated these words of reassurance and finally got the patient to promise she would not attempt suicide. He prescribed a drug to quiet her and told her he would return the next day.

Two visits later Doctor Drouin discovered that the patient's oldest daughter had recently given birth to a son. This usually joyous event had set off the woman's emotional explosion. She felt that her daughter did not "need her" to help raise the infant. She felt old, isolated, unwanted, of no further value to the people she cared for most deeply.

Doctor Drouin explained the situation to the daughter and obtained her cooperation. Then, after weeks of painstaking treatment in the home, the woman began to understand why she had become so depressed. Gradually her symptoms began to ease. Her delusions disappeared. Recently she told Doctor Drouin, "I'm well enough to look for a part-time job. Oh, yes, I was wrong about my daughter. She asks my advice about the baby and wants me to take care of him very often."

"We were amazed at this woman's progress," says Doctor Drouin. "At first, she showed real signs of paranoia, and we were sure that she was headed for the hospital. But she kept improving. Like many of our patients, this woman did much better than we dared hope."

This case and others like it represent a major triumph for "psychiatric first aid," a completely new and radical approach to helping the emotionally desperate. Instead of waiting for the patient to come to his office, the psychiatrist goes to the patient at the moment he is needed most, right in the home. Once inside the door, he faces an individual and often an entire family in tragic emotional turmoil. He or his assistants may continue giving home treatment for months.

Comprehensive home treatment, known at Boston State as the Home Treatment Service, was started last year after five years of research to determine its feasibility. At about the same time a similar program got under way in Pinellas County (St. Petersburg and Clearwater), Florida. The idea is now catching on elsewhere. Limited home programs are in operation in San Mateo, Calif., Oklahoma City, Philadelphia, Washington, D. C., and New York. A dozen other cities are looking for personnel to start similar programs. The Boston unit includes full-time psychiatrists, nurses and social workers. In Florida general practitioners with special training in psychiatry make the home visits, but they are backed up by part-time psychiatric consultants.

Because it is so far beyond the classical mold of psychotherapy, home treatment is still controversial. A spot check of 40 Boston psychiatrists revealed that many opposed the entire idea. "It's a great time-waster and interferes with appointments," one declared. "The doctor must have a sense of control, so why take a chance by going into the home?" A second psychiatrist stated flatly, "I get around home visits by charging a lot for them." And a third added, "I simply refuse to see patients at home. Let the young men handle them."

Against these negative voices, however, there are enthusiastic advocates. "Home psychiatric treatment is a terrific idea, and it's here to stay," says Dr. Robert Felix, director of the National Institute of Mental Health at Bethesda, Md., one of the largest of the Federal Government's

"They all hate me," she told the doctor. "They're going to set fire to the house."

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"This is the basic goal of psychiatric home-treatment service—to keep people out of mental hospitals."

medical-research units. "Immediate treatment right within the home makes great good sense. Many a patient who is treated in this fashion will never see the inside of a hospital. In the next twenty years, I believe, home treatment and other emergency psychiatric services will cut the population of state mental hospitals in half. That's a lot when you consider that we have 520,000 patients in all our public mental institutions."

Dr. Alfred S. Friedman, of the Philadelphia Psychiatric Hospital, argues that psychiatry has been too preoccupied with the individual and has often overlooked the problems of family life. "Seeing the family in the natural setting of its home provides a diagnostic advantage," Doctor Friedman says. "At home the family cannot hide its real ways of living, cannot present a false façade of adjustment, as they often do in the office. And the doctor obtains a much clearer picture of what is really going on."

There is another important point in favor of home treatment. Many patients simply will not move one inch to seek treatment, no matter how much their distraught relatives may implore them. Their illnesses are actually so disabling that they cannot leave the house. For such patients, and for many others with "exploding symptoms," home treatment may represent the only means of rescue.

Home treatment also provides help to the seriously disturbed low-income patient who has neither the money nor the motivation to obtain the "normal" types of psychotherapy. In many such cases, if the patient's symptoms annoy outsiders, the police intervene. The patient is likely to be arrested, jailed and later sent to the hospital. Home treatment saves everyone both trouble and money. At present, the treatment is free, although patients who can afford it will be asked next year to pay up to five dollars a visit. The state, which must pay $3,500 a year for any hospitalized mental patient, can treat him at home for one fifth of that amount.

Henry Mirsky, chief psychiatric social worker of the Boston Home Treatment Service (H.T.S.), explains its value this way: "In the idealized version of psychiatry, the well-scrubbed patient goes to the doctor's office or to the clinic and asks for help. That's fine if you happen to be well-scrubbed. Many of our patients aren't. They're afraid to set foot outside their homes. Many are in terrible panic states. Least of all do they want to be surrounded by men and women in white coats."

To reach their goals, H.T.S. workers sometimes go through extraordinary gyrations. They have counseled patients locked in bathrooms, cowering in cellars and attics, in backyards and garages. To bring still other patients home for treatment, H.T.S. has tracked them down in bars, bus stations, self-service laundries, supermarkets, and even convents.

Each home-treatment visit is a drama. Recently an H.T.S. psychiatrist walked in on a patient who was alternately leaping, dancing wildly and banging his head on the floor. In another home, a 28-year-old woman glibly announced that she planned to perform an abortion on herself and produced an ugly-looking instrument she said she would use. In still another household, the patient loosened his tight grip from around his wife's neck just as the psychiatrist appeared on the scene.

One woman, a middle-aged librarian, insisted that Doctor Drouin "move the refrigerator before I talk about my troubles." He took off his coat, leaned his 140-pound, five-foot-six frame and shoved. The patient promptly retrieved some letters she had dropped behind the refrigerator, then proceeded to tell him about her acute anxiety, which caused her to believe she was suffering from a brain tumor.

Another patient leads the psychiatrist down to the basement where he has installed a cot, radio, two-burner hot plate, bookshelves and a clothesline. He is afraid of high places and knows that if he jumps out of a basement window he will not be hurt.

Home Treatment Service is no substitute for sustained psychotherapy, but it provides a unique kind of "crisis intervention" which cuts short the suffering of patients and their families and often spares them from financial disaster, social ostracism and hospital commitment.

In its short history H.T.S. has chalked up a remarkable record. More than 300 patients have been treated since the program began in November, 1962. Every patient who threatened or attempted suicide is alive and holding his own. Many others have improved so markedly that they have resumed useful activities. Only 66 of the 300 had to be hospitalized, although a few were referred to clinics for part-time care. In addition, 300 relatives, many of them also deeply neurotic, have been counseled.

"If it had not been for home treatment, one third to one half of all our patients would have been hospitalized," says Dr. Alvin Becker, the young (33), energetic director of H.T.S. "This is our basic goal—to keep people out of the hospital."

Many patients require dozens of home visits, but every so often a patient will begin to improve significantly after only a single visit. "Sometimes you can practically see them getting better before you open your mouth," says Doctor Becker. "Some gain emotional strength just by knowing that they have someone on their side, someone who won't call the police or the paddy wagon to haul them away."

The one-visit cure helped a frail, 70-year-old woman who weighed all of 93 pounds. For weeks she had sat alone in her house, because she feared she would "kill someone on the outside."

During a single visit Doctor Becker convinced her this fear was unreal. He took her for a walk and "proved" to her that she was not an uncontrollable maniac about to unleash tremendous strength. She still has a number of other fears that the H.T.S. staff members are working on, but at least now she goes shopping and visits a few friends.

H.T.S. does not understand fully why the one-visit treatment sometimes bears fruit. It has worked, though, even with a few extremely difficult patients, heavy drinkers who have been borderline alcoholics for years. Not long ago Doctor Becker was called to a home in which the husband, a 39-year-old factory worker, was drunk. Missing even a day's work threw the family into financial chaos, so the wife wanted her husband back on the job as soon as possible.

"Why did you drink so much?" Doctor Becker asked.

"Who the hell are you?" the patient shouted.

"I'm a doctor. Your wife called because she's worried about you. Tell me, why did you keep drinking last night?"

For 20 minutes the patient refused to answer, but finally he looked at Doctor Becker woozily and said, "They don't think I can do an honest day's work. They don't want me back on the job."

"That isn't true," said Doctor Becker. "I just called your boss, and he wants you back tomorrow. I'll call him right now and prove it to you."

He did. The patient promised he would drink no more that day and would return to work the following morning. He kept his promise. The patient is still no teetotaler, but he has not missed a day's work in the past five months.

"Psychiatric first aid, yes," says Doctor Becker. "But at least the patient has continued to function. He hasn't gotten worse. He's bringing home a weekly paycheck. Of course, we haven't seen the last of him, but for the time being, he is not a problem."

At times the threat of hospitalization is a formidable factor in bringing the patient around. The dread of commitment is so strong that it makes some H.T.S. patients begin to emerge from deep-seated illnesses, paranoia, schizophrenic reactions, depressions.

Threatening the patient

A 59-year-old carpenter fell into a deep depression because of mounting debts and a feeling that the world rejected him. An H.T.S. psychiatrist visited him, prescribed medicine to improve his mood and laid out a course of therapy. But the patient seemed to be making absolutely no progress. Day after day he would sit in his underwear in front of television. He refused to talk to his wife. He refused to use the toilet. One day, psychiatric social worker Mirsky dropped in to see the patient. He decided to use a tactic which he had rarely used before.

"Do you like it here, living in this house?" Mirsky asked.

"Yes, I do," the patient replied.

"Well, if you don't take your medicine," Mirsky warned, "we may have to put you in the hospital."

"I don't want that," the patient said. "People never get out of there."

"Then get a glass of water right now and take your medicine."

"OK," the patient said, "but I won't use the toilet. It's broken."

Mirsky tightened two loose bolts on the toilet seat. From that point, the patient began to discuss his troubles. Gradually he started improving. He is back at work now, three days a week. He still has many unresolved emotional conflicts, but life is beginning to be bearable once again for him and for his wife.

Threatening the patient and repairing a toilet seat hardly can be characterized as "book psychiatry," but such actions are an important part of home treatment. The therapist often has to practice a kind of psychiatric brinkmanship, improvising as he goes along to meet the patient's particular needs. This is the crux of here-and-now therapy.

Only once has an H.T.S. staffer been assaulted. Doctor Drouin walked in on a young woman, who was obviously agitated, pacing up and down a dark hallway and puffing a cigarette. When he announced his purpose, she wheeled around and cracked him across the jaw. Then she drew back quickly and became apologetic. "I'm terribly sorry," she said. "I know I shouldn't have done that."

"Since then," says Doctor Drouin with an amused twinkle, "that patient, a manic-depressive personality, seems to have improved somewhat. Perhaps the punch was therapeutic."

To the delusional patient, and there are many at home untreated for years, the H.T.S. attitude is, "Let's not talk about the lights you say are shining through the windows, the people plotting to take over the government, the fellow you're sure is following you down the street. If you talk that way, you'll only make yourself worse. And people will say you're crazy. Let's talk and think now about what you need to live happily, to begin enjoying things again."

Once the patient views the doctor, nurse and social worker as allies, Doctor Becker explains, "his anxiety gradually is relieved, and there is a decreased need to shut out the world, to use distortion and delusion as psychotic defenses against reality. Finally, H.T.S. employs suggestion to help the patient cope with his immediate problems. The suggestions range from how to get the money for next month's rent to how a distraught new mother should care for her infant.

On most H.T.S. house calls, the psychiatrist is accompanied by a nurse or social worker. The doctor goes right to the patient and speaks to him alone. The nurse or social worker gathers the rest of the family in another part of the house to get its version of "what's going on." Then, the entire family reassembles in one room so the psychiatrist can outline a program of treatment.

The Boston Home Treatment Service serves only the Dorchester section, which surrounds Boston State Hospital and has a population of 180,000. The majority of these residents are lower-middle-class or blue-collar workers, some of whom are on relief. H.T.S. carries its expanding load with three psychiatrists, a handful of social workers, nurses, an occupational therapist and students-in-training. It provides a nine-to-five coverage Monday through Friday and has been averaging 25 to 30 new patients per month.

The H.T.S. psychiatrist operates much as a family doctor would in emergency situations. Many psychiatrists believe that this is an ideal role for their colleagues. "A lot of psychiatrists get away from the idea that they are doctors first," said one Boston practitioner. "They forget that they are supposed to treat sick people, no matter what hour of the day they may be called."

And another psychiatrist added, "Psychiatrists are the very people who preach that you should be sensitive and close to the people's needs. Yet they sit on one part of their anatomy listening to one member of the family's trouble. What we need are family doctors in a psychiatric sense. Certainly home visiting may be a way to get our psychiatrists back in the community." THE END

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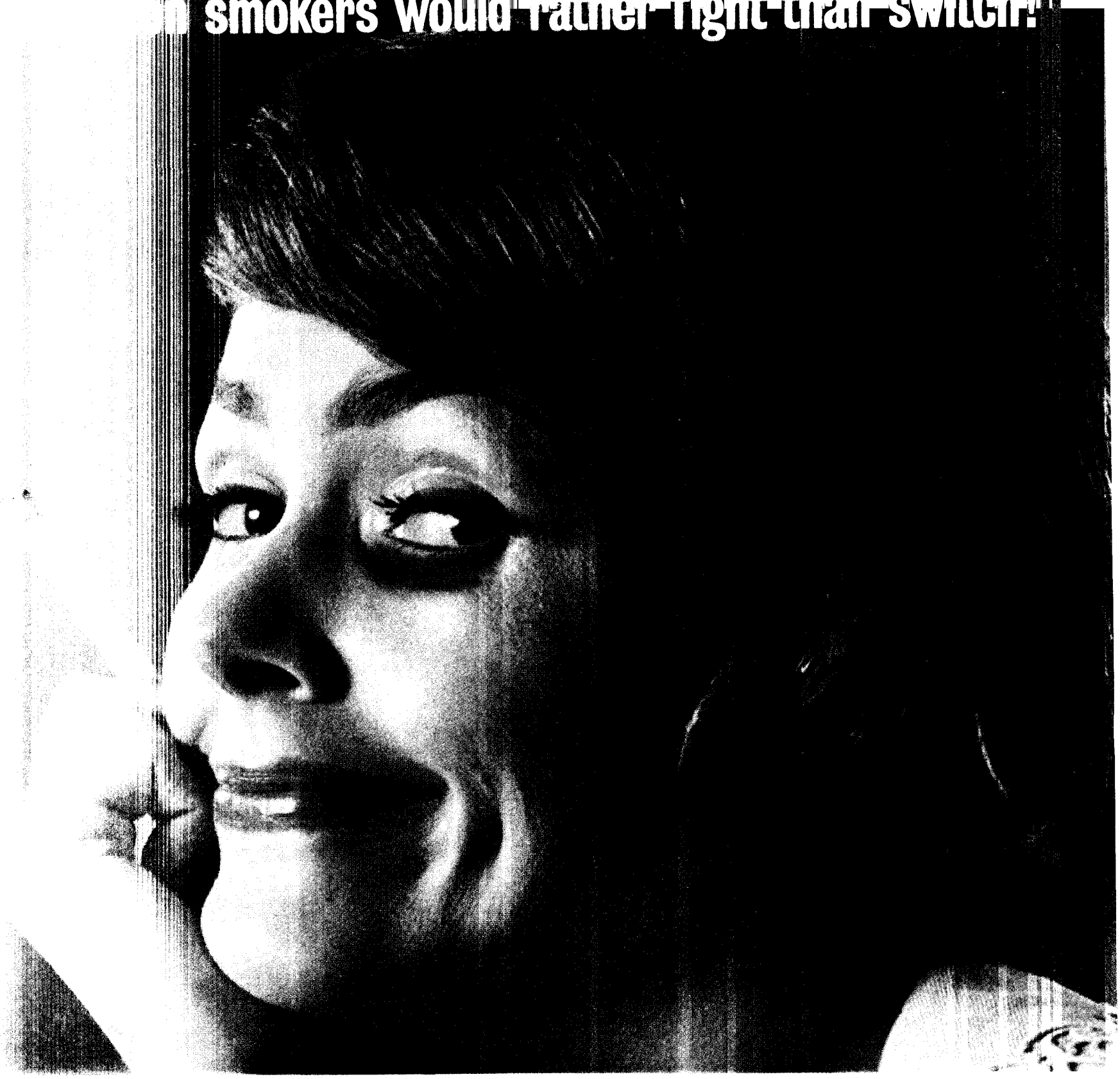
smokers would rather fight than switch!"



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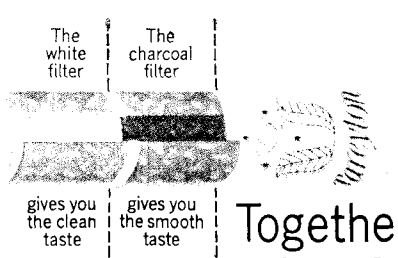

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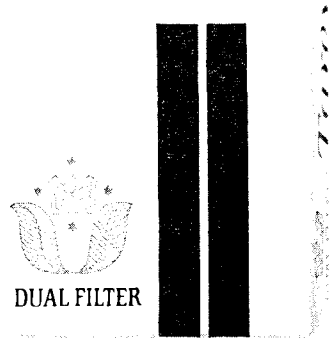

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Lore Segal was born in Vienna in 1928. When she was ten, her parents sent her to England to escape the tyranny of Nazi rule. After receiving a B.A. degree from the University of London, she taught English in the Dominican Republic for three years. She now lives in New York City with her husband and daughter. Her first novel, "Other People's Houses," based on a series that is now appearing in The New Yorker, will be published in the fall of 1964 by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.

THE BEATING OF THE GIRL

By LORE SEGAL

Lillian and Charles sat in the car, parked so that they could see the train pulling into the station. "And Ah don' want to cook for absolutely no white woman," Lillian said, putting on a heavy Southern accent. "A whole weekend too!"

Her husband said nothing.

"What did I have to go and invite her for!" Lillian cried.

"Maybe you like her?" Charles suggested.

"She likes me. She thinks I'm so clever and fun-ny! You know what a *scream* colored people are. . . . That's her. In the gray dress. Charlie, let go! What's the matter with you?"

"First you put on your shoes," Charles said. He watched the slight, well-dressed blond girl who stood looking up and down the platform. "She's scared," he said and would have felt sorry for the girl, but he had felt sorry too often for nice white kids coming eagerly to integrate. He was in his late forties now, and he wanted to be left alone to get on with his work. This was going to be his weekend for reading. Lillian and this girl had taken a course in literature together and got friendly—let them muddle through by themselves.

He got out of the car, but waited until the squeals and gurgles of female salutation were over. Then he came forward, smiling, to be introduced.

Suzanne gave her hand to the small-boned man in the sports jacket. Why, he really is *black!* she thought, startled by seeing what she had merely known.

She sat between them in the car, enjoying the countryside. "Trees!" she said. "Real grass! One forgets, living in New York. Ever since Lillian mentioned a summer place in the country, I've been hinting for an invitation."

"To dance an hour," Charles quoted, "beneath the beeches?"

"That's exactly it!" she cried delightedly, as though she had arrived in a strange land and found the natives speaking her own language.

"It's pretty country," Lillian said. "We'll take you for a drive tomorrow."

"I'd like that," Suzanne said. "I don't know Connecticut very well."

"We'll show you around town. . . . Charlie, maybe we can all have lunch at the White Fence Inn? That's a famous old place. And Bakerville is pretty. Pure lily-white."

The car turned into a drive. Behind a high hedge, an old white frame house stood in modest dignity on its great lawn. "This is home," Lillian said. In the front hall she said, "Go into the sitting room. Charlie will get us drinks while I look at my dinner."

Suzanne was surprised by the big, mellow room. She had not been able to imagine the sort of place in which Lillian and her husband might live.

"You teach English, I know. Do you do much work up here?" she asked Charles when he came in with a tray of Martinis. He looked interesting and her own subject was English; she wanted to let him know she was interesting too.

"Yes," Charles said. "Lemon peel?"

"Thanks. What are you doing now?"

"Preparing a lecture on the protest novel," he said. "Do sit down."

He dropped into a chair with the little expulsion of breath of a man glad to sit down. He was at least fifteen years older than his wife. When Lillian called from the kitchen, "Baby, why don't you put on a record?" he called back, "Yes, dear," and winked at Suzanne; he was not going to get up again.

Suzanne sipped her drink, and her eyes moved with pleasure around the handsome room and back to the man relaxing in his chair. "Do you know," she said, "I had one of those miniature panics at the station? For a minute I couldn't remember if it was the right station, and if it was the right weekend, or even if I'd really been invited. And then there you both were."

"Drink your drink," Charles said, "and I'll get you another."

At the dinner table, exhilarated by the second drink, she said, "What a beautiful meal! You haven't done all this since we got here?"

"Sure did," Lillian said. "Ain't nothing like having a good cook to do for you is there, Charlie? Suzanne, forgive me if I just serve my husband's plate. He likes to be waited on. When John asked me who I worked for, I should have told him I work for Professor Charles Sawyer. I cook for him, I clean for him, I serve for him."

Charles patted her bottom, and she kissed the top of his head. "Charlie, can I tell Suzanne about John?"

"Ah, baby," her husband said. "Now I thought we weren't going to beat the boy. Please, not at dinner."

"Just a little?" Lillian begged. "Mayn't I beat the boy just a little bit?"

"So get it over with," Charles said, and took up his knife and fork.

"John is the boy who got beaten?" Suzanne asked.

ILLUSTRATION BY DONG KINGMAN

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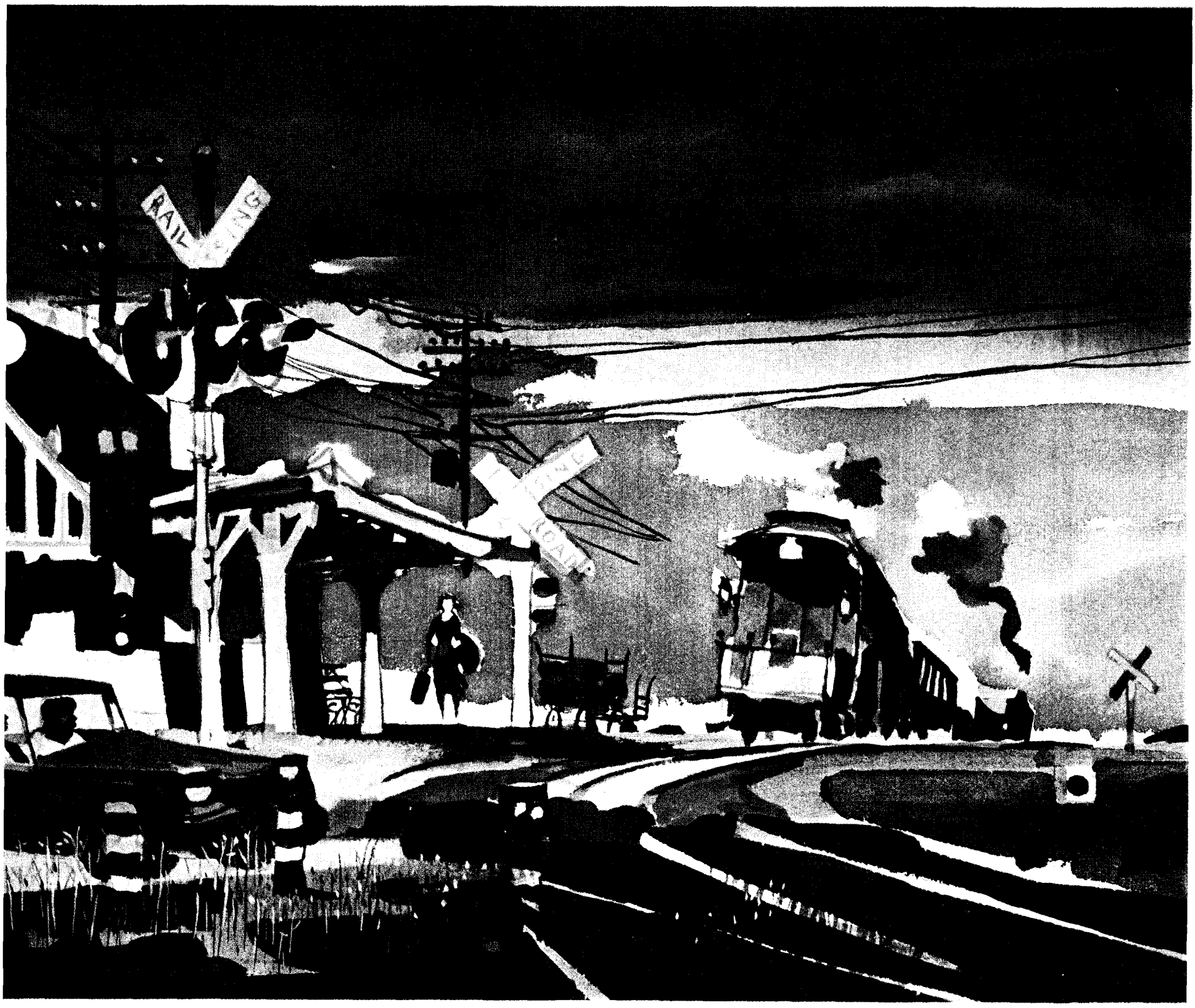
You look at me without seeing me, Suzanne thought. How can I make you see?



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CHEVROLET FLEETSIDE—*best for all-around use. Full-width body has double-wall construction.*

CORVAIR 95 RAMPSIDE—*only pickup with side-loading ramp. Aluminum air-cooled engine is in rear.*

CHEVROLET STEPSIDE—*for those who prefer flat interior body walls and convenient side step.*

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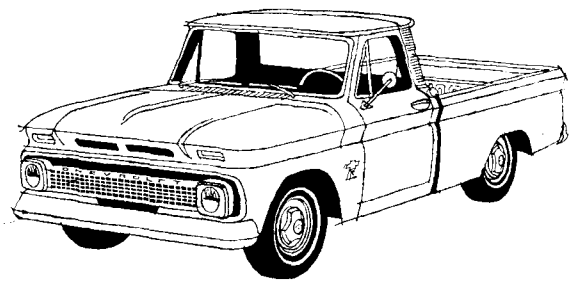
THE FLEETSIDE

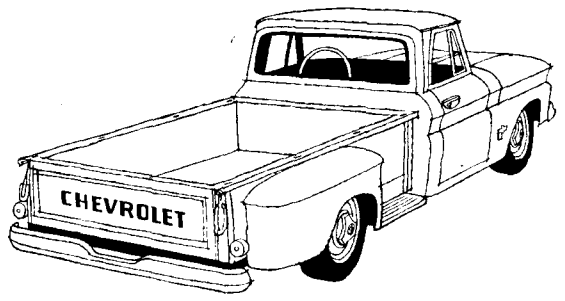
Based on sales, this is the best liked pickup in the world. The outstanding feature of this model is its large body that extends clear out over the wheels. You can buy the Fleetside with either a 6½- or 8-foot body and either 115-inch or 127-inch wheelbase. It is usually voted the best riding truck because it has coil springs at all four wheels



and independent front suspension. The cab and body lower side panels have double-wall construction. The standard engine is our 230-cu-in. Six. If you need more power than that you can get a 292 Six or a 283 V8 at extra cost; also 4-wheel drive. Chevrolet Fleetside—best for all-around use.

THE STEPSIDE

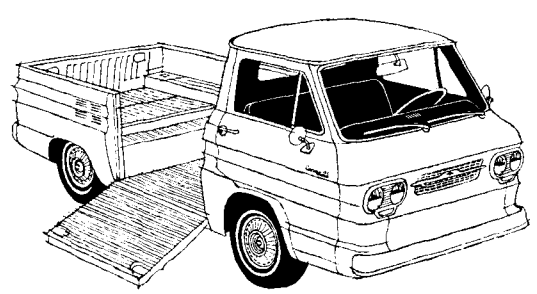
If you'd rather have flat interior body walls and convenient side steps between the cab and the rear fenders, you should ask to see the Chevrolet Stepside. It comes in the same two sizes as the Fleetside, plus one bigger size—a 9-foot body on a 133-inch wheelbase. This big model has a heavier frame, four-speed transmission, and leaf-



spring rear suspension for maximum payloads. It has the same standard engine and options as the Fleetside model. Chevrolet Stepside—easy to load, more body sizes.

THE RAMPSIDE

Nobody else makes a pickup exactly like this one. It's the only pickup with a ramp at the side. Elephants have trod the ramp without breaking it. It is 4 feet wide and so is the piano hinge that holds it to the body. Two spring-loaded latches keep the ramp tight when it's up. The ramp makes loading easy because it's only a 16-inch rise. Also there is a conventional tailgate at the rear. The body and frame-floor assembly are very rigid because they are welded together. A 95-hp aluminum air-cooled engine in the rear never needs water or antifreeze. A 110-hp engine is available at extra cost. It's a fine riding truck because it has independent coil spring suspension front and rear. Corvair 95 Rampside—easiest to load and unload.



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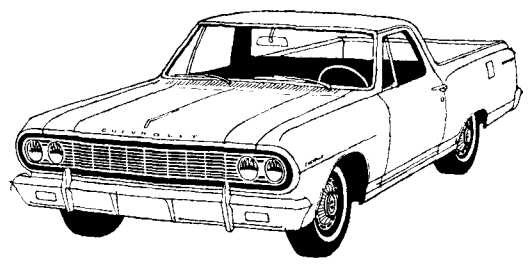

seats, air-conditioning, 4-speed transmission, 220-hp V8 engine are some of the extra-cost options.

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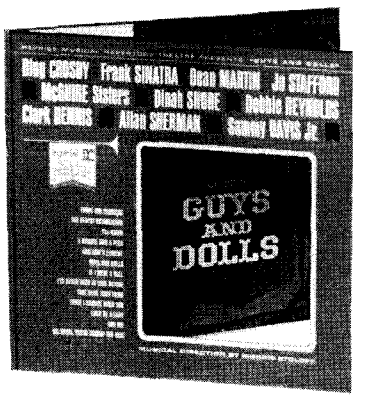
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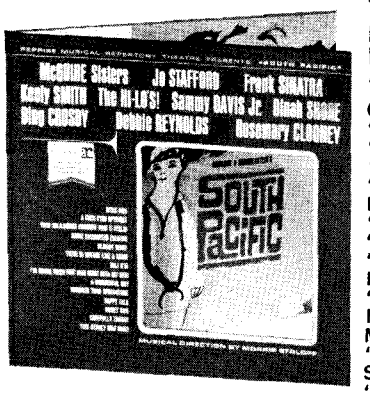
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BEATING OF THE GIRL

"No *sir!*" Lillian said. "John is white, Protestant and New England. Ain't nothing can beat that."

Charles explained it. "'Beating the boy' is a phrase Lillian and I use to describe the sessions where Negroes get together and compare their minor triumphs and defeats in this white world. Whenever we're in Connecticut Lillian goes on a binge of boy-beating."

"John is our local doctor," Lillian said. "Guess how I know his first name?"

"How?" Suzanne asked.

"I asked him," Lillian said. "I've been sleeping badly ever since we came out here, so this morning I called the doctor and made an appointment. You should have seen his face when he saw *me* walk in his door. I say 'I'm Lillian Sawyer, Doctor—I called this morning.' 'Oh,' he says, 'yes! That's right. Sit down, Lillian. My wife told me George Hodson had sold his place. Who are you working for up there now?'" Lillian leaned across the table, speaking with exquisite clarity to the empty air. "'Forgive me, Doctor, but I don't think I got your name.' 'I'm Doctor Greyson,'" she answered herself, in a deeper voice, kindly and helpful. "'No, Doctor Greyson. I meant your first name.' By now," she said in an aside to Suzanne, "he knows there's something the matter, but he can't figure it out. He says, 'My given name, you mean? It's John.' 'Well, then, John, I'll tell you how it is. You see, John, when George Hodson got his appointment at Princeton he bought a house there, John, and he sold the one here to my husband, who was a colleague of his in New York.'"

"Oh!" Suzanne squealed, blushing for Dr. Greyson and delighted that Lillian was telling her all this. "You're wonderful! That's the kind of answer I never think of till the opportunity is past! Then what did he say?"

"There was nothing for John to say. He got busy filling out my card."

"Oh! Poor John." Suzanne blushed again for him.

"Poor, poor John. He listened to my complaints and gave me pills out of his cupboard. Poor John!"

Suzanne was astonished at her friend's protracted and ferocious laughter, and tried to laugh with her, to dissociate herself from Doctor John and his kind.

"There's an awfully nice colo—Negro couple that moved into our apartment house," she said, "and no one ever had a chance to get upset because it was six months before the neighbors knew they were living there." She finished breathlessly, "By then it was too late to predict that it would never work."

Lillian helped her to more salad. "That's right," she said. "If colored folks would only be quiet and well behaved and keep out of white people's minds, then maybe sometime we can all meet somewhere and have lunch together. Maybe."

Suzanne flushed. She can't mean me, she thought, not with me sitting here. We had lunch together almost every Friday last term, and besides, here she is picking anchovies out of the salad for me. She peered into Lillian's face, but Lillian was looking in mock alarm at Charles.

"Baby, you know what's going to happen?" Lillian said. "I am going to beat that boy again! Maybe if I just have one more go at him, I'll get through the rest of the evening real good. Charlie?"

Charles kept his eyes on his plate.

"When we were kids," Lillian said, "my father moved us to a new house which wasn't in a white neighborhood exactly—because our house was the only house *built* there at the time. Charlie, you know the hills around here remind me a bit of that part of Kentucky? Anyway, that first week in the new house they used to come out from town and just stand around. Saturday evening there were close to a hundred people, and my father hadn't come home yet. My mother got scared and took my brother and me down into the cellar."

She was quiet. They could hear bullfrogs bellowing out in the night.

"That's one good thing about Connecticut," Lillian said. "They're too chichi here to come around harassing."

"Baby," Charles said, "have you thought how we're doing ourselves in by buying this property? Here we sit bringing down the real-estate value of our own hill under our very own behinds. Now may I have some more salad too?"

"They put a house up on the next lot, and a poor white family moved in," Lillian said. "They had a little girl, and her mother told her not to play with the black kids next door." She wiggled a finger at Suzanne. "You never know what habits children will pick up."

"That's what my mother used to tell us," Charles said. "Not to play with the black children next door."

"*Your* mother?" Suzanne said and then blushed again.

"She used to say, 'Now, I won't have you hanging around those black children, son. You're dark enough yourself, though the Lord knows you don't get it from my side of the family.'"

Suzanne laughed and glanced at Lillian, who was choosing not to hear.

Charles was enjoying himself. "She'd say, 'Don't know why you can't play along with those light-skin Jones boys that can make something of themselves one of these days.' She was a good American and a good woman, my mother. Always wanted the best for her children." He sat back in his chair so malicious, cheerful and charming that Suzanne looked quite affectionately at him.

But the conversation had intimidated her. The race question was, after all, a delicate one. Suzanne began to consider her words carefully, and her voice sounded to her like a dry, sexless piping compared with the rich, brassy tones in which Lillian continued to burlesque herself and the rest of the world. By the time they moved into the living room, Suzanne felt as if her lips had grown together; it seemed improbable to her that she would ever open them again. Charles was picking up his book, looking around for his glasses. He's bored with me, she thought miserably, and almost wished herself back in New York among her own friends, who liked her and thought she was amusing.

Charles said good night and, unwilling to be left alone with Lillian, Suzanne said, "Goodness, I'm tired too. Must be that train ride."

"I'll take you up," Lillian said.

It was a pretty room, low-ceilinged, with flowered wallpaper. There were daisies in a glass. "From our own lawn," Lillian said. "I've left you an extra blanket in case it gets chilly tonight." She sat down on the bed. "Poor Charlie. He gets bored with me beating the boy, and I was doing so well last year. I was liking everybody! Made a project of it. Maybe it's because I haven't been sleeping. If

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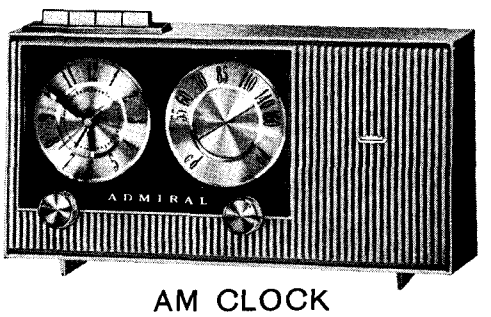

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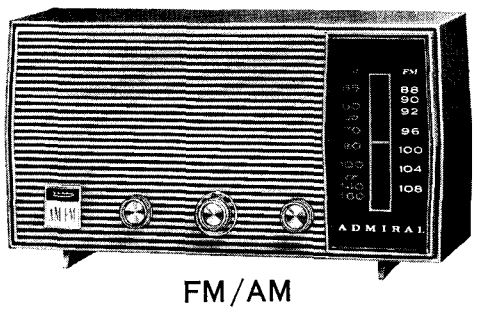

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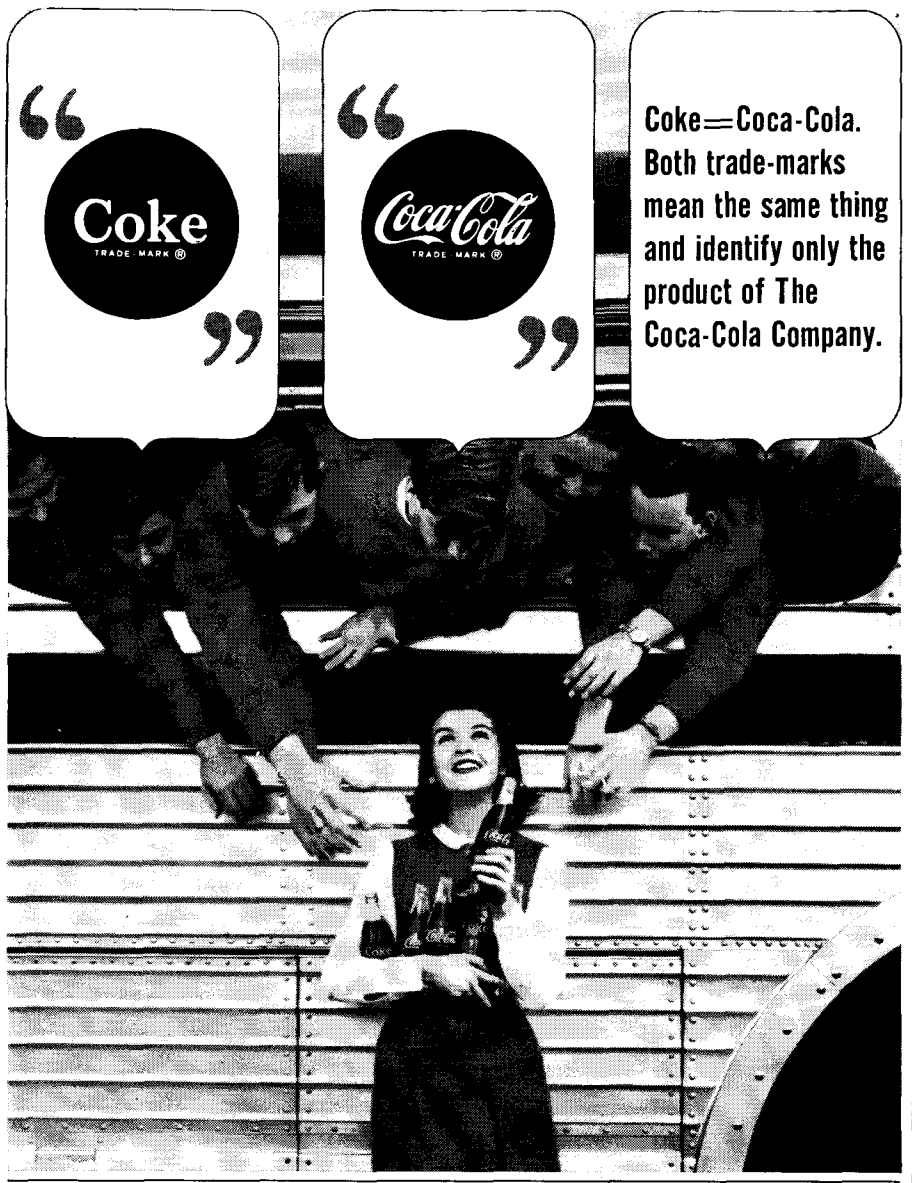

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BEATING OF THE GIRL

you hear someone roaming in the night, it's just me. I keep trying different beds. I hope I don't wake you."

"Oh, nothing wakes me," Suzanne said. "I sleep and sleep."

"So did I, in town, but the country makes me nervous. I'm going to try some of John's pills tonight, and if I'm still alive tomorrow, we'll go sight-seeing." Lillian looked toward Suzanne without looking at her. "We'll have a fine time."

"We will," Suzanne said. "I know we will."

It was my fault tonight, she thought when Lillian had left. I was trying too hard and Lillian can outtalk me. She's more dramatic than I am. She's felt more and thought more. Suzanne was pleased with her own generosity. I'll just settle back and enjoy her, she thought. I don't have to compete. For the rest of the weekend I'll be relaxed and perfectly easy.

In the morning she invited her host and hostess to lunch at the White Fence Inn before the sight-seeing, but Charles begged off. He had seen Bakerville; antiques bored him.

Lillian got her shoes off as soon as they were in the car. They coasted along the sunny roads chatting like two excited children on a spree. The countryside was lovely and marvelously green. "Look at all the rocks and rills!" Lillian cried. "You want to know my project this year? To like Connecticut. Next year I'll get to work on the whole of New England!"

She did a little satirical sketch of poor Charles having to get his own lunch. The two women laughed together at the predictable male.

As they neared Bakerville, Lillian said, "I have an idea. Why don't we pick up some sandwiches and fruit at the A & P? We can eat in the car."

"Oh, no," Suzanne said. "This is going to be my treat. And we want to see that nice old inn, don't we?"

"We certainly do," Lillian said with a sharp little nod. "On to the nice old inn."

They drove through the town.

"My dear," Lillian said suddenly, you'll never, never guess what has happened. Colored people moved in at the George Hodson farm! *She* came to see me at the office yesterday. Says she can't sleep. Not a bad-looking gal." She leered broadly, and Suzanne smiled.

"So that's it!" Lillian went on in a shrilly genteel voice. "I keep *seeing* this woman in the A & P. And just today I saw her going into the White Fence Inn. And my dear—she was with a perfectly nice-looking *white* girl!"

Her voice became normal. "Here we are. See the white fence? And here's a car just pulling out. . . . No, it's parking too, but there's room for us. They're surprised to see *me*. They have to have a good look."

Suzanne raised her eyes and saw that the two men and the woman in the other car were indeed watching as she and Lillian got out of their car and walked toward the restaurant.

"It's a very old house," Lillian said. "Supposed to be one of the oldest houses in these parts."

"Yes. Yes, I see," Suzanne said, shaken by the awareness into which she had just come. She walked close to Lillian, who kept talking—nervously and too loudly, it seemed to Suzanne—as they entered the restaurant. "Look at the old paneling. I wonder if it's oak. I don't think the waiter's seen us. Yes, he has. Oh, what a nice table! Out of the way in a nice corner. Thank you," she said to the waiter as he seated them and handed them menus.

When he had poured their ice water and gone, she said, "You can never be quite sure if they're going to serve you until they put the menu in your hand. There are those people from the other car. They got a table by the window."

"Lillian," Suzanne said, trying—but failing—to catch Lillian's eye, "I didn't realize. I'm sorry. I don't like to be stupid."

"Charlie never likes to go to restaurants with me because the first thing I do is take my shoes off. It gets him so mad."

Suzanne felt silenced. Lillian was not asking for the protection of her companion's white skin, nor was she accepting sympathy.

"That Charlie! I bet he's gonna sulk. He ain't gonna eat because I didn't leave him no lunch," Lillian said in broadest dialect, perversely loud.

Halfway through the meal, she suddenly announced she was going to call Charlie to see how he was making out. Suzanne watched her cross the room to the phone booth by the entrance. Apprehensively, with the new sensitivity she had caught from Lillian, she glanced toward

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You'd better cancel the rest of my appointments."

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the people at the table by the window and saw the woman rise and slip into the phone booth ahead of Lillian. Was it a deliberate insult? Lillian stood conspicuously outside the booth, searching for a coin in her pocketbook. In growing alarm Suzanne looked back to the window table. The two men were conferring. One of them, a fat man wearing a light blue tie, beckoned the waiter and whispered to him. The waiter left the room. The woman stepped out of the phone booth and turned to Lillian. Suzanne's skin prickled. Through the roaring in her ears she could not make out what the woman said, but she heard Lillian say, "That's all right. I'm not in any hurry," and then the waiter came back through the swinging doors with a pitcher of fresh water and carried it to the window table.

There was no further mention of antiques or of sight-seeing in Bakerville. They ate their lunch rapidly, got back in the car and sped homeward. The sun was high and hot, and the fields had a bleached look.

Charles sat reading in a garden chair before the house. He waved, but they fled past him. Lillian said she had a terrible headache; she was going to take one of Doctor John's pills and rest. Suzanne went into the sitting room and tried to read, but could only sit with her book in her lap, puzzling over the last hour, in which, now that she came to examine it, nothing whatsoever had occurred.

Later, she heard noises from the kitchen and went in to find Charles puttering about. "Lillian's sleeping," he said in a voice of complaint.

"And you haven't eaten?" Suzanne laughed. "Let me make you something. I'm not very expert around other people's kitchens, though."

"I'll tell you where everything is," Charles said readily, and when Lillian came downstairs she found Suzanne, flushed and busy, at the stove, and Charles sitting with his legs crossed by the kitchen table. She asked Charles to step into the sitting room.

They whispered heatedly together in the other room. Suzanne heard Charles raise his voice defensively: "But she *offered. She* offered." Lillian's voice rose to meet his. "And you sat right down and let her wait on you. I heard you while I was coming down the stairs. You were ordering her around!"

Suzanne stood still to listen. She had rather enjoyed being directed about the kitchen by Charles.

"I don't know what you're fussing about." Charles had lost his tone of ironical superiority. "I tell you it was her idea. She didn't mind."

"I don't care if she minded or not," Lillian said. "I mind for her. You're not to make a servant out of her."

Suzanne was astonished to hear Lillian weeping. Shouldn't she be championing Lillian's rights and not the other way around?

"Lilly, for goodness' sake now, baby!" Charles pleaded. "Snap out of it, will you?"

"I don't care if I never see the girl again," Lillian sobbed, "but as long as she's a guest in my house she'll be treated with respect and dignity!"

Suzanne ran up the stairs and into her room. Now *she* was crying. Lillian didn't care if they never saw each other again! Why had Lillian invited her, then? She wished she were back in New York. She lay on her bed and named, one by one, the people who loved her. Respect and dignity indeed! Lillian was talking in slogans; there was no meaning in the words. All she wanted was for Lillian to like her. And then it came to her, a revelation: Lillian cared little if people liked her or not, but the words "respect" and "dignity" conveyed a longing in her so real that Suzanne now saw her own desire for affection as a frivolous and fragile thing.

She lay a while but got to feeling lonely. Music was rising from below. Good blues. I'll go down, she thought. I'll go in and just pick up a book and be relaxed.

In the sitting room Lillian was dancing by herself in the middle of the carpet. She gave Suzanne a friendly wave. "Sit down, sit down," she sang.

"Let me get you a drink," Charles said. The music picked up his legs as he went out the door.

Suzanne laughed. "For goodness' sake! I wouldn't have thought Charles could dance."

"Even Charlie!" Lillian shouted. "Always balling! That's because we're so gay and carefree all the time!"

Lillian's spirits were now oppressively high, and Suzanne was afraid if she did not exert herself she would be imprisoned again in her own silence. When Charles came back with her drink, she said, "Sit down and talk to me!" but Lillian said, "Baby, get me a drink too."

"Lilly," Charles said, "this will be your third. You don't want three Martinis."

"Sure I do," Lillian said. "You know colored people always drink."

Charles snorted impatiently.

If she's going to beat the boy again, Suzanne thought, I'm just not going to mind it. She swallowed her Martini, feeling the jolt of it, and held up her glass. "Me too," she said. "I have to keep up with Lillian."

Charles hesitated. "You don't really, you know."

"Yes I do," Suzanne said. "Matter of national pride."

He looked so oddly at her that she smiled to show she hadn't meant what it sounded like, but he was already on his way out to the kitchen and his back was the back of a man resigned to whatever might come. By the time he returned with fresh drinks, Lillian had started on Doctor John again.

Suzanne now acknowledged her own discomfort. The doctor's blunder was nothing more than a blunder, and one she herself might have made. She was shocked by the cruel precision with which Lillian mimicked the old man's embarrassment, his hands fumbling over his confusion.

"Take care, you'll make me feel sorry for him." She laughed apologetically. "I think perhaps poor John was just trying to be friendly. I mean, if you see it from his point of view, he probably meant well, don't you think?"

Lillian nodded and held up her empty glass for Charles to refill, but Charles was nowhere to be seen. She sat down on a stool and looked at her bare legs, stretched out before her. She said, "I'm trying to remember the name of that minister in Kentucky, the one who came to sit with us in the cellar the Sunday after we had all the trouble. Right—that's what his name was. The Reverend Right, who always meant so well." Lillian bowed with unctuous solicitude toward her right big toe. "'My poor Mary,' he says to my mother—trying to be friendly, you know—'I'm quite distressed that these poor mistaken people outside cut your husband's face for him when he was trying to walk through his own front door yesterday, but we must all keep our heads.' He did keep his beautifully, I'll grant him that. A beautiful white head of hair. Yes sir. The Reverend Right. 'Now let's all sit down together,' he says, 'and try to understand one another's point of view.' But my mother was cursing and shouting. She said they were bastards, every one of them. Which, of course, they were."

Suzanne was frightened by Lillian's violence, but more afraid of being intimidated again. "I shouldn't argue with you," she said, "but there's a point I have to make. About the minister. He was trying, you know."

"I wonder what happened to old Charlie," Lillian said. "I guess I'll have to go get my own drink."

"Me too," Suzanne said, and ran after her into the kitchen, but was unable to place herself in Lillian's line of vision. "It's so hard to have it out with you," she said, half laughing at the surprising passion in her own voice. "I can't argue with you because you won't stand still and look at me."

Lillian turned at that, a bottle in her hand. "Oh, honey," she said, like a mother who has been teased for half an hour by someone else's little girl. "Honey, I'm case-hardened. Have your drink." She stuck a glass into Suzanne's hand, like a pacifier.

Suzanne drank and, in growing excitement, said, "I want you to admit that we're not all bastards. We are all more or less stupid, but *some* of us are trying. You know the minister was trying, and you know very well *I'm* trying! And that doctor now—let's concentrate on just the doctor!"

"The louse," Lillian said, and raised her drink as if she were proposing a toast.

Suzanne was aware of nothing except her own thoughts working toward some tiny, acute point of truth with which Lillian could agree and would, if she, Suzanne, could only force Lillian's complete attention and, at the same time, form her words precisely. Precision was getting more and more difficult, and yet it seemed to her that the very laboriousness of her words gave them a rounded beauty and a weight. "Just take the doctor," she said with exquisite care. "Woman to woman for one moment, Lillian, face to face, don't you know the doctor was trying?"

"The doctor," Lillian said with her trumpet voice, her legs spread wide on the kitchen floor, throwing her head back to finish the last of her drink, "is a bastard. I'm going to take the bottles inside. We'll have ourselves a party."

Suzanne was left alone in the kitchen. The alcohol and the excitement caught up with her and she stumbled up the stairs and threw up in the bathroom. In her room she lay on the bed in blissful relief: She had had her say, and eloquently too. Downstairs, Lillian continued her lonely party—all night, it seemed to Suzanne, who kept waking to hear the music coming up through the floor.

She woke in the silence of early morning, feeling depressed and abandoned. She knew she could not face Lillian. She was going home. She would catch the first train back to New York. She packed, wishing it were possible to slip out of the house unseen, but someone would have to drive her to the station.

When she came downstairs, Charles was reading the Sunday paper at the sunny kitchen table. Lillian, a robe over her nightgown, was taking two handsome pies out of the oven. "Our own apples," she said. "Good morning. There's coffee and hot rolls."

"Good morning," Suzanne said. "I'll take a cup of coffee, please, but I don't know how much time I have. I want to—I think I have to catch the next train back."

"You'll miss such a pretty day," Lillian said. "Now let me see . . . she can make the ten-fifteen, Charlie, and have plenty of time for breakfast."

"Pull up a chair," Charles said.

"It's just that there are so many letters I've been putting off," Suzanne said. "And a date I forgot to cancel."

"I'll run up and put on a dress," Lillian said. "It's only ten minutes to the station."

"I'm dressed. I'll take her, baby," Charles said.

"I'm sorry to be making such a nuisance of myself," Suzanne said miserably.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hi. Am I glad to see you, sir. I lost everything in a flash flood. Food, clothing, my glasses . . ."

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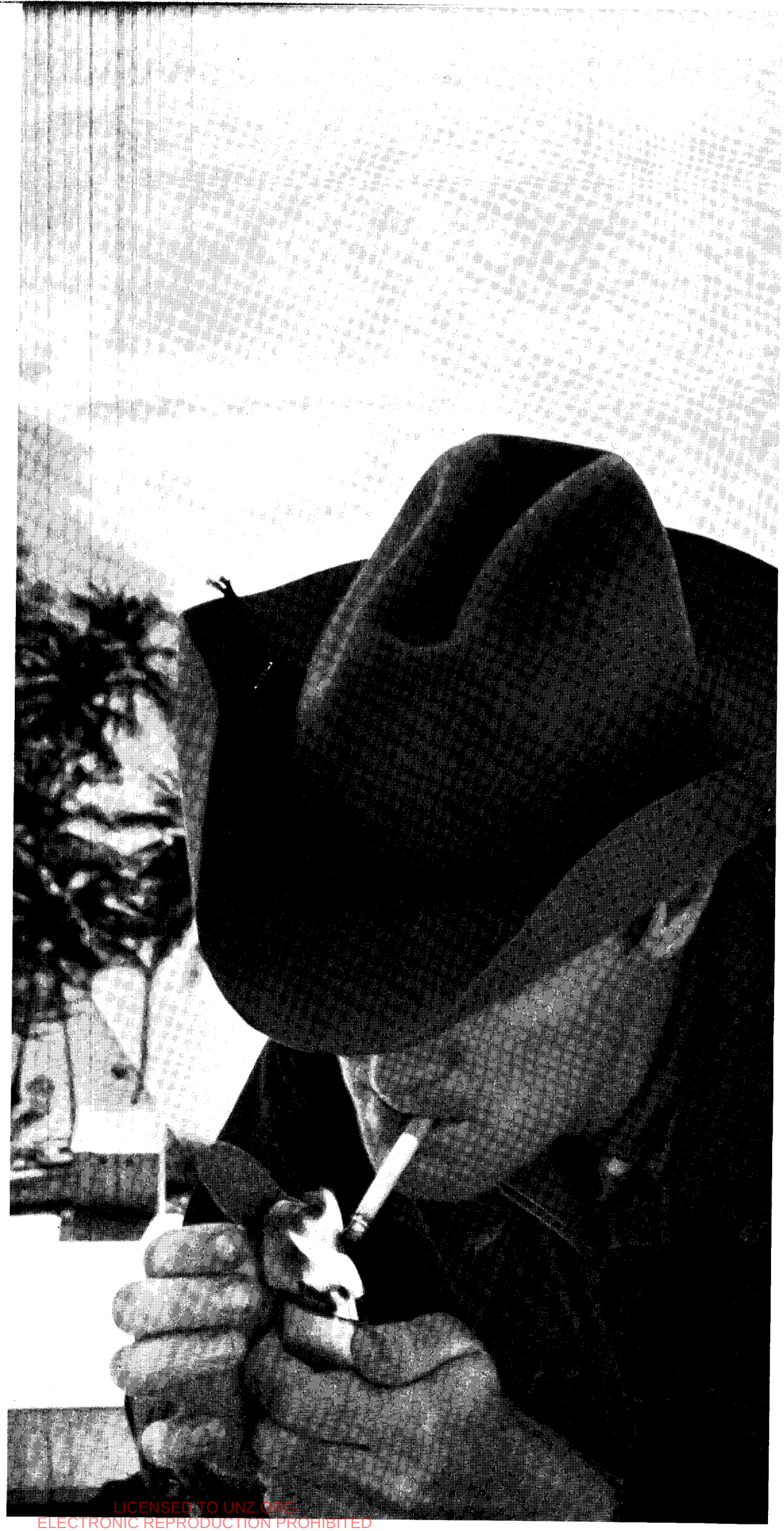

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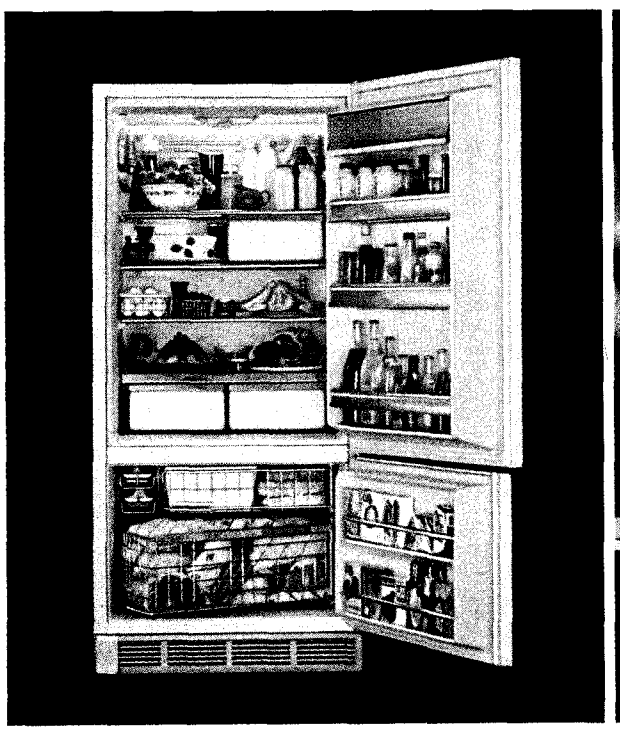

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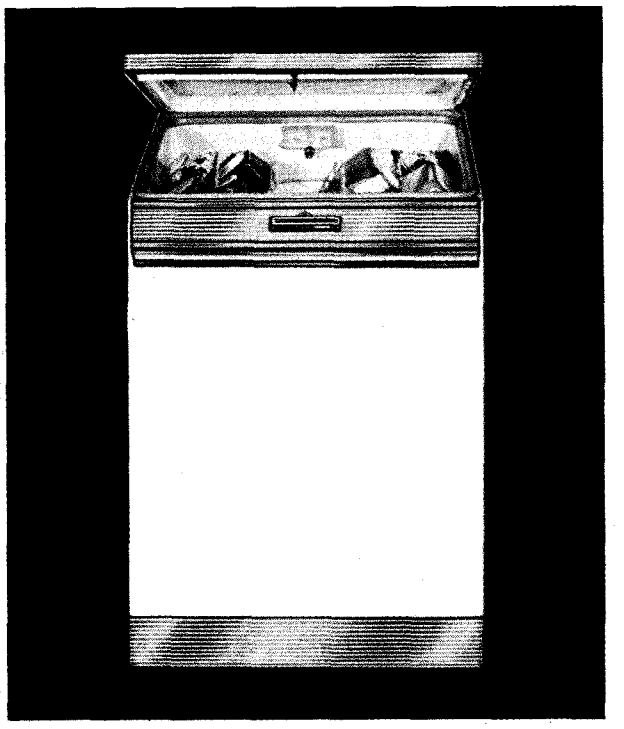

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BEATING OF THE GIRL

In the morning light she could not remember exactly why she was bolting.

"I'm going to pack you a pie to take home," Lillian said.

"Oh, you don't have to do that," Suzanne said, touched. She watched Lillian busy herself around the kitchen and knew that Lillian wanted to get rid of her, but wanted also to give her a present, to be good to her.

"Thanks for everything," she said. "And call me, Lillian, when you get back to town. We must start our weekly lunches again."

"We must. We must indeed," Lillian said. "I'm not sure I'm going back to school this fall. I get so tired and rattled, as I expect you noticed. Maybe I'll make a project of just resting this year."

Charles stood in the door with Suzanne's bags.

"Good-bye," Lillian said. "Don't forget your pie."

"Good-bye," Suzanne said.

In the car, with a rush of emotion that surprised her, she said, "Lillian couldn't even bear to look at me." Charles was giving all his attention to the lighting of a cigarette, but when it was glowing satisfactorily, he said, "Would you like to come to my lecture on the protest novel in the fall? Come as my guest."

"Thanks. Oh, I will!" Gratified and a little encouraged, she said, "All that talk about beating the boy. . . . I was the boy yesterday, but why beat me? I like her so much!"

"Why you?" Charles said, and sighed. He had spent his early manhood lecturing on race relations, had exhausted himself, had a nervous breakdown, recovered, and gone on to other things. He felt ill-used having to return to the subject on this summer morning, on a Sunday, in Connecticut. "You were handy," he said.

"But that's not fair," Suzanne said solemnly.

"You're so right." Charles laughed out loud. "It's damned unfair. Never mind, kid. Don't take it so hard. Shocking, isn't it, that your fascinating Negro girl friend should also be hostile and vindictive and a little tiresome?" Suzanne was shaking her head vigorously. "You mean it's not shocking?"

"She's not," Suzanne said. "She's not . . . all those things. She would have liked to be nice to me, but she couldn't. She was trying. Anyway, I can't blame her."

"Oh, really? Why can't you blame her? Because she's colored? Oh, well. It's a good thing you don't blame her, or I'd conclude that you are basically prejudiced. Poor girl. You can't win. And poor Lillian, *she* can't win. She expects offense everywhere; if there is none, she creates it. But there's always some."

"Not from me, there's not," Suzanne said.

"No? You're sure?"

They were at the station now, and Charles said, "We'll park over here where we can see the train coming. I'll give you a little test. What was going through your mind when you shook hands with me for the first time, right there on that platform?"

Suzanne blushed, but refused to drop her eyes from the amused eyes in the black face beside her. "All right," she said, "and I don't care! At least we can still look at each other. I mean, if we can't even do *that*, how are we ever going to live together?"

"Oh, this way and that," Charles said. "The way we always have."

"No, but you'll at least talk. It's Lillian who'll only beat."

"I like to beat myself sometimes," Charles said. "It tickles me."

"All right, laugh!" Suzanne cried in sudden fury, but then laughed herself. "I'm going to be friends anyway. So there! I'm damned if I'm going to stop liking Lillian just because she won't see me!"

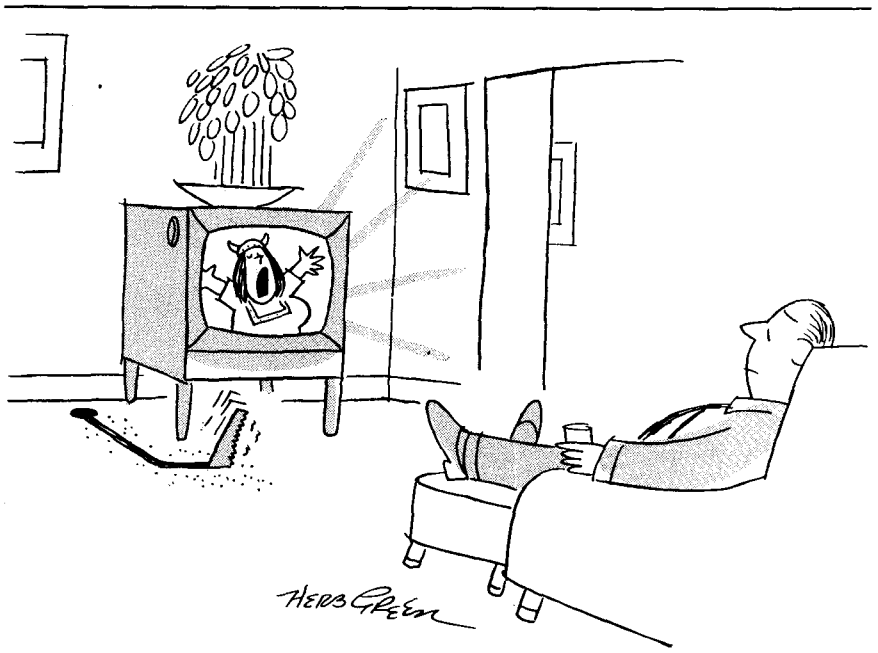
"Oh, never mind Lillian," Charles said. "I see you."

In the weeks to come Suzanne was frequently to recall the precise sensation of his hand drawing her toward him and to extract from the recollection every shade of feeling that a human hand can convey to an arm it touches, remembering first a quality of surprise that it was a male hand and that the male hand was black and exerting a quick pressure at once mock paternal and impatient too, as if Charles had been relieved to see the train coming into view.

At the time, however, she only drank in the kindness so abundantly there for her that it brought tears to her eyes, and said, "And I see you. I do see you."

"Even though," Charles said, smiling as he helped her out of the car, "as through a glass darkly? Now run along. And come to my lecture," he called after her, "and I'll take you to lunch."

THE END



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Harvey Swados has won increasing acclaim as both a fiction writer and critic. He is the author of six books, among them the novel, "False Coin," a short-story collection, "Nights in the Gardens of Brooklyn," and a volume of essays on labor and leisure, "A Radical's America." His new novel, "The Will," published last month by World, was praised by critic Granville Hicks as "a subtle study of ways of human behavior. It goes deep into the attitudes and actions of modern man." During the last decade Mr. Swados has taught at the State University of Iowa and at San Francisco State College. He has also spent time in rural France on a Guggenheim Fellowship. He makes his home in Rockland County, New York, and teaches at Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville, New York.

A STORY FOR TEDDY

By Harvey Swados

She lives in my mind, not as she is or will be, but as she was then.

What is it that drives us to consider the girls of our youth, those we enjoyed for a day or a month, those whose scruples we strained to overcome, those who scorned us, those who fled? I am not sure, since even the easy nostalgia rising from the memory of success must give way to other emotions when defeats, not victories, come to mind. In the case of Teddy, it was an accident, a typically New York accident, that brought her back to me not long ago, but it is only as a result of my own deliberate life as a writer, and a painful, endless effort to understand, that she has come back with such clarity. I can close my eyes now and see not merely as much, but *more* than I saw twenty years ago.

When I try to recall how I first came to know Teddy, I think back to a double date early in the war, arranged by an acquaintance. Teddy was his date, but my own I cannot visualize in any way—she was surely one of those girls who sit near the telephone, waiting to be fixed up by an attractive cousin. Teddy must have been that cousin. Within an hour of our having met, while the other two danced (we were in some collegiate hangout in Yorkville), I was urging her to go out with me.

Teddy colored. With her fingertips, she pushed her ginger ale glass toward my bourbon glass. "You're pretty fast."

"I have to be."

Teddy was not very strong on repartee, and I fancied that I was ruthless. She was just eighteen, went to college at night, was taking courses in child psychology, and worked by day as a stenographer for some agency that helped soldiers' families, like Travelers Aid. She lived with her little brother and their widowed mother in an apartment house in some remote fastness of the Bronx. All that mattered to me was that she was lovely.

As for me, I was twenty-three and terribly world-weary. I had worked as a copy boy on the old New York *Sun* the year between college and the merchant marine, long enough to learn my way around town. I had only three months left before I would finish boot camp at Sheepshead Bay and ship out, and I was anxious to waste as little time as possible.

Teddy was not sharp and competitive, like the girls I had known at Ohio State and around Manhattan. She was simple, unambitious and vulnerable. She made no pretense of being smart or well-read, but she was gentle and modest and virginal, and utterly unsophisticated—you might have thought she was the one from Ashtabula instead of me. Her skin was clean and glowing, her blond hair tumbled over her forehead, her lavender eyes were soft and troubled.

I picked up her small, defenseless hand, ostensibly so that I could admire her charm bracelet, from which dangled a little Scottie and a windmill with revolving sails; she had gotten it from her father for her fourteenth birthday. Squeezing her still-childish fingers, I said, with a self-pity that was realer than she could imagine, "I've only got my weekends—and not too many of them—before I ship out. Won't you meet me next Saturday? In the afternoon, as early as I can get in? Say at two-thirty, under the clock at the Biltmore?"

All that week I thought about Teddy. In the clapboard barracks where, like college boys all over America, I was learning with a thrill of despair that my fellow citizens from farm and factory were foul-mouthed, ignorant and bigoted, it was difficult enough to remember that girls like Teddy still existed. Teddy, snubnosed and sincere, in awe of me because I came from out of town and had hitchhiked to California and back, and eager to help me forget that hellhole of training—such a girl took on the proportions of a prize, one I had been awarded without even being fully eligible.

When I pushed my way into the Biltmore lobby through the swirling Saturday crowds, I was struck speechless at the sight of Teddy, already waiting for me. Not only was she unaware that she had breached the code by arriving early, but she did not even seem to notice how she was being sized up by a group of nudging sailors. She was nervous, yes, but only—I could tell—because she was looking for me. The tip of her blunt little nose was pinker than her cheeks, and she dabbed at it with a handkerchief that she took from the pocket of her fur-trimmed plaid coat as she squinted this way and that, searching for me. I realized for the first time that she was nearsighted.

I hung back for just a moment, then stepped forward and called out her name.

Illustration by Richard Powers

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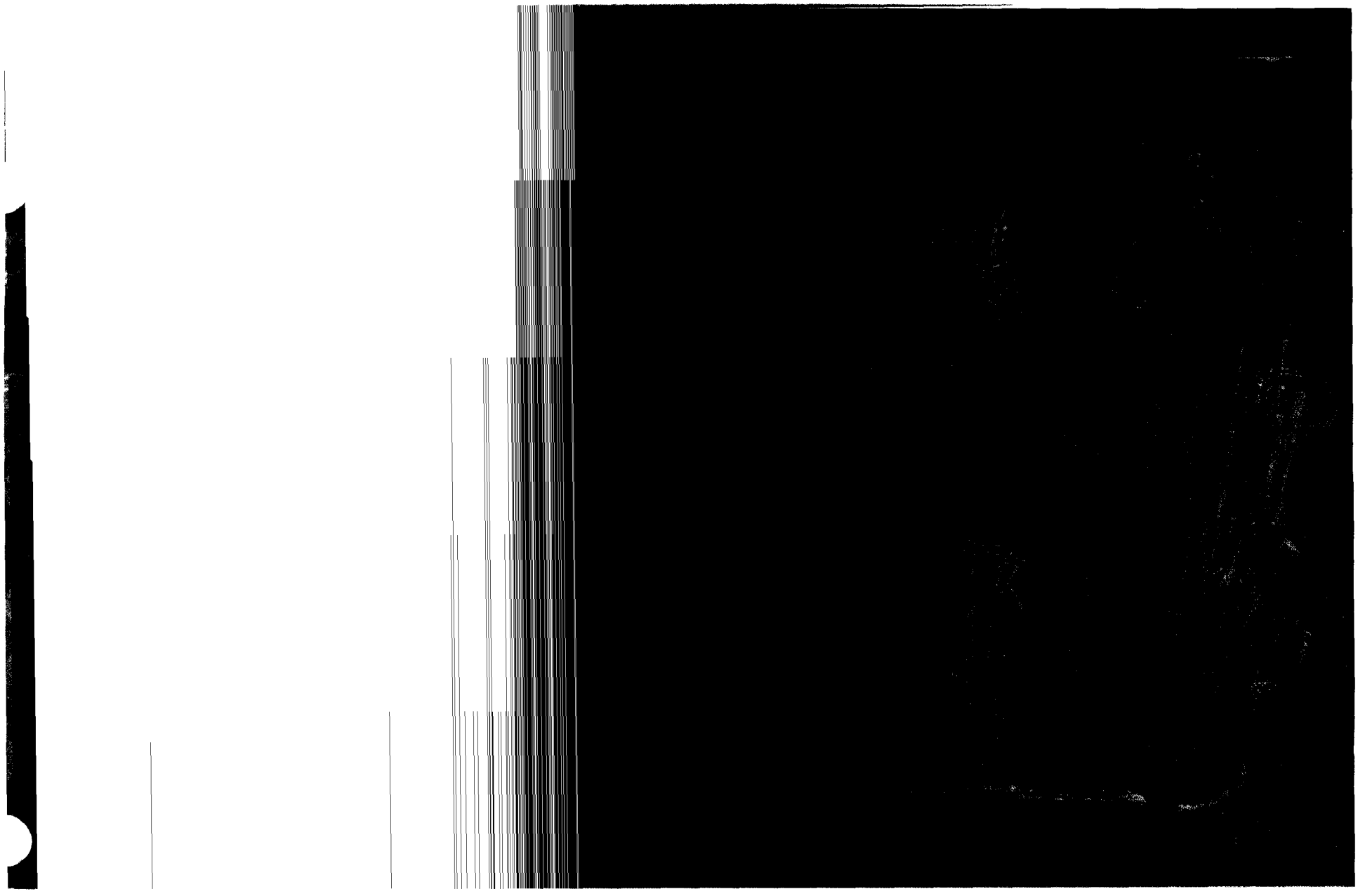

With a glad cry she hastened toward me. "I was afraid I might have missed you, in all this crowd!"

"I was afraid you wouldn't show up at all."

"Silly." This was a word Teddy used often. But she was pleased, and as she pressed my arm, I could smell her perfume, light and girlish. "What are we going to do?"

I wanted to show her off. Outside, I led her over to Fifth Avenue, then north, and we paused now and then in the faltering late-October sunlight to look in the shop windows. With Teddy at my side I felt once again a part of the life of the city, secure for the moment at least, as I had not felt wandering forlornly with my false liberty, or hanging, miserable, around the battered Ping-Pong tables of the USO, waiting for nothing.

At Fifty-third Street we headed west and stopped before the Museum of Modern Art. The bulletin board announced an old Garbo movie. I turned to Teddy.

"We're just in time for the three o'clock showing."

"Don't you have to be a member or something?" Teddy looked at me uneasily.

I was still learning how provincial some of these New York girls could be. I led Teddy through the revolving glass doors and took unhesitating advantage of my uniform to get us two tickets. Skirting the crowd waiting for the elevator, we skipped down the stairs to the auditorium.

The movie was *The Story of Gösta Berling*. I remember very little about it other than the astonishingly plump whiteness of the youthful Garbo's arms, for I was burningly aware of Teddy's forearm alongside mine. After a while I took her hand and held it through the picture. As our body warmth flowed back and forth, coursing between us like some underground hot spring, I peered covertly at her. She was staring intently—too intently—at the screen; and I knew, as I knew the thud of my own pulse in my ears, that I would never be content with simply sitting at her side. I would have to possess her. Somewhere near the end of the movie, when it seemed reasonably certain that no one would be observing us, I raised her hand, palm up, to my mouth and pressed it against my lips. At that she turned her head and gazed at me tremulously.

"You mustn't," she whispered.

She meant the contrary, I was positive. Giddily, I allowed her to retrieve her hand. When the picture ended I slipped her coat over her shoulders and led her up the stairs to the main gallery.

"I'll show you my favorite picture here," I said. We stood before the big canvas that used to be everybody's favorite in those old days before everybody went totally abstract. It was by Tchelitchew, it was called *Hide and Seek*, and it's too bad it didn't get burned up in the fire they had not long ago; I grew to detest it as I got older. It consisted mostly of an enormous, thickly foliated tree, like an old oak, aswarm with embryolike little figures, some partly hidden, some revealed, some forming part of the tree itself.

Teddy appraised it carefully. Finally she said, "You know what it reminds me of? Those contests I used to enter. Find the seven mystery faces hidden in the drawing and win a Pierce bicycle."

I was nettled. "Did you win?"

"Sure. But instead of giving me the girls' twenty-six-inch bike, they'd send me huge boxes of Christmas cards to sell."

By the time Teddy and I were walking south on Lexington, with the wind comfortably at our backs, we had exchanged considerable information about our childhoods, none of hers important enough for me to recall now, except that her father had dropped dead in the street during his lunch hour, in the garment center, two years earlier.

"Where are we going?" she asked, clinging to my arm.

"I thought we'd eat in an Armenian restaurant. Unless you don't care for Armenian food?"

"I never tasted it. Not that I know of."

No other girl that I knew would have admitted it. Not in that way. We hastened to Twenty-eighth Street, to a basement restaurant, with candlelit tables and a motherly proprietress.

I thought I was doing not badly at all. Over the steaming glasses of tea and the nutty *baklava* Teddy's eyes glowed, and she held my hand tightly on the crumpled linen cloth. Her face was still unformed, but I observed, for the first time, that her cheekbones slanted, almost sharply, beneath the soft freshness of her delicate skin and, in the shadow cast by the uncertain candle, that

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there was the suggestion of a cleft in her chin. I couldn't wait to be alone with her, and I judged that the time had come for me to tell her about my friends in the Village who sometimes loaned me their little apartment for my weekend liberties, as they had this weekend.

"Phil is in 4-F with a hernia, but he's nervous about being reclassified, so he's been trying to line up a Navy commission in Washington. Charlene—that's his wife—just found out she can't have children. She's planning to start her own nursery school in Washington if Phil gets into Navy Intelligence."

"If they're your friends," Teddy said gravely, "they must be nice."

I winced for her. Now I know a little better; don't we all flatter ourselves by thinking that way of our friends, when all too often it simply isn't true? Phil was not nice, he was a climber; his ambition, combined with his terror of death, drove him to get that commission. After the Japanese had surrendered, the Navy sent him on to Tokyo. While he was there, making connections for the post-war world, Charlene, still flabbergasted by her husband's miraculous survival, walked into the side of a Washington trolleybus and died of a fractured skull. Phil recovered from his grief not long after, in time to marry the daughter of a progressive industrialist who was in a position to be helpful. Even though our paths haven't crossed in many years I still see Phil from time to time on TV panel shows.

But to Teddy I explained, earnestly and wholeheartedly: "Phil is an anthropologist, and Charlene paints. They've been to Mexico, and their place is full of things like beaten silver masks and temple fragments."

"It sounds lovely."

"Let's go. It's not far, just down on Jane Street."

Teddy was not quick, but she was not stupid either. "Will there be anyone there?"

I knew at once that I had moved too fast. And lying could only make things worse. "They probably won't be back from Washington before tomorrow."

"In that case I think I'd better not." Teddy flushed, and forced herself to look at me. "You're not angry, are you?"

"I wasn't planning on assaulting you," I said, trying hard not to sound sullen. "I mean, the place isn't an opium den."

"I know. It's just that I don't think it would be a good idea."

When we were out on the street once again, walking west into a fall rain as fine as spray from an atomizer, Teddy stopped suddenly before a darkened courtyard and looked up at me anxiously.

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I guess I'm just not very sophisticated about those things."

Pressing her against the wrought-iron picket fence before which she stood trying, her head tilted, to catch some light in my eyes or across my face which would tell her what I was feeling, I folded her in my arms and kissed her for the first time.

I kissed her again, and a third time, and maybe I wouldn't have been able to stop, but Teddy passed her hand across her forehead to brush back her damp hair and said, laughing somewhat shakily, "Don't you know that it's raining?"

So we went on to the Village Vanguard, and then to Romany Marie's, where Teddy assured me, after she had had her fortune told, that this had been the loveliest evening she had ever spent. Like a dream, she said—the whole day had been like a dream.

At two o'clock in the morning I offered to see her home. She insisted, as we stood arguing by the mountain of Sunday papers at the Sheridan Square newsstand, that she wouldn't think of my riding the subway all the way up to the East Bronx for an hour and then all the way back for another hour. Not when I had to get up almost every morning at five-thirty, do calisthenics, and practice lowering lifeboats into the icy waters of Sheepshead Bay. I yielded, but not before I had gotten her promise that we would meet that afternoon at the Central Park Zoo, where she had to take her younger brother. I stood at the head of the subway stairs and watched, bemused, as she tripped down them as lightly and swiftly as if she were still a child hurrying so as not to be late for school.

At the zoo I found Teddy as easily as if we had been alone in that vast rectangle of rock and grass, instead of being surrounded as we were by thousands of Sunday strollers. She was standing before the monkey cages with her younger brother Stevie, a solemn-looking mouth breather with glasses and the big behind that many boys acquire during the final years of childhood. She whirled about at my touch, her face already alight with pleasure.

"Did you sleep well, Teddy?"

"Like a baby. Such sweet dreams!" And she introduced me to her brother.

What he wanted was to attend a War Bond rally at Columbus Circle, where they were going to display a Jap Zero and a movie star. I think the star was Victor Mature; in any case, on the way to see him and the captured airplane I pulled Teddy aside and asked if we couldn't cut out for a couple of hours and run down to Phil's apartment.

She stared at me. "Honestly, I think you have a one-track mind."

"Phil and Charlene are in from Washington," I explained hastily. "They'd like to meet you."

"But I'm hardly even dressed to meet *you!*" Dismayed, she pointed to her loafers, her sweater and skirt, her trench coat, but I succeeded in persuading her.

As we stood in line to see the airplane, Teddy asked Stevie if he'd mind if we left him alone for a while. He promised to wait for her through the Army Band concert, and we hurried off to the downtown bus. All the way down to the Village Teddy kept me busy reassuring her that we weren't going to be barging in where we weren't wanted.

Phil's place was strewn not only with various sections of the Sunday *Times*, but with a crowd of weary weekend loungers who hadn't been there when I left that morning: an unmilitary army officer and his hungover girl friend; a dancer in blue jeans, from the apartment across the hall, who was studying the want ads while she picked at her bare toes; a nursery-school teacher friend of Charlene's who was arguing heatedly with her in the kitchen about child development. The radio on the bookcase was blasting away with the New York Philharmonic.

Teddy sat primly on a corner of the studio couch with her knees pressed together and a paper napkin spread over them, sipping coffee and nibbling on a cracker, speaking only when spoken to. Phil got me off in the john at one point and said, grinning and shaking his head and winking in his nervous way, "You'll never make that girl."

I was annoyed, but I wasn't exactly sure why. "What makes you say that?"

"Aside from the fact that she's a virgin and terrified of you and your highbrow friends, she's too clean. I'll swear she uses those soaps they advertise in *The American Girl.*"

"How would you know about *The American Girl?*"

"I've got a little sister."

I thought of the contests that Teddy used to enter—Find 7 Hidden Faces—and I found myself hurrying back to her side with her trench coat.

"Yes, let's go," she said. "I'm getting worried about Stevie. If my mother knew, she'd kill me."

"I wouldn't let her do that," I replied manfully.

"I'd like to see you stop her," Teddy said to me over her shoulder as we went out. "You don't know my mother."

I didn't know quite how to answer that, so I busied myself with finding a cab, no mean trick in those days, when they weren't allowed to cruise. I didn't want to know her mother, but on the other hand I wasn't about to come out and say so.

When we were settled in the cab that I had gone several blocks to find, Teddy said mournfully, "Your friends are very talented people."

That made me a little suspicious. "Most of them aren't my friends. And besides, who's talented?"

"Well, take that army lieutenant. He's an artist. He told me so."

"Rollini? He paints camouflage on the sides of airplane hangars. I don't see that that's such a big deal."

"You know what I mean. I just don't think I fit in with those people. I can't do anything special." She gestured helplessly. "Look at me."

The cab swung sharply onto Sixth Avenue, and Teddy was flung into my arms. I kissed her while her mouth was still open to say something else.

"Wait," she panted, breaking free. "I want to ask you something." She huddled up, very small, in a corner of the seat. "Do you really like me?"

"Like you?" I asked. "My God, you're the most beautiful girl I've ever known. All week in those cruddy barracks I keep telling myself ——"

She interrupted my protestations. "That's not what I mean. I wasn't fishing for compliments. I didn't ask you if you thought I was pretty; I asked you how much you liked me."

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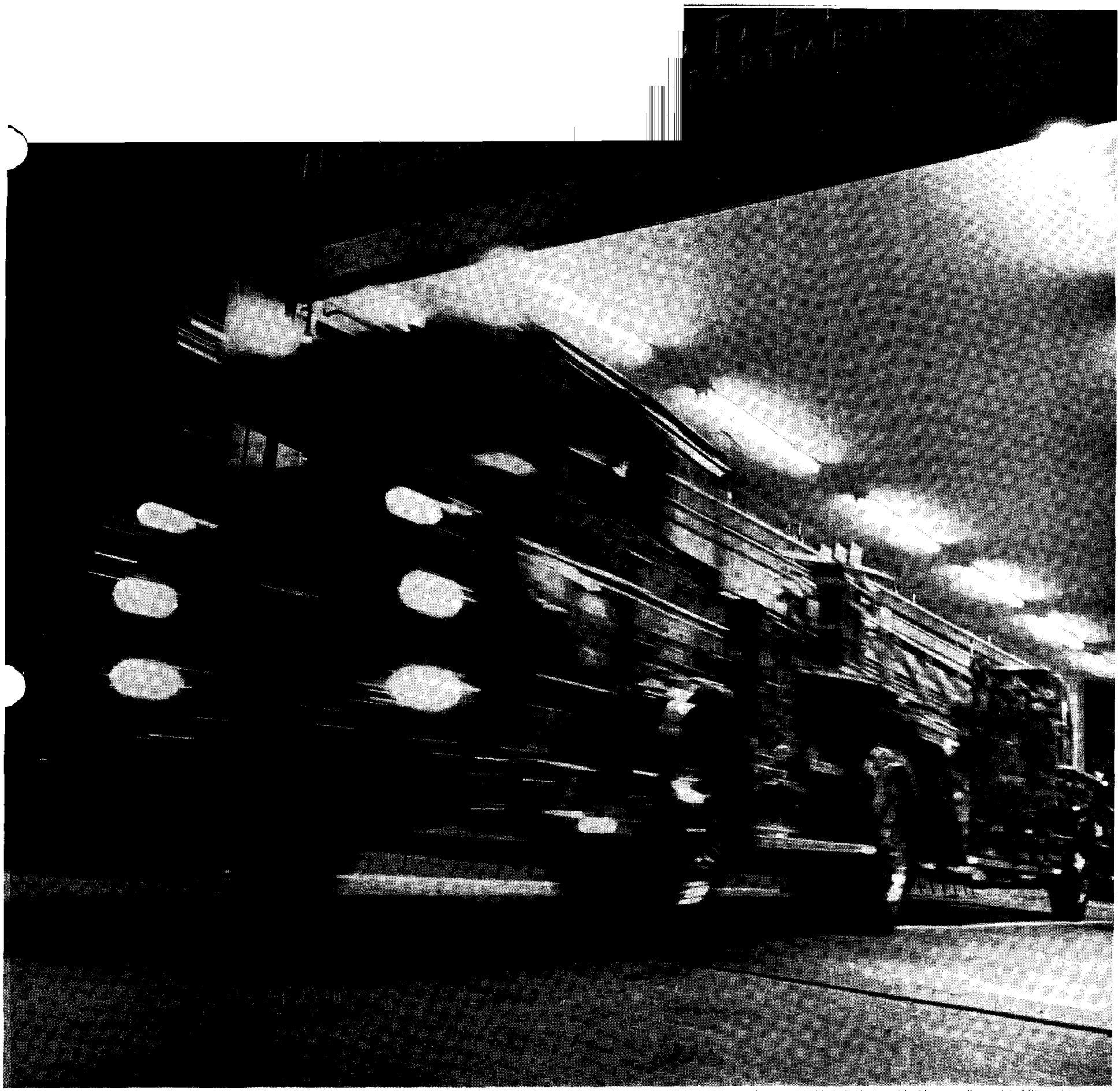

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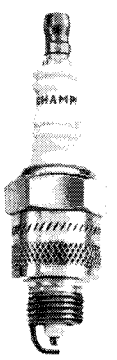

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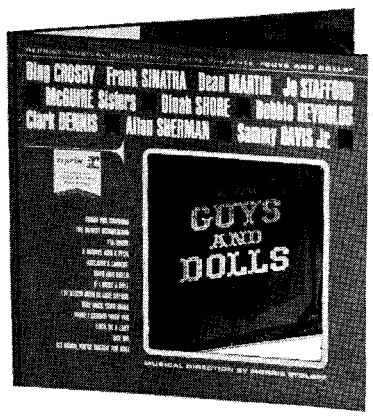
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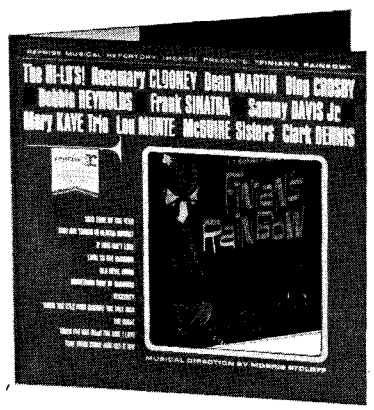
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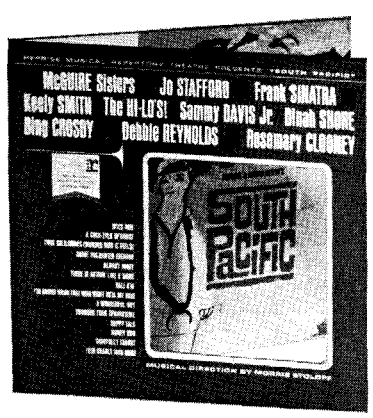
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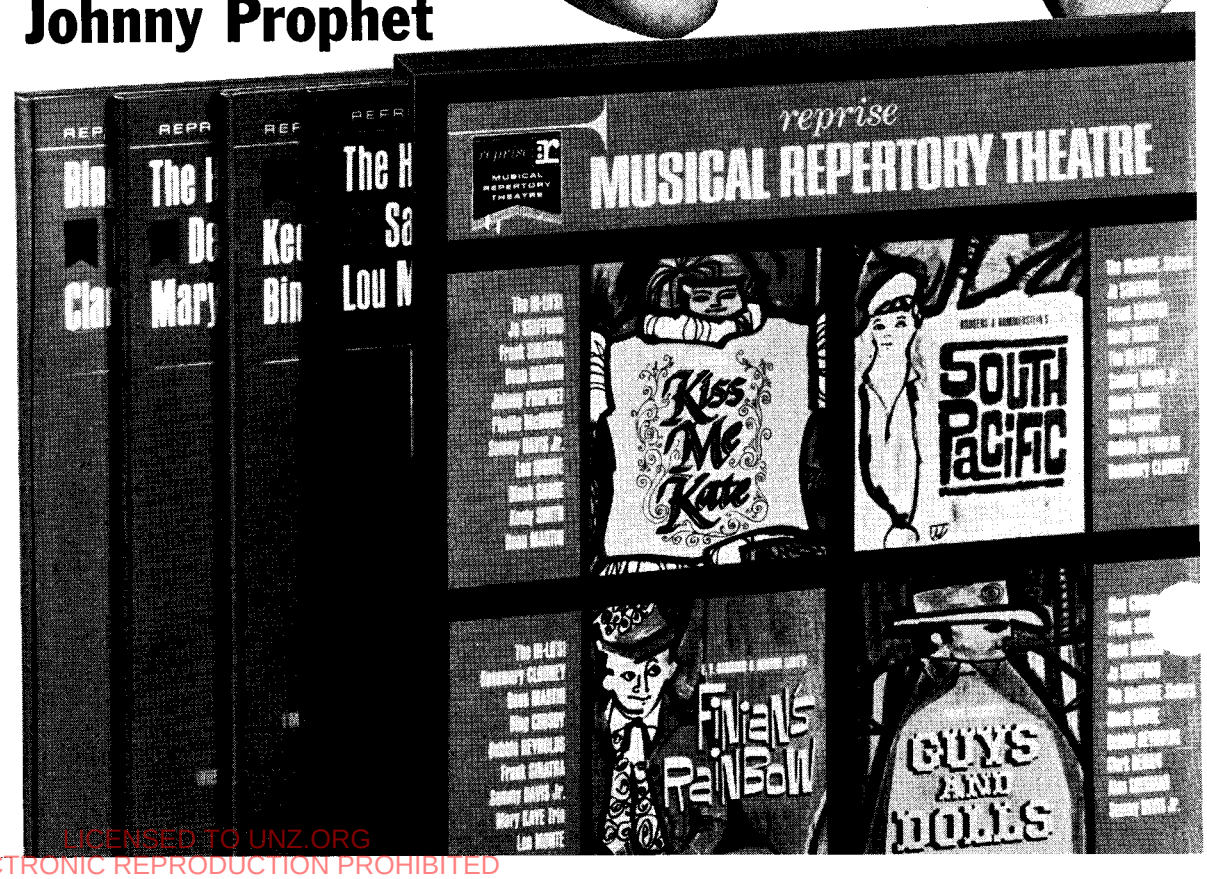

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A STORY FOR TEDDY

She knew as well as I how hard that was going to be for me to answer. Maybe that was why she didn't stop me when I reached for her once again, wanting to substitute caresses for words. Only when we were within a few blocks of Columbus Circle did she part from me again, her forehead wrinkled and her lower lip trembling just the slightest bit.

"I just don't understand," she said wonderingly, and not very happily. "It's all wrong."

What was I going to tell her, that I wanted to make love to her? She knew that already. Before I could say anything, we were caught up and blocked in the traffic of the Bond rally, which was on the point of breaking up. Teddy darted out of the cab door, calling over her shoulder, "I'll write you!" as she dashed off in search of Stevie. As I stood there in the eddying crowd, paying the driver, the rally band broke into *Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition*, and I saw Stevie, the mouth breather, standing with his jaw agape, staring at the trombones through his eyeglasses.

Before the week was over I had my letter from Teddy. I am not going to try to reproduce it here. I will only say that it can best be described as a love letter, and that it was so gauche, so overwritten, so excruciatingly true ("I am simply not used to going out with boys like you") and at the same time so transparently false ("My brother Stevie thinks the world of you"), that it was immediately, painfully, terribly clear to me that I would never be able to answer in kind, and that there was no sense in deluding myself into believing that I would. I hope it does not make me sound completely impossible if I add that her words not only released me from thinking seriously about her but also made it all but impossible for me to think of anything but conquering her.

What inflamed me all the more was that shortly after I found Teddy's provocative letter on my bunk, my entire platoon was restricted to the base for the weekend. Trapped in that raw, artificial place, in the womanless wooden huts thrown up hastily to house some thousands of frightened boys being converted into sailors of a sort, I spent my mornings bobbing on a whaleboat in the bay, rowing in ragged unison with my freezing mates, and my afternoons ostensibly learning knots and braiding lines, but actually lost in an erotic reverie of Teddy—of her slim arms, her tumbling hair, her pulsing lips—gone all wanton and yielding.

By the time we finally met again, I had memorized every line of her, from her slanted cheekbones to the small feet that toed out the least bit—and I could hardly remember what she looked like. We were constrained then, two weeks after the Bond rally, not only by what had passed between us but by the heedless souls shoving us away from each other in the arcade of the Forty-second Street entrance to the Times Square subway station. It was the worst possible place for a boy and a girl to meet on a Saturday afternoon, in that blowing surf of old newspapers and candy wrappers, with the hot rancid smell of the nut stands assailing us. We hardly knew what to say to each other.

She smiled at me nervously, and I was emboldened to take her by the hand. "Let's get out of here." Willingly she mounted the stairs with me to the street, but when we came out onto the sidewalk the raw rain had turned to sleet; it cut at our faces like knives. I cursed the world, the war, the weather.

"But if you were stationed at that Merchant Marine camp in St. Petersburg," Teddy pointed out, "we would never have met."

"Oh great," I said. "Now you're going to do the Pollyanna routine."

"I didn't mean it like that," Teddy replied humbly.

"I want to kiss you, that's all. Are we supposed to stand out here in public and freeze to death while I make love to you? Come on, Teddy, let's go down to my friends' apartment. Like civilized people, like folks. What do you say?"

She could tell I wasn't going to push it too hard, so she laughed and tucked her arm in mine. "Come on, Mr. One Track Mind, let's get out of the sleet."

It was driving down hard, and we had to run into a doorway, which turned out to be the stairway entrance to a second-floor chess-and-checkers parlor. When Teddy laughed, still gasping a little and shaking off wetness like a puppy, and said, "I wonder what it's like up there," I took her by the arm and led her up the stairs. It never ceased to amaze me, how a New York girl could know so little.

Teddy hadn't played much chess, only with her brother—their father had taught them—so I showed her a few openings, but she was frankly more interested in sizing up the habitués.

Later, while we were having a drink at an Eighth Avenue hotel bar—I teased Teddy into having a pink lady instead of her usual ginger ale—I asked her if she'd ever eaten a real Chinese dinner. She looked a little disappointed. "We have Chink's in the Bronx almost every Saturday. Sometimes we even take it home with us."

"I'm not talking about chop suey, Teddy. I'm talking about the greatest cooking this side of Paris."

As if I'd ever eaten in Paris, much less in Peking! But that made no difference. I knew a real restaurant down on Doyers Street, and when we got there the headwaiter even remembered me. Or at least he claimed to, which was just as good; and when he followed the bird's-nest soup with platters of crisp glazed duck, Teddy gazed at me in awe.

We walked off the dinner afterward through the dim, narrow streets of Chinatown, echoing with soft slurring voices, and then took a subway back up to midtown in order to see Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*, with Clifton Webb and Mildred Natwick. We were fortunate to get tickets, and made it just after the curtain had gone up, groping our way to our seats.

Teddy poked frantically in her purse and came up at last with a pair of shell-rimmed eyeglasses. She was seeing bright comedy on the stage for the first time; I was seeing her in glasses for the first time. For both of us, it was a revelation. She thought the play was brilliant; I thought she was delicious.

When the play let out, we stopped in at Jimmy Ryan's on Fifty-second Street, ostensibly for a drink, but actually so that Teddy could see how casually I greeted the boys who were playing there—Pee Wee Russell, and George Brunies, and Zutty Singleton, poker-faced at the drums like Joe Louis, and Art Hodes, whose daily jazz program, I told Teddy, I used to follow on WNYC. But since Teddy's musical background was confined to André Kostelanetz and Lily Pons, she was only impressed, not overwhelmed, by my acquaintance with the great. I took her across the street to hear Billie Holiday.

We stood at the bar, Teddy's back against my chest, and stared through the throat-tearing smoke at Billie, who sang *My Man*, and *Strange Fruit* and *Gloomy Sunday*.

Teddy's eyes were wet and shining. She raised her head. "You're opening a whole new world for me."

That was precisely what I was trying to do, but it bothered me to have her put it so patly. It reinforced my conviction that she would always be like that, forever, that there was no point in my even considering that she might ever be otherwise.

She went on, "And I don't know that it's such a good thing. For either of us. Why should we kid ourselves? It's not going to be my world—it never will."

It was a somewhat melancholy note on which to end the evening, but in a way I preferred that. It struck me that it would be almost diabolically patient to let Teddy stew overnight, torn between guilt and gratitude. The next day was to be the climactic one. I forced myself to kiss her more lightly in parting than I wanted to, and we agreed to meet the next day by the lions in front of the Public Library.

For a change the weather was on my side. The wind was brisk, and Teddy had tied a print scarf around her blond hair, babushka-style—it accentuated the slope of her cheekbones when she laughed—but the sun was out. We walked all the way up to the Frick Collection, and were lucky enough to get tickets to the Sunday concert. Teddy had never even heard of the institution, but she made no attempt to conceal her ignorance.

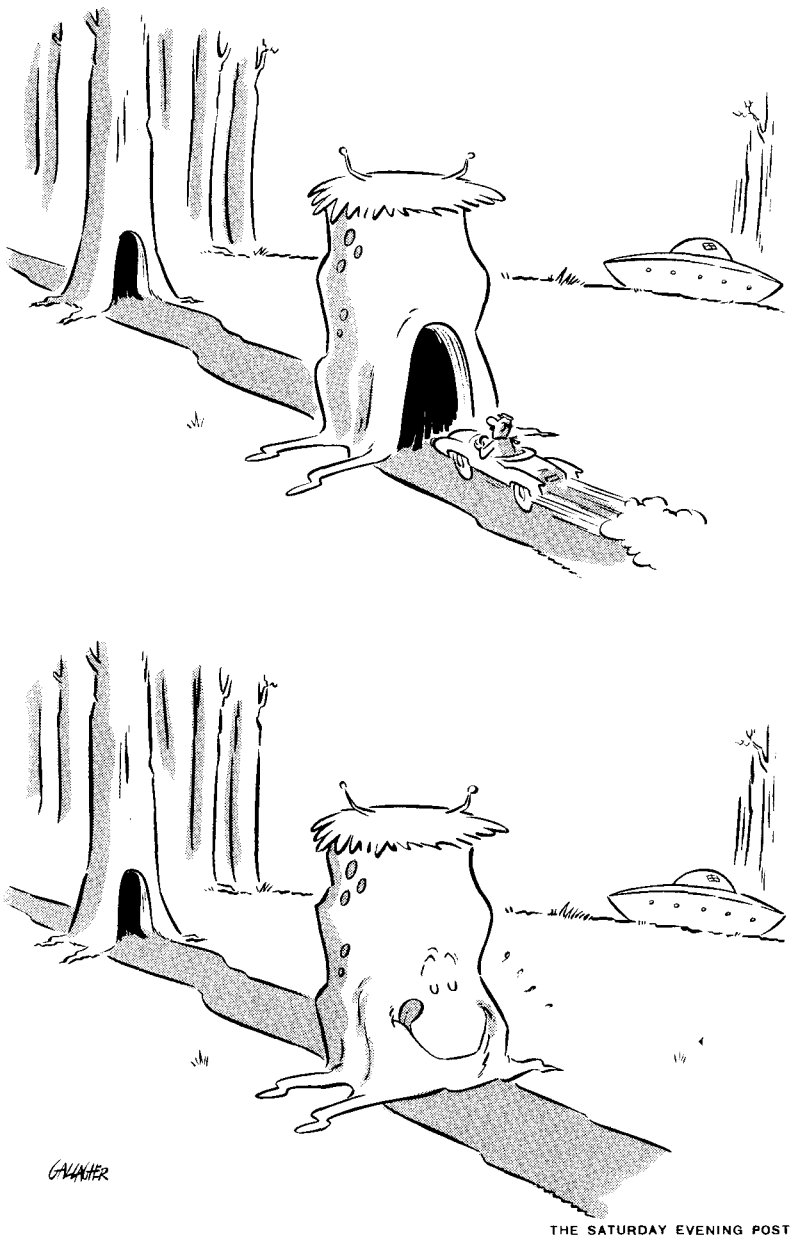
Although she knew no more of chamber music than she did of jazz, Schubert stirred her, and she held tight to my arm throughout *Death and the Maiden*, breathing softly and shallowly while she squinted (no glasses in the daytime) at the musicians. When the recital was over, we walked on up to the Metropolitan Museum, which Teddy hadn't visited since she was ten.

I led her directly to El Greco's *View of Toledo*. "This is worth the trip, this and the Courbets inside. Better to see just these than to get a headache from looking at too many."

How insufferable I must have been, lecturing Teddy first on music, then on painting, about which I knew so little! But she smiled at me gratefully and let me know by the way in which she clung to me that I was both patient and wise.

As we left the Metropolitan and walked south through Central Park, darkness caught up with us and the wind came up too. Our breaths frosting, we hurried on across Central Park South against the traffic, skipping in and out of the dimmed blurry headlights until we had gained the rococo refuge of Rumpelmayer's.

Warm, snug, soothed, we spooned up the great blobs of whipped cream floating on our hot chocolates and laughed over inconsequential things, and then



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suddenly, as if by common accord, we both stopped. I stared into Teddy's lavender eyes, so soft and moist that I wanted to kiss them closed, and she opened her mouth, but without speaking, as if she dared not utter whatever it was that she wanted to say.

"I must kiss you," I murmured.

She nodded dumbly.

We went outside. In the dimout across the street the aging men who took you on carriage rides through the park and along Fifth Avenue were adjusting the straps on their horses' feedbags and hoisting blankets over their hides to protect them from the chilly evening. I signaled the leader of the line.

Teddy said apprehensively, "This must be terribly expensive."

Without answering, I raised her up into the carriage and climbed in after her. The driver tucked us in with a warm comforter, swung himself aboard behind us, clucked to his horse, and we were off.

Teddy and I turned to each other so precipitately that we bumped foreheads, searching, in the dark of the covered carriage, for each other's lips. We rode on through the lamplit evening, clinging to each other, kissing until the current that flowed between us warmed not only our lips but our cheeks and our hands, our fingers and the tips of our fingers.

"You have been so nice to me, so nice to me," Teddy whispered.

I responded by kissing her into silence. It was only after a long time that she could protest, trembling in my arms and frowning, "You shouldn't kiss me like that."

"Like what?"

"You know. It's not right, that's all."

"Nobody can see."

"Silly! I mean, I think it's for married people, or anyway for engaged couples, and like that."

We weren't engaged or like that—the very thought was enough to frighten me out of my ardor—but I had every intention of our becoming lovers, and the sooner the better. "There's only one way," I whispered into her ear, "for you to stop me."

"What's that?"

"Kiss me back the way I kiss you."

Before she could express her shock, I had stopped her mouth again. We must have been near Seventy-second Street on the west side of the park before we drew apart, panting.

"You know where I'm going to take you to dinner?" I asked.

"Where?"

"Phil and Charlene's. And I'm going to cook it myself. Wait till you taste my soufflé! On the way down we'll pick up a bottle of wine, and ——"

"They're not there, are they?"

"Who?" As if I didn't know.

"Phil and his wife. Because if they're not there, I'm not going. I don't think you ought to take advantage of the fact that you're so attractive, and I'm so weak."

I forced myself to be calm and reasonable. "Teddy, darling, what's so terrible about our being alone together for a while?"

"I don't trust myself. Any more than I trust you." She uttered the phrases with heartfelt emotion, as though she had invented them—as though no one before her had ever even expressed such thoughts. And she looked more ravishing, more flowerlike than I had ever seen her before, her lips fuller than usual, a little swollen perhaps, her eyes staring piteously at me, her hair escaping from her scarf in little tendrils that clung to her forehead.

"Is it so awful," I demanded, "for two people who care about each other to be alone together?"

"But what you care about isn't me, it's getting me alone." Teddy paused, as if to give me time for a fervent denial.

I could say nothing. I was not the noblest or the most honorable twenty-three-year-old left in the United States, but I was incapable of promising engagement rings to young girls in return for their favors. And this much at least Teddy understood about me. The damnable truth was that I couldn't even imagine myself falling in love with, much less marrying, a girl who would make a big issue out of protecting her virtue. And on top of it all, I had been keyed up for what was going to be a triumph. I still wanted Teddy very badly, but it

At Baumritter's Beecher Falls, Vt., plant where birch and maple logs come from surrounding forests to become Ethan Allen furniture, maintenance manager Beaton Marsh (left), discusses log-handling safety with Employers Mutuals' safety engineer, Tom Maguire.

"Working with the grain"

Wausau Story

by **NATHAN S. ANCELL,** *President Baumritter Corporation, and Chairman of the National Association of Furniture Manufacturers*

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was obvious that I had failed completely.

After a long while she said, "I think I'd better go home."

She wanted me to protest, as with her other assertion that we had left hanging in the air, but I could no more find it in me to protest this time than before. I was too hurt and too shamed.

But so was Teddy, and when we had been brought back in jolting silence to our starting point, she jumped out and began to walk away so swiftly that after I paid the driver I had to run for the better part of a block before I caught up with her.

"Please, if you insist on going, let me see you home."

"There's no need. Really. And I don't want you to think I'm angry with you, because I'm not. I had a perfectly lovely time, you'll never know how much I loved it, every minute of it. I'm just angry with myself, that's all. You and I are very different, and it's my fault, not yours. I should have faced it right at the beginning."

Still dumb, I shook her extended hand and watched her hurry off toward the subway and the Bronx.

Three days later I stood by my bunk staring at a letter from Teddy, incongruously pink and girlish on the coarse blue of my navy blanket. For a moment, immersed almost superstitiously in shame for the way I had messed things up with her, I was afraid to touch it. Finally I tore open the envelope.

It was the letter of a pen-pal, jolly and comradely. A friend had given her two tickets to the Columbia-Dartmouth game this coming Saturday (I was learning that when a girl says a friend she means a boy—otherwise she specifies). Wouldn't I please be her guest, so she could repay me just a little for all the fun I'd shown her?

If I had been older, probably I would have said no. But I was desperately lonely in those barracks, graduation time was nearing for my platoon, and I thought, if I say no she'll think I'm still pouting. And besides, hope revived: If I turned her down, how would I ever know for sure that she hadn't changed her mind and was using the football game as an excuse, a means of saying, I'm sorry, I was wrong, you were right, I'll do whatever you want?

So I awaited the weekend as fervently as I had all the others, and to calm myself on the long subway ride up to Baker Field I worked at two crossword puzzles, the easy one in the *Tribune* and the hard one in the *Times*.

Teddy met me by the entrance on the Columbia side, where she had said she would be—but so much more real, so much more beautiful than even my imaginings of her that I could almost have believed I not only wildly wanted her but wildly loved her too.

It was apparent immediately, though, that we were to be pals. Teddy was dressed for late November, and for this last game of the season, in plaid flannel skirt and a heavy mackinaw and little fuzzy earmuffs. She looked adorable. When she arranged her small lap robe across our knees I reached around her waist and hugged her tightly to me, but all I could feel were layers of wool and bulky insulation.

"It's my brother's mackinaw. Can you tell?"

"It looks better on you, I'll bet."

"This stadium must look pretty tiny to you after those Big Ten games with seventy and eighty thousand people in the stands."

It did, it did. I could hardly take any of it seriously, the scrimmages, the end runs, the collisions, the slow roars, the cheerleading. And especially not the athletes, so puny compared to the hulks on football scholarships with whom I had eaten in my Ohio coop. Not when so many other young men my age were burning and drowning, trapped in torpedoed tankers less than a hundred miles from where we sat cheering. But then it was going to be a long war, everyone promised us that, and these boys on the field would get their chance to die, some of them, next year.

As we shoved our way through the crowds onto the street, weaving in and out among the crawling cars, Teddy turned to me, her face glowing. I had never seen her prettier—or happier.

"That was fun, wasn't it?"

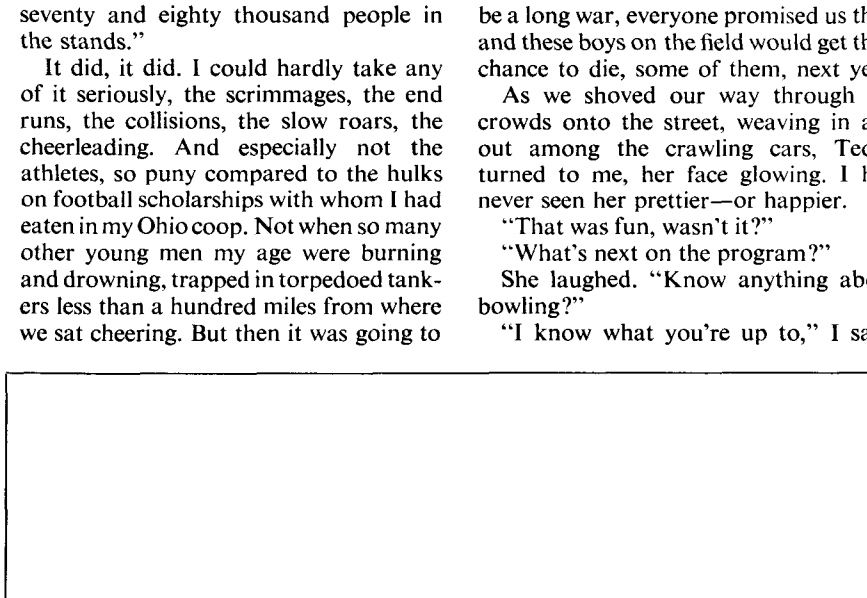
"What's next on the program?"

She laughed. "Know anything about bowling?"

"I know what you're up to," I said. "You're doing your best to wear me out."

We went to an alley she knew of in Washington Heights where a young crowd hung out—refined, she said, not bums or low-class. To me they looked like high-school graduates waiting to be drafted, and their kid sisters. No doubt their younger brothers were working as pin boys. We drank two Cokes and bowled two games. Teddy was a little clumsy, but I loved watching her strain forward eagerly, frowning over the progress of her ball down the alley.

(On display at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, England)



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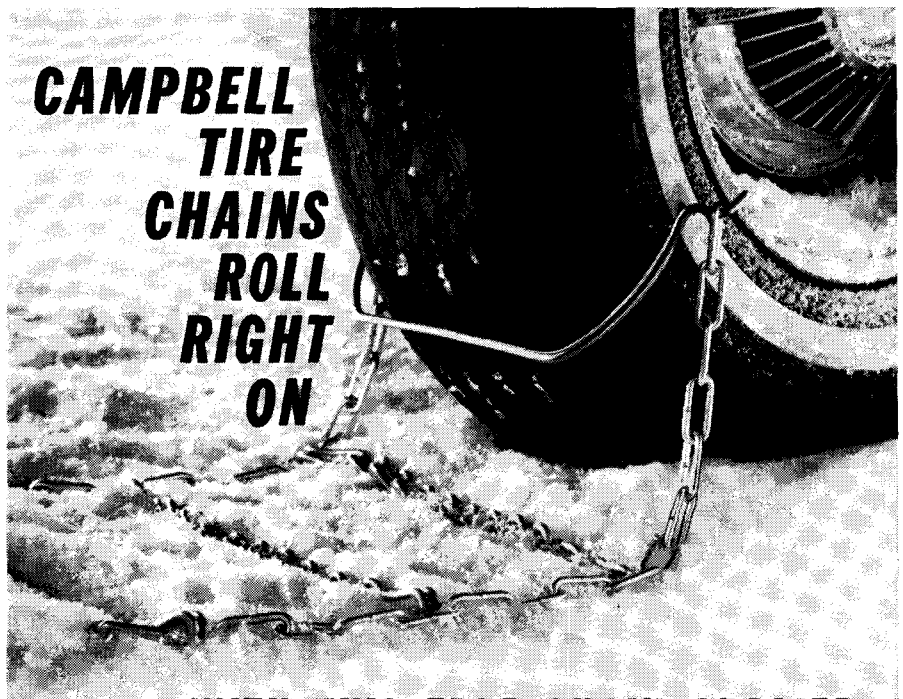

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A STORY FOR TEDDY

If only, I thought, if only. But I couldn't even plead with her, not when she was content to be surrounded by dozens of shouting kids her own age. Why keep pushing her, I asked myself, why not leave her to her games and her soft drinks and her soldier pen pals in Greenland, North Africa and Australia?

We had steaks—black market to judge from the price if not the taste—at a restaurant on upper Broadway, and as I chewed I mumbled, "We've had football and we've had bowling, now all we need is swimming to make our day complete."

"The Saint George Hotel pool has mixed swimming. Let's go!"

"I see enough water all week. We have to jump into the damn bay with rubber suits on, and sometimes they dump out a couple barrels of oil and set it on fire to make it more interesting to swim through."

"I didn't think," she said, crestfallen. "Anyway, it's too cold."

Of course when she spoke like that I had to insist we go. We rode the Seventh Avenue subway all the way down to Brooklyn, got off at Clark Street, and went up by elevator straight into the hotel without even setting foot on the street. We parted, for the first time all day, at the lockers, urging each other to hurry.

I got to the pool first. Teddy came in a moment later, a little shy, tugging at the nether parts of her rented tank suit as she stepped forward on the damp tiles, her pink-tinted toes curling gingerly upward. Her body was slight, paler than mine, and vulnerable. Her embarrassment only increased my own; I turned my eyes away, and dived into the water at the deep end. She slipped in and came up beside me, dripping and cheerful.

"Isn't it great? I'll race you down to the shallow end!"

Actually, although Teddy thrashed bravely, she couldn't swim very well. But she splashed me happily, slipping loose from my grasp when I reached out to paddle her. Laughing and gasping, she hauled herself out of the pool and flung herself upon the tiles. She grinned down at me as I hung from the lip of the pool, letting my legs dangle in the water.

"I'm so glad we came. You were sweet to bring me. Isn't this more fun than all that other stuff? You know what I mean."

"No," I said, "it's not."

Teddy's little bosom was rising and falling regularly, and the droplets of water clinging to her bare arms and legs glistened under the lights. I was infinitely touched by the fine golden down on the soft flesh of her legs and forearms. I had never seen her with so little clothing; her body was not only tender and almost childishly graceful, it was so appealing that it was physically painful for me to survey it without being able to touch it, and I shrank down into the water.

"Why?" she asked. "What's wrong?"

"Everything." I reached up and took hold of her ankle. It was so fine that my thumb and forefinger girdled it, nearly,

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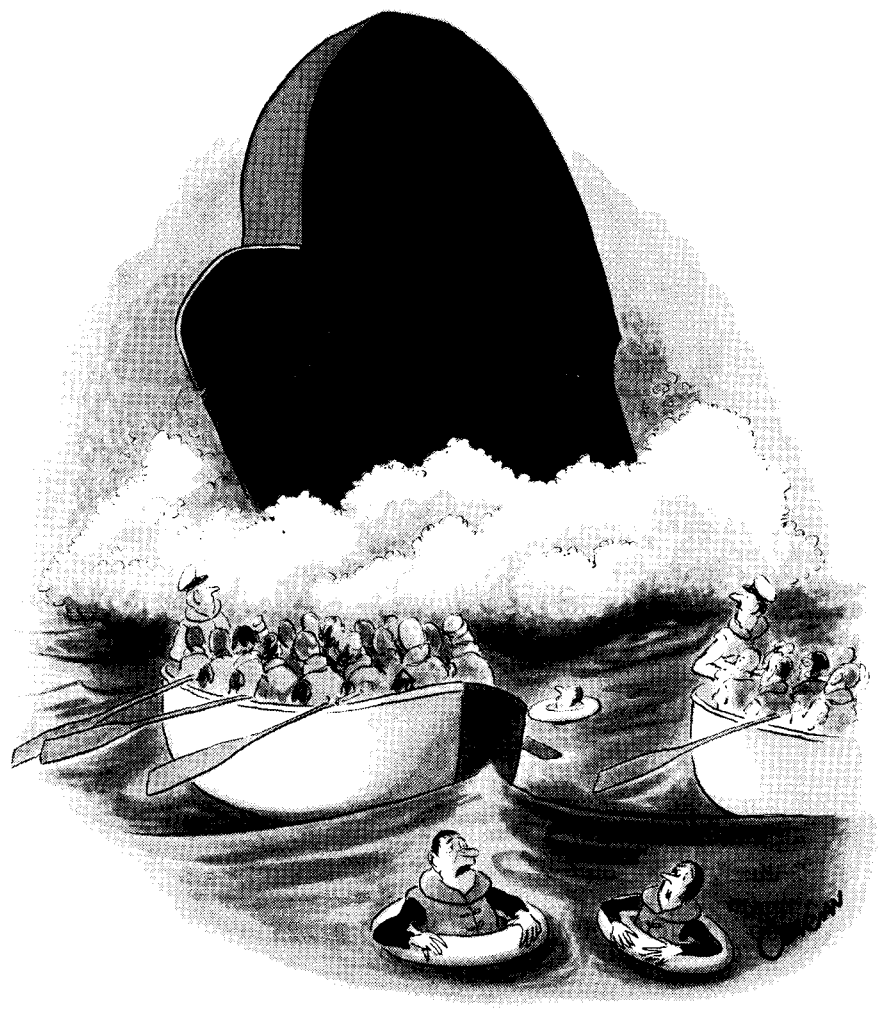

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Mildred, you're a damn jinx!"

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Meet M. Beaulieu, *le voyageur de commerce,* the traveling salesman. You'll accompany him on a train to the Champagne District (and hear some of his stories on the way), in Lesson 23 of EN FRANCE COMME SI VOUS Y ETIEZ. A traveling salesman teaching French? Why not? He's French. He lives in France. He's been speaking French for years . . . it's his native tongue. And he's just one of over 200 Frenchmen you'll meet in hundreds of amusing, authentic situations. Simple and direct concept? Sure. But *this is the first time it's been done.* You *are* in France. The French you learn is the French you need today. And you have a wonderful time in the process.

Who made EN FRANCE possible

Librairie Hachette, Europe's largest publisher and distributor, has spent 4 years producing EN FRANCE, in cooperation with **Hofstra University.** Constant research over the last 50 years to develop the most modern methods of teaching French to foreigners has established Hachette as the *European publishing authority in the field.* EN FRANCE emerges as a "first" in The Encyclopedia of Contemporary Languages and Civilizations, the most ambitious project undertaken by Hachette in its 150 years of publishing.

A complete reference library on France

Your tools are all contained in a handsome slipcase, wrapped in an antique map of Paris: a *380-page bound textbook;* a *record album* with 94 pages of drills and exercises, lyrics to 26 songs; over *1,200 photographs and drawings.* The authors of EN FRANCE have added a series of "Facts about France" usually revealed only during a visit. You get a taste of the "French that no one learns in school" – a touch of slang and the picturesque expressions of everyday life that make all the difference.

Free extras

To bring France still closer to you, we've included a special edition of the leading newspaper "France-Soir," maps of Paris' métro and buses, postal service guide, invaluable tips on transportation, hotels, sights, weather.

40 LP records

Even more . . . EN FRANCE brings to you *234 Frenchmen on 40 7" LP vinyl records.* 8 hours of the sounds of France and its language, as it was recorded on the spot. *234 private teachers* to help you speak French with a French accent!

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- **lyrics to 26 original songs**
- **1,200 photos and drawings**
- **Maps of Paris métro and buses**
- **3 "how to" guides**
- **special issue of "France-Soir"**
- **library slipcase**

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and it seemed to me that I could feel every little interlocking bone as she flexed it in an instinctive frightened withdrawal. "Do you know what I'd be doing now if there was no one in the pool but us?"

Teddy giggled. "There'd still be those people up in the balcony, looking down at us."

"I mean if we had the pool entirely to ourselves. I'd pull you down here into the water," I said desperately, "I'd hold you against me, I'd kiss you ——"

Her grin faded. She drew her foot from my grasp and pulled her knees up tight against her chest, hugging them as if she had taken a sudden chill, or perhaps wanted to hide from me as much of herself as she could.

"Listen," she broke in nervously, "why don't you come up here and sit next to me, and we'll talk about something else?"

"What else is there to talk about?" I knew my voice was too loud, but I didn't care. "What else can I think about? If you'd only grow up a little ——"

Teddy colored all the way down to the base of her throat. She turned her head swiftly, anxiously, in all directions, to see if any of the handful of Saturday-night swimmers, mostly older women, had overheard us.

"Please don't be angry with me," she said. "You know something, there must be other girls you could go out with besides me. You know—I mean, bad girls. Then you and I could just have fun like we did today."

"You're joking."

"No, no, I'm not." She sucked in her breath and laughed jaggedly. "We could have such fun. Couldn't we?"

I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. All I could think of to say was, "Here I'm telling you that you're adorable, that it's you I want and not some stranger, but nothing registers. It's obvious that you don't care about me, or you wouldn't say such fantastic things."

"No," Teddy muttered, not looking at me, "it's you who don't care for me. Do you think, if you loved me, that we'd ——" She broke off with a quick shudder. The little golden hairs were standing upright on her arms and legs. "See," she said sadly, "I'm all goose pimples. I'm going to take a hot shower. We've done enough for one day, haven't we?"

I remained in the barracks after that, brooding, waiting to ship out into the North Atlantic. I made no effort to get in touch with Teddy. Finally, since for the first time in months I had time on my hands and access to a typewriter in the master at arms' office, where I often stood night watch alone, I wrote a short story.

It was a bitter story, of course, about a young serviceman who, because he is denied physical intimacy by a girl who claims to love him, goes recklessly to his death, a snarl upon his lips.

I made two copies. The first went to *The New Yorker*. After debating with myself for a day or so, I wrote across the face of the carbon copy, *Here is the most I can offer you for Christmas, something I made for you myself, from the bottom of my heart*. I signed my name and mailed it to Teddy.

A few days later the original came back from *The New Yorker*. I stuck it into a fresh envelope and shipped it off to *The Atlantic Monthly*, where I knew from experience that it would rest long enough for me to go off to sea under the happy illusion that it was being seriously considered.

I heard nothing at all from Teddy. After a few days I could stand it no longer, and one night I rang her up from the pay phone in the recreation room. She answered, but from her tone, a little frightened when she recognized my voice, and more breathless than usual, I was sure that she was not alone.

"Teddy," I said, "I've been worried by your silence. Are you all right?"

"Yes, I am. Are you?"

"Yes, of course. Is your mother there with you?"

"I don't see what difference that makes." Then she said what her mother must have been coaching her to say, against the moment when I should phone again. "My mother feels I shouldn't see you anymore. And I think she's right."

I was so shocked that I forgot to ask about my story. I stammered, "But all I wanted was to see you one last time before I ship out. Does that seem so unfair? For us just to get together this Saturday afternoon?"

"If you had any respect for my wishes," she said stiffly, "you wouldn't press it any further."

I muttered good-bye and slammed down the receiver. But the next day, after a night spent cursing myself for not having let matters rest with my sardonically inscribed story, I received a note from Teddy.

She apologized for the way she had spoken (I was right, her mother had been listening) and went on to add that if I still wanted to say good-bye she would look for me on Saturday, at one o'clock, in the waiting room of Penn Station. She would tell her mother that she was going shopping at Macy's.

It was Teddy's willingness to deceive her mother that encouraged in me the wild hope that my story had accomplished what my physical presence and my pleading had not. But when I dashed into Penn Station, hurrying about in search of her, Teddy came up to me unexpectedly and offered me only her hand and not her lips. The hand was gloved, but I had the feeling that her fingers would be cold; her lips were pale and bloodless, and she smiled at me tremulously.

"You look well," she said. "I'm sorry I can't stay very long."

People were bumping into us in their anxiety to reach the Escalator. The vaulted terminal was bleak, drafty, and to me—at that moment—terrifying.

"Teddy," I said, "you can't just shake my hand and walk away." I pointed to the bag hanging from her left hand. "You've done your Macy's shopping already. That ought to satisfy your mother. Can't we get out of here? Please?"

"If we could just be happy one last time? Like we were for a little while . . ."

"Come with me." I took her by the hand. "I know a good French restaurant near here. While we eat you can talk and I can sit and admire you."

"You'll have to promise that you won't get personal like that."

"Supposing I get personal *not* like that?"

By the time we reached the restaurant we were laughing together; you might have thought we were just getting to know each other. But in a matter of minutes the laughter had faded away, and we were face to face more nakedly than we had ever been before.

We had entered the restaurant and passed through the long narrow bar where three elderly Frenchmen were having their aperitifs, seated ourselves at the last table in the glassed-in garden dining room off the courtyard and ordered our hors d'oeuvres, when Teddy suddenly pouted, as one does when one remembers a forgotten obligation. Then she reached into her red-and-green, holiday-decorated shopping bag and handed me back my story.

I stared at her, my spoonful of pickled beets suspended in air.

"Teddy," I said at last, "that was a present. A Christmas present. You don't give back presents."

"I have to. I just can't accept it."

"But why?"

"It, uh ——" Teddy swallowed. "It was insulting, that's why. Here, take it, please! Then we won't have to talk about it."

"The hell we won't! Do you know how hard I worked on it? Maybe it's not the greatest story in the world, but it's the best I have in me, and you might at least have acknowledged it, even if you didn't like it."

"But I did. I do." Teddy gazed at me in agony. "It's just that you shouldn't have put down all those intimate details."

"I can't believe that you felt like that when you first read it," I began, and then I stopped. A suspicion formed in my mind. "Wait a minute. Did you show that story to anyone else?"

"Well . . . just to my mother."

"I knew it." I was too sickened to be triumphant. "You might as well give me her literary verdict. I'm sure she had some memorable comment."

"She said it was dirty."

I jumped to my feet and flung down my napkin, knocking a knife and a fork to the floor. My legs seemed to be entangled with my half-tipped-over chair. A French family at the next table looked up in surprise from its *pot-au-feu*. So did three ladies on the other side of us.

With her knuckles at her lips, Teddy asked, "Where are you going?"

"I'm leaving. What did you expect?"

Ignoring the tears that were welling from her eyes and dropping like little jewels onto her artichoke hearts, Teddy whispered, "Please, please, please, don't go. Don't leave me like this."

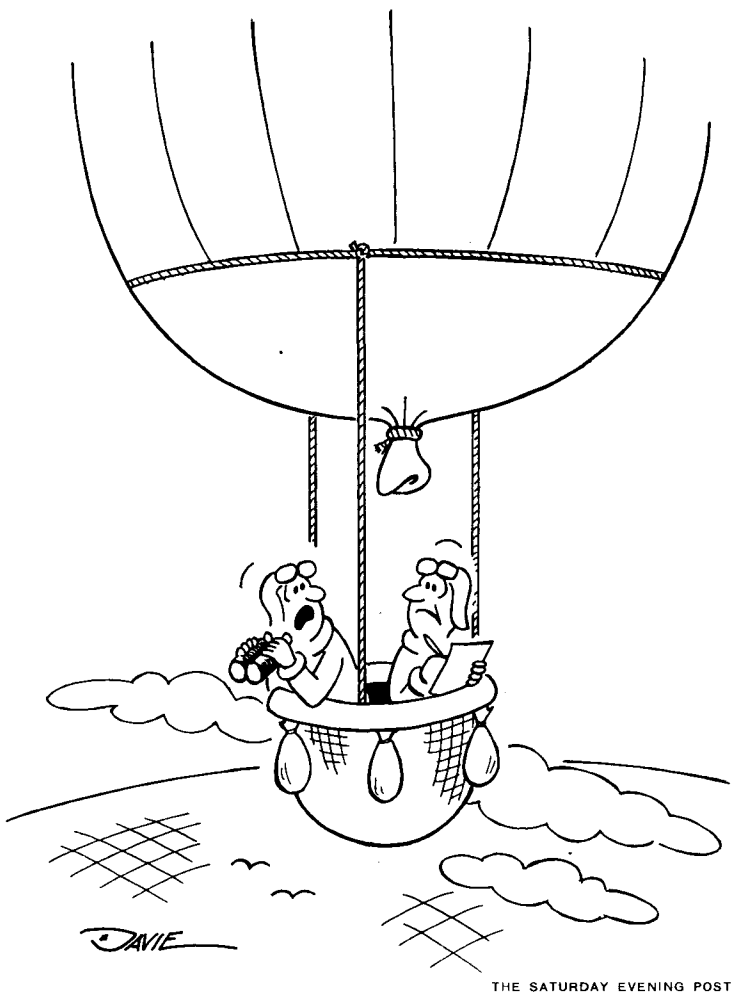
Frightened by her tears and by the enormity of what I was about to do—walk out on a sobbing girl under the disapproving gaze of a room full of people—I hesitated.

Teddy went on. "I promise not to say anything more to upset you. All I ever wanted was for us to have fun together, without hurting anybody, before you shipped out."

So I sat down. Weeping softly, Teddy told me that I had expected too much of her from the start, that she wasn't like all the other, older girls with whom I had been intimate. (There had only been two, but Teddy imagined scores.)

"I suppose the trouble was," she mused sadly, somewhat more under control, "that it was all just a little too cold-blooded. If I had felt that you cared for me . . . I couldn't lie to my mother about that. Don't you see? Maybe she's not so smart, but she's all I've got, she and Stevie, and I have to live the way she expects me to. The way she wants me to."

If before, Teddy had made me enraged, now she was making me squirm. Seeing this, she reached over the *omelette aux fines herbes* with which we had been



"No, I didn't say 'Pssst'! Didn't you say 'Pssst'?"

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served, touched me lightly on the arm and added, "Don't ever think I'm not grateful. You can't imagine how much you've done for me."

Mollified, I disclaimed any special virtue, and we left the restaurant almost as calmly as we had entered it. We strolled up to Forty-second and then east through Times Square to Bryant Park, stopping under the movie marquees to study the stills of the Ritz Brothers and the Three Stooges, of Lynn Bari and Jean Parker.

We sat on a stone bench under a leafless tree in Bryant Park, discussing books and observing the types on their way into the library. We were careful not to talk about ourselves, or about Christmas, or about what the New Year would bring; when we bumped knees, we excused ourselves. But then it began to rain again, the fine but mean rain of a Manhattan December; and as we looked hopelessly at each other and then at the forbidding bulk of the Library, I remembered the movie houses on Forty-second Street.

"Come on," I said, "I'll take you to see *Intermezzo*."

"I really must go home. I'm expected."

"Not yet." I tugged her off the bench. "You yourself told me Ingrid Bergman is the most beautiful girl in the world; you bragged about seeing her in front of Bloomingdale's."

Laughing and protesting, Teddy allowed me to hurry her to the theater. But *Intermezzo* was a mistake. We had to sit through the last hour of an anti-Nazi epic plus a newsreel of Mrs. Thomas E. Dewey launching a Liberty ship, before we were rewarded with Leslie Howard making love to Ingrid Bergman. They went off together to celebrate their illicit passion in a sun-kissed Mediterranean villa, knowing—or at least Ingrid knowing—that it could come to no good end, and that she would have to tiptoe out of Leslie's life in order to spare him for his art.

I sat with my arm around Teddy's shoulders, but I might as well have clasped a statue. She held herself absolutely rigid and stared fixedly at the screen through the little shell-rimmed glasses about which she was no longer self-conscious, her elbows tight against her sides, her fingers locked together in her lap. By the end of the film I was intoxicated all over again with the odor of Teddy's damp blond hair and lightly fragrant perfume, and she was biting her lips, fighting back tears as Ingrid took leave of her unsuspecting lover. The theme music swelled to a crescendo, and we groped our way out to the street.

It was almost pitch dark, and the rain was driving into our faces. To my astonishment I captured a cab, and we tumbled gratefully into it, slammed the door behind us, and waved the driver on. The astonishment was nothing, though, to the shock I felt when Teddy flung her arms around my neck, held me so tightly I could hardly breathe, and kissed me as I had taught her to kiss.

My God! I thought (if I thought at all), have I won at the last possible moment? And when the driver, by now well o the way across town, called back, "Which way, folks?" I whispered to her, "Let's go down to the apartment. Now!"

I have thought since then that if I had been more mature, more masterful, if I had simply directed the driver down to Jane Street, I might have won out. But I doubt it. For Teddy shook her head fiercely, even while she continued to caress me, and muttered, "No, no, no, I'm going home, I'm saying good-bye to you here."

We remained clasped in each other's arms all the way up to the Bronx. In front of her apartment house, while I stood, distraught, counting bills into the cabdriver's hand, Teddy ran a comb through her hair and apologized for the expense of the long ride.

"I'm the one who should apologize," I said, "for never taking you home before. Let's go on up."

In the back of my mind, I suppose, was the final hope that Teddy's mother and brother would be out.

The old red-brick building was shabby, with peeling hallways; what was worse, it was a walk-up, and Teddy lived on the top floor. We climbed slowly and awkwardly with our arms around each other's waist, and on the third floor Teddy told me, blushing, that we still had two more flights to go. "The higher you go, see, the cheaper the rent is."

As we moved dreamlike up the last flights, I thought how often she must have flitted up and down all these steps—no wonder she was so slim!

When we reached the top floor she indicated silently the door which was hers: 6B. But before she could say anything unbuttoned her coat—my pea jacket v already open—and pulled her close to me. As I began to kiss her, she went limp. I was kissing her hair, her ears, her eyelids, her cheeks, but when I pressed my

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lips to hers she did not respond with the ardor that had so surprised me in the taxi; she remained passive, drooping like a flower deprived of sun, her eyes closed as I raised her unresisting arms and slipped them around my neck.

For some reason this passivity drove me wild and I tore blindly at her woolen dress. Her eyes fluttered, flooded with tears. I could taste them on my tongue as they coursed down her face.

Suddenly I was crying too. "Teddy, Teddy, Teddy," I whispered, and felt her give way in my arms. At that instant the door of 6B swung open, and Teddy's mother flew into the hall like some great bird of prey.

She could have been no older than I am now, but she seemed a dreadful old bag, a harpy, her hair half-crammed into a net, her eyes darting venomously out of a craggy face greasy with cold cream. As I released Teddy, she pulled her coat together to cover her gaping dress, and then, yanked forward in her mother's iron grip, stumbled blindly into the sanctuary of their apartment. Her mother flashed me one scornful glance—part rage and part pure triumph—before she slammed the door.

I stood there dripping rain and sweat, too shocked even to be conscious of frustration, and my eye was caught by the Macy's shopping bag, crammed with gaily wrapped Christmas presents, that had fallen from Teddy's hand to the floor. I bent to pick it up. and the door opened again. Without a word Teddy's mother snatched the bag from me, and before I could open my mouth she had slammed the door again.

No doubt it was the shopping bag, decorated with holly and mistletoe, that reminded me of my story, my gift to Teddy. As I made my way slowly down the long flights of steps, pulling myself together to face what had to be faced in the world beyond Teddy, I discovered that I did not have the manuscript she had returned to me. It must have been kicked under the table at the restaurant, and as I swayed out into the dreary street I thought, Well, I'll never see the restaurant, I'll never see the story, I'll never see her. Never again.

I was right, of course; at least in that limited realization I was right, if in nothing else. But a few weeks ago I had to see an editor about a manuscript, and I drove into New York and parked in a West Side lot. It was a raw, wintry day, with the soundless wind rushing papers about the streets to remind one that, beyond the solid brick and stone, nature still strove to do one down. I gave myself an extra moment of my car heater's warmth before braving the cold, and while I was checking the contents of my briefcase and putting on my hat to protect my bald skull, I was overcome by the eerie sensation of having been here once before—in some different incarnation, younger, hatless, without a briefcase. But in an empty lot?

The attendant rapped on the car window with his knuckles. "What do you say, Mac, I haven't got all day. Leave the key in the car."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Do you live around here?"

"I was born exactly two blocks down the street." He was an underslung, argumentative Italian, remarkable only for his long nose, and for his pride in the place of his birth. "Anything you want to know about the neighborhood, ask."

"What used to be here, before the parking lot?"

"Rooming house, like every house on the block. Restaurant on the first floor."

My eyes began to smart. I closed them for a moment. "A French restaurant?"

"French, Italian, what's the difference? A restaurant."

I got out of the car and shuddered in the chill wind as loose sheets of paper plastered themselves against my shins. They were not likely to be pages of the story I had left behind, a story which had surely turned to ashes with the restaurant, and probably long before. The story was gone, so was the little blonde who had sat just here, weeping as she handed it back to me, one of the harshest rejections my work was ever to suffer—and so was I, the would-be writer, pompous but still unsure of his craft and of his magic charm.

We have all three died, as surely as if the war had done us in; but did we really die forever? Teddy still lives in my mind as she was then, whether she has gained the chairmanship of her P.T.A. or not. And I, too, live again in my mind as I was then, whether or not I have won my way to what I dearly desired to be—a celebrant of life in death. Only that well-meant and ill-written story, that rejected gift, deserved to die forever. These lines, called up by the sudden stinging recollection of two young strangers, the boy and girl at the last table of the garden restaurant, yearning for everything but understanding nothing—these lines are the real story for Teddy. THE END

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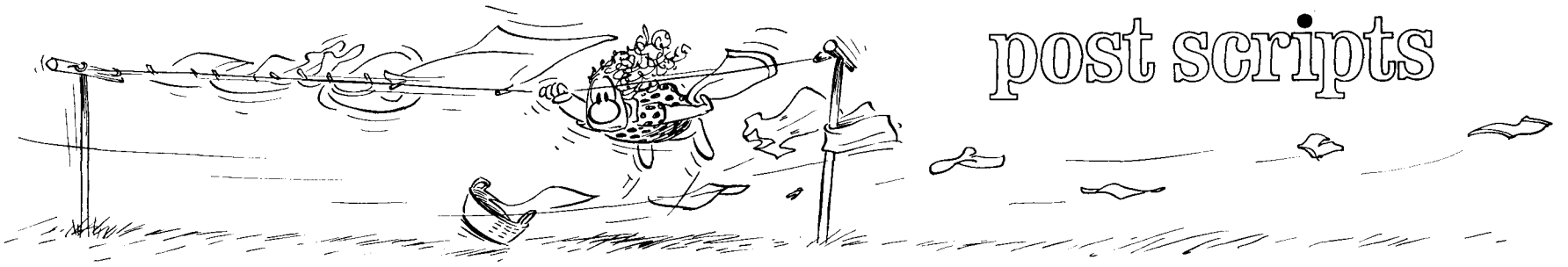
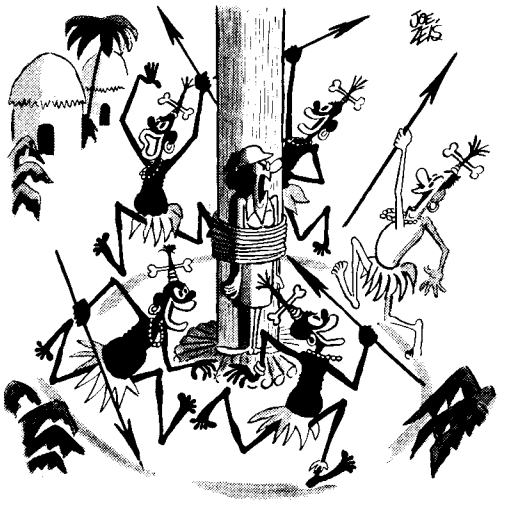


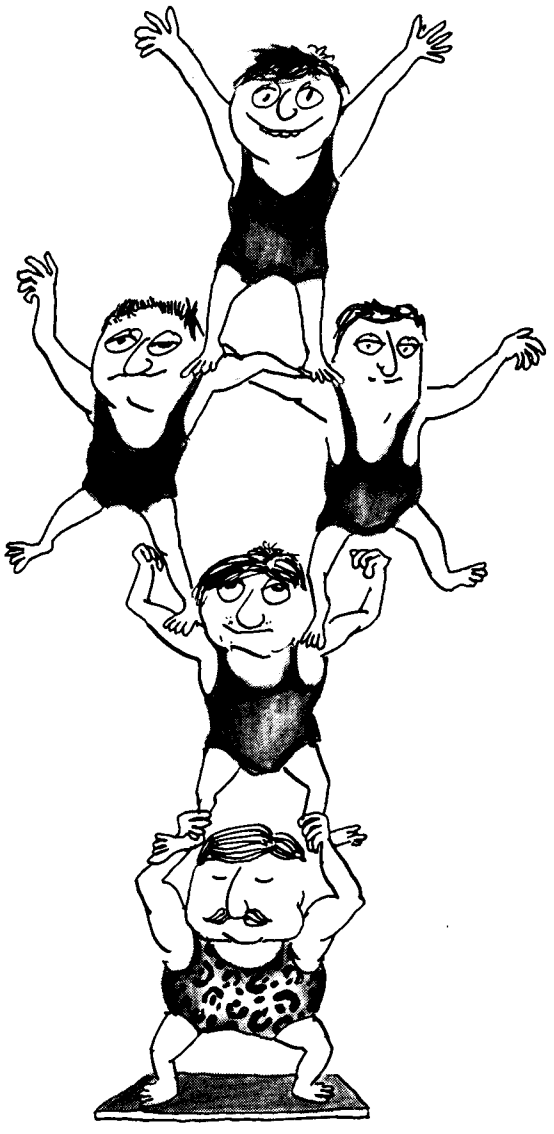
post scripts

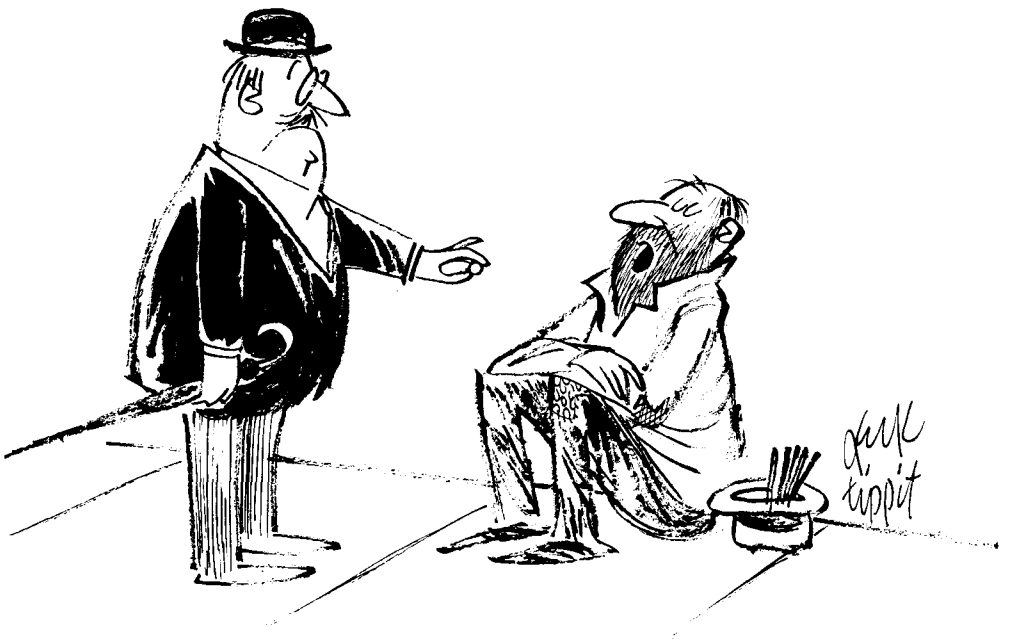
"I can't help wondering, what's in it for him?"

"Your baby-sitter wants to know where you keep the beer opener and the paper hats."



"Carter—I want a divorce!"





"Sorry, Mac, I haven't opened up yet."

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Now . . . for people who'd buy a Le Mans hardtop if there were such a thing—

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

there is such a thing.

"If only the Le Mans had a 6," someone said. Ahem! The standard engine now an in-line 6 of 140 horsepower, with a pair of extra-cost V-8s for added muscle if you want it.

"If only the Le Mans were just a little bigger." And so it is. Bigger —on a new 115" wheelbase—and roomier. (And speaking of new, that's what the body and brakes and frame and suspension and steering and wheels and most other things are. Good and new.)

"If only the Le Mans came in a hardtop," someone else said, with perfect timing. It just came. And now that we've wiped out your last possible excuse for not buying a Pontiac Le Mans, how about it?

Wide-Track Pontiac Le Mans

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With press releases, plastic whales, beauty queens and dubbed-in Spanish moss, an aquatic Barnum named Dick Pope makes a patch of muckland a U. S. tourist shrine.

By ROY BONGARTZ

The Superswamp

Cypress Gardens: Florida's eighteen-karat illusion

Impresario Pope cues tourists' cameras on "picture boat" as aqua-maids ski by.

Pyramids of leggy girls ski over the water, hell-drivers crash speedboats through a wall of fire, underwater ballerinas dart in graceful arabesques, and a citrus queen emerges from a Florida-shaped pool filled with 27,000 oranges. Southern belles in crinoline pose with parasols against cypresses draped in Spanish moss. A TV crew focuses on a bevy of bathing beauties on an imitation sandy beach; advertising men photograph mugs of foaming beer before an ersatz waterfall. Hawkers sell fruit juice, postcards and alligator-hide souvenirs.

Once again this winter, as for some 30 years now, battalions of Miami-bound tourists will compulsively follow Cypress Gardens signs and make the detour into this phony jungle to traipse through the flowers, ride electric boats along alligator canals, and clamber into grandstands to snap pictures literally by the million. They are snared into this very small but very busy bog by a 63-year-old talkative troll named Dick Pope, inventor of Cypress Gardens. Pope has also been called the man who invented Florida.

Cypress Gardens is nothing more than a few acres of central Florida swamp plus Dick Pope, but it has had feature Hollywood movies made about it, including two starring Esther Williams and one in Cinerama. It has appeared in a score of full-length TV programs and as background in hundreds of commercials. Emperors and kings visit Cypress Gardens. It is the self-styled water-skiing capital of the world, and the spiritual home of America's gift to world culture, the beauty queen. It grossed $2.5 million last year.

The 1.5 million tourists who show up every year, their car bumpers thick with stickers, their minds numbed by Disneylands, Storylands, Freedomlands and Authentic Indian Bad Lands, make no complaint about coming all the way to Winter Haven to look at a mock-up for advertising backdrops. They may even think it is real.

Behind it all, Dick Pope seems to be swarming everywhere at once over his bit of marsh. A ruddy, gravel-voiced man of five feet, five, Pope has been a speedboat stunt man and a real-estate salesman, and

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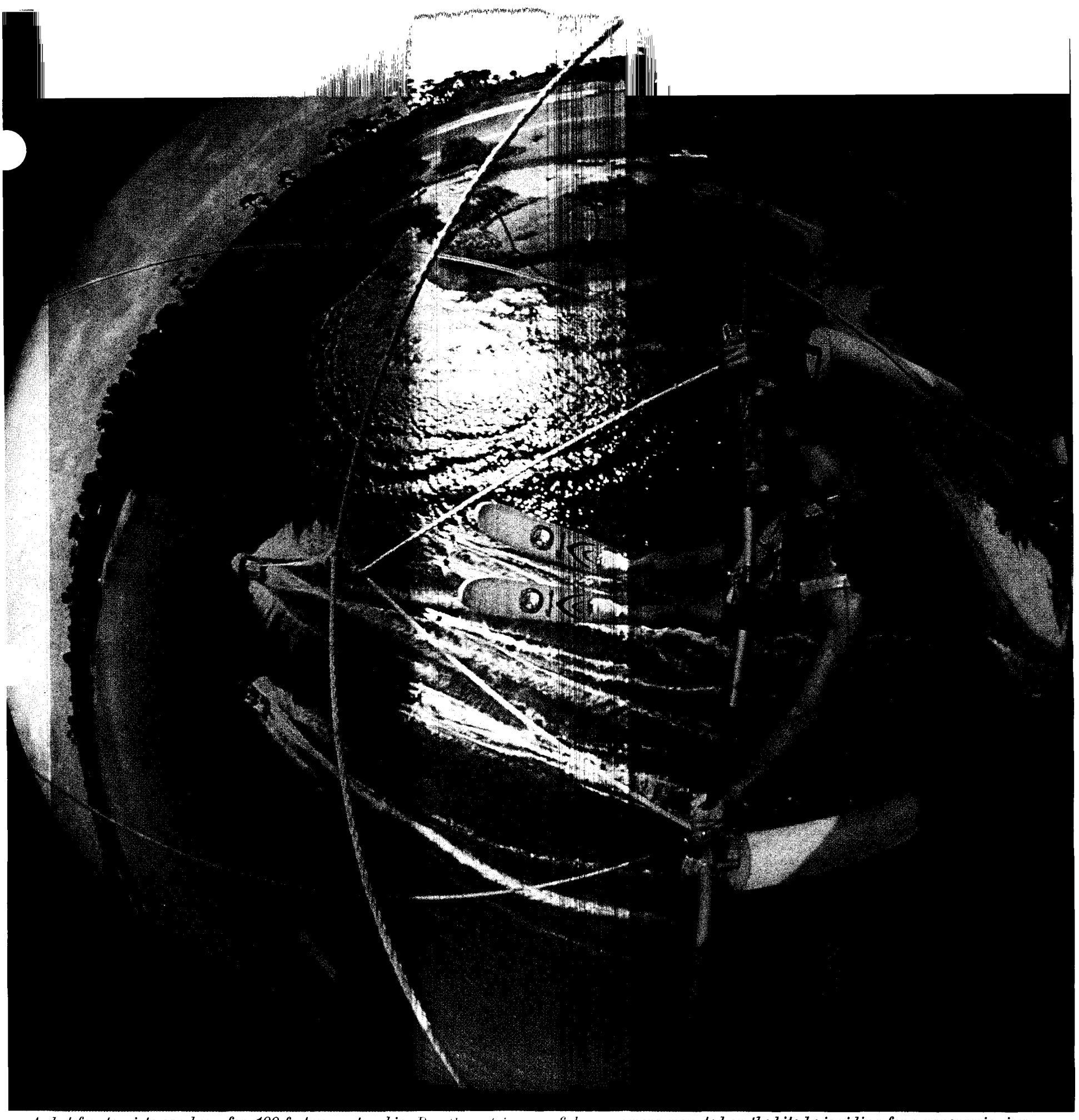

A shot few tourists can hope for: 100 feet up, water skier Don Seyez triggers a fish-eye camera mounted on the kite he is riding for a panoramic view.

used to do a Charlie Chaplin imitation in vaudeville. Typically, he wears a dazzling blue silk jacket with brass buttons, a Hawaiian palm-tree shirt, gold pants and brown-and-white perforated alligator-hide shoes. Behind steel-rimmed bifocals he radiates an amused innocence, like a schoolboy given a good-conduct award by mistake. Pointing to his crowds of tourists, he croaks, "Look at all those two-dollar bills walking around."

Thirty years ago, for $2,800, Pope took over a dozen acres of swamp in Winter Haven when the state canal commission, of which he was a member, gave up as a fool's project the idea of draining it. Pope dug some channels with the idea of giving boat rides to prospective real-estate customers. "I was going to sell them while they were kind of drunk with beauty," he says. The locals scoffed, calling him Maestro of the Muck and Swami of the Swamp. Pope dredged on, undaunted, and his wife raided friends' gardens. By 1936 they were charging people a quarter to come in and look at flowers. Soon afterward Pope created the first Florida beauty queen. Now the Gardens, no bigger than one medium-large stone out of Grand Canyon, is tied with the Canyon for the title of No. 1 U. S. tourist attraction according to a recent travel editors' poll.

The tourists, after parking in the "award-winning Palm Bowl parking lot" and leaving their pets in the Mut-tel, follow flagstone walks among Confederate roses, two-headed palms and monkey puzzle trees with fresh orchids tied to them just out of reach. Spanish moss is also carefully tied to the trees.

A 75-cent boat ride gets tourists drunk with beauty before they arrange themselves on the beach to see the waterskiing show. A specialist helps them get their film in the camera—"Some of these people just stand there helpless and let their film unwind on the floor," says a clerk in the store. Picture-takers climb into a "photo stadium" where they get lapel buttons reading OFFICIAL CYPRESS GARDENS GUEST PHOTOGRAPHER. An announcer gives light readings and calls, "Now,

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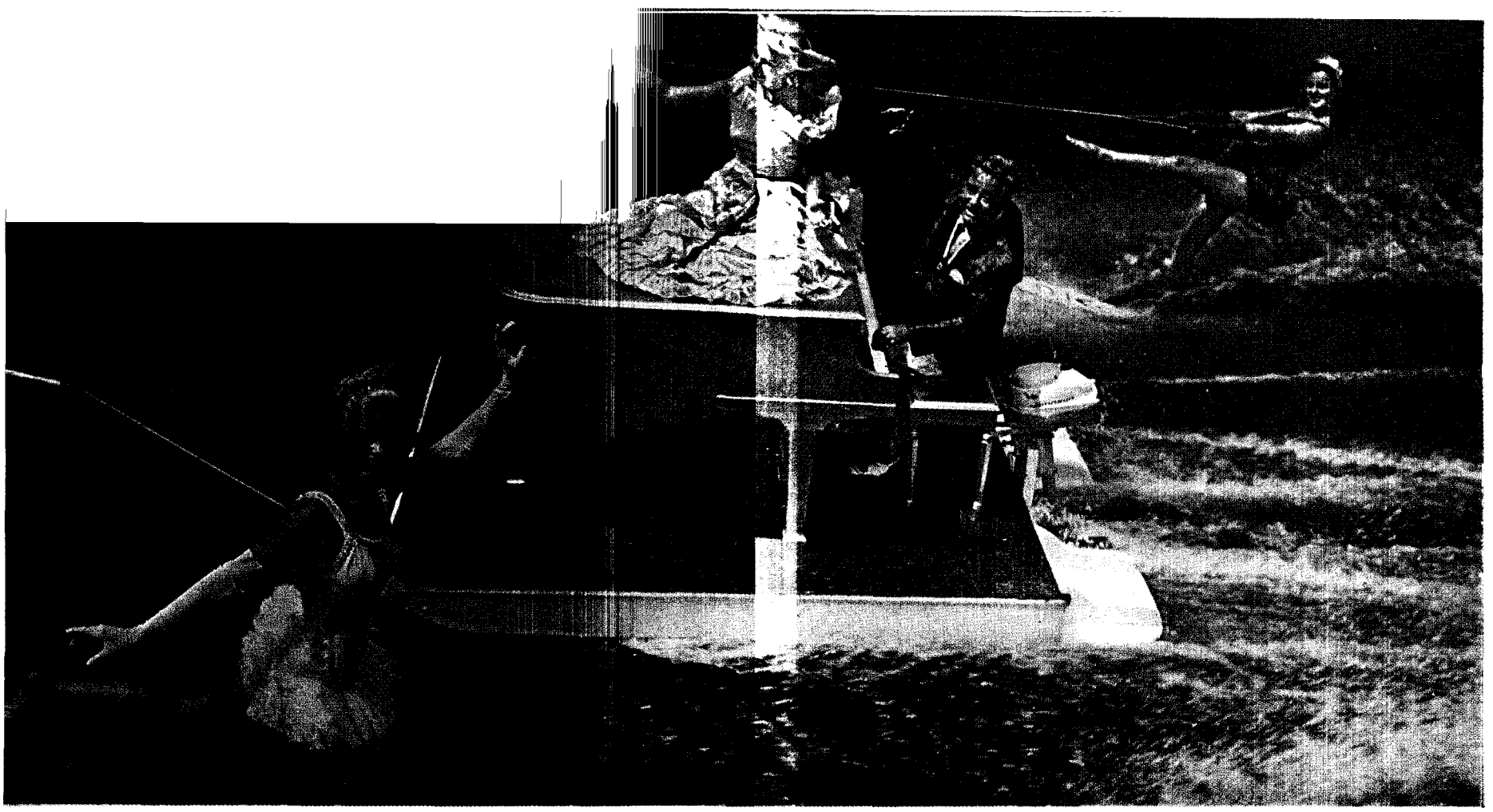

Pope plays a gold piano, aqua-maid Betty Jackson poses in crinolines, pretty skiers ski backward and forward and showmanship breaks out all over . . .

J.F.K. was there–but nobody remembered to get a picture.

ready, look through your viewfinder . . . OK, shoot!" A CYPRESS GARDENS sign is placed in camera range, making it nearly impossible to take pictures without including a plug.

The hypnotizer of these happy cameramen and flower-sniffers is an ingratiating big-kid tycoon who collects funny hats, toy catalogues, comical signs and party tricks. At Pope's house in Winter Haven a battery-operated frog advances menacingly upon guests, retreats only when a ball is rolled into his mouth, whereupon he sticks out his tongue, lights up his eyes, and croaks like Dick Pope. A mechanical parrot conceals a tape recorder and repeats what is said to him (mostly by Dick Pope). These pets operate in a barnlike two-story "den" he built onto his house hoping to be interviewed in it on *Person to Person*. But Ed Murrow never came.

Pope loves to talk. Of the tourist business, he proclaims, "Folks want waving palms, not itching palms." He says, "You can cut a man's hair many times, but scalp him only once." He claims weather reports should give "mostly sunny" instead of "partly cloudy," and when it rains he says, "It's the best lousy weather in the country." When the Shah of Iran came to visit, Pope said, "There's no business like Shah business."

In Pope's office, "the little Vatican," the desk is covered with gadgets and funny signs (KEEP SMILING, IT MAKES PEOPLE WONDER WHAT YOU'RE UP TO). A Cypress Gardens Microscopic Credit Line Award adorns a wall, the current winner being a magazine ad for Admiral TV with a picture of water skiers but only a minuscule reference to Cypress Gardens in the margin. Push buttons are supposed to cause coffee, orange juice or other beverages to appear in a serving window. Pope had his office built without windows to avoid distraction, but it frustrated him so much, not seeing what was going on out in his bog, that he had a periscope put in through the roof.

Pope was born in Des Moines, but as a Florida paper puts it, he "moved here before he was able to promote much of anything except dry pants." He and his kid brother Malcolm were first famous as stunters; Malcolm was the first man to jump over obstacles in a boat, and Dick the first to jump on water skis. In 1929 they wired up 48 skyrockets to their boat and set them off. The boat went 35 feet, and there was a great deal of smoke. During World War II, the Popes were summoned to Washington as rocketry consultants—somebody remembered their boat. They had a hard time begging off.

To keep Americans aware of Cypress Gardens, Pope aims a ceaseless barrage of photographs at newspaper and magazine editors; one of his cheesecake shots made no less than 3,760 newspapers. "Some editors may think they've run the same picture three weeks before," Pope admits, "but this is no deterrent. For years Eleanor Roosevelt's picture appeared in the papers three and four times a week." Pope says his photo bombardment amounts to advertising on the O.P.M. system—"other people's money." He also says "a queen a day keeps the sheriff away."

Pope was especially pleased when a newspaper photo of a wrecked car clearly showed a Cypress Gardens bumper sticker. But he pales when he thinks of President Kennedy. "Jack used to fly up here from Palm Beach six or eight years ago and spend the weekend with us. Imagine how I felt when Jack was elected President and we didn't have a single picture of him at the Gardens!"

Pope's son Dick Jr. has cooperated in the venture by inventing barefoot water skiing and by marrying a citrus queen, Frances Layton. Frances had to abdicate, however, before the wedding could take place—citrus queens have to be single. She told newsmen, "I'm no different from any other girl just because I have been Florida Citrus Queen. I just want to marry the man I love—now." When the Duke of Windsor met the couple, he told Pope, "That makes your son and myself members of the smallest club in the world."

The herds of tourists willingly obey Pope's eight full-time photographers and deploy themselves gawking around the daily coronations, as visual proof of the box-office draw of the place. Besides bathing beauties, the photographers can also aim at a plastic, helium-filled whale that will rise at the end of a fishing pole. Pope once posed a real Eskimo named Puppy-gitwok-Koopuak with the thing. The outlander also tried water skiing. "Water shoeing much fun," he averred.

"How do you think of these things?" Norman Vincent Peale once asked Pope. "I try to think big," Pope said. "I may have three queens a day. If other places start crowning three, I'll crown six." To this Peale replied, "Think big, pray big."

Another Pope idea is to have a 250-mile water-skiing canal put alongside the Florida turnpike. When one scheme fails, a dozen take its place. Neckties with Gardens scenes are sold nationwide. Ten labels from cans of Gardens fruits will get you into the swamp free. Genius brings imitators, and other towns like to pretend that they, too, have a Dick Pope. A Naples, Fla., paper noted, "Winter Haven is very proud of Cypress Gardens, and Naples should be just as proud of Junkie Fleischman's Caribbean Gardens" (a mecca featuring Duck Vaudeville).

For his pains in luring tourists, Pope has been rewarded by a Dick Pope Appreciation Day in Lake Wales, a town which also named Pope Boulevard after him. The governor made it a statewide Dick Pope Day. Florida barbers, who claimed they were not kidding, chose Pope as one of the 10 best-groomed men in Florida. But the compliment Pope likes best is simply a drove of tourists; on his best day so far he had 8,631.

Most profitable of the Gardens' sidelines is a souvenir shop selling seashell handbags, alligator-head key chains, stuffed alligators, alligators with conch shells, Cypress Gardens picture towels, and Cypress Gardens T-shirts with a bathing beauty whose eyes move. The shop grossed $515,000 last year.

Pope rarely asks help from anyone, but on one occasion aid seemed to come from high places. When a convention of Medal of Honor winners appeared on a TV show at the Gardens, the sun set behind the cypresses just as taps sounded. "How the Lord cooperated," Pope says piously. "Even M-G-M couldn't have done that." In a rare second or two of silence, he gazes out over the swamp, perhaps recalling the sight of singer Lenny Dee *and* an electric organ being wafted across the water on a large number of water skis as Dee sang the Cypress Gardens song:

I thank my maker
For God's little acre,
Beautiful, lovely Cypress Gardens,
Beautiful, lovely Cypress Gardens.

THE END

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. . . until a swell upsets the aquaplane. No one was hurt, but the unprecedented accident predictably got the Gardens a splash in the papers.

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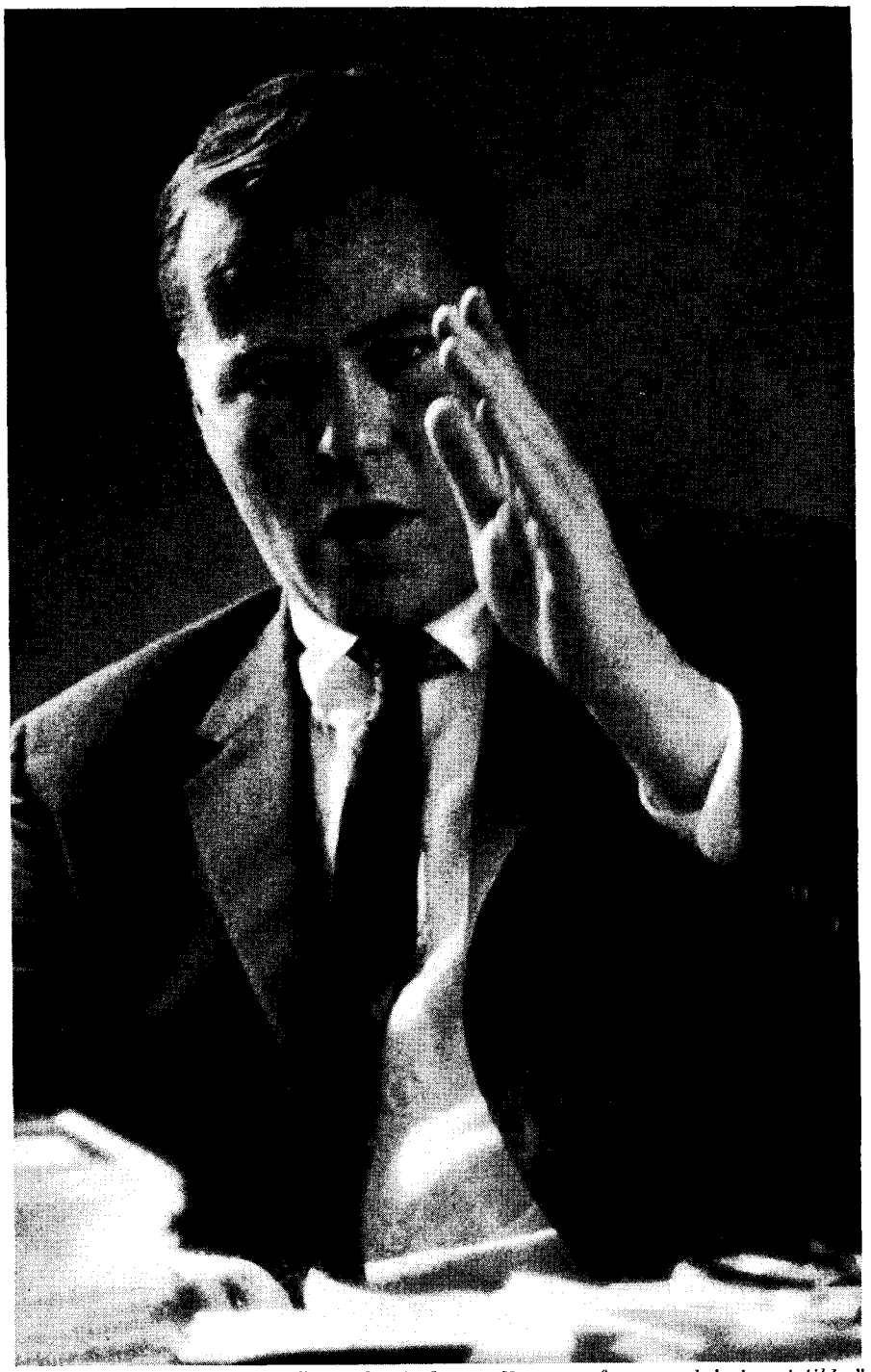
First Democrat ever elected governor of Vermont, Phil Hoff must now prove that he can handle the job.

The Democrat who took Vermont

By ROUL TUNLEY



Hoff in action: "Drinking coffee in front of a small group of women, he's irresistible."

In the rush of Americans to elect younger and younger people to office, no one has scored a more stunning victory than Philip Hoff. Last fall, at 38, he became the first Democrat ever to win the governorship of Vermont, and his election shook the state to its granite foundations. What makes his achievement all the more remarkable is that—unlike many of last year's victors—he won without wealth, family influence or a flair for oratory. He wasn't even a native son.

"There's no limit to how far a young man can go in politics these days if he's good-looking, has a photogenic wife and can down gallons of coffee without going into shock," says a Vermont Republican.

The coffee reference concerned a campaign gambit, the coffee hour, which Hoff borrowed from the Kennedys. He exploited it so well that he became known as The Coffee Candidate. "Phil's not a colorful speaker, especially before a large group," says Sam Miller, executive secretary of the Democratic Party in Vermont. "But drinking coffee in front of a small group of women in somebody's living room, he's irresistible."

After Hoff took office, however, many Vermonters began to have second thoughts about the advantages of whisking an appealing neophyte into the governor's chair. For one thing, both Democrats and Republicans were startled by Hoff's sudden reluctance to *do* anything. After campaigning vigorously on the slogan "Let's Get the State Moving Again," he showed a surprising preference for the status quo. One of his first official acts, in fact, was to ask that all lawmaking be delayed for a year until a study of the state's needs could be made and proper legislation drawn up.

"We must plan for the future," he said by way of explanation, "and we don't have the knowledge on which to base a plan. Vermont's importance as a dairy state has declined, but we don't know how much. The recreation industry has increased, but we don't know how much. We need additional money, but we don't know where best to find it. I'm just trying to find out what in hell we've got and what to do about it. You can't make decisions in a vacuum, and there's been a vacuum for a long time in Vermont."

This may be true, but the enforced inactivity was a slap in the face to party members. To tell Democrats, who had been thirsting for action since Civil War days, that they must sit on their hands for a whole year was too much. "The governor doesn't know anything about government, and so he has asked for a year's study, at state expense, so that he can learn," said Democratic State Sen. John J. O'Brien. "Why should the taxpayers pay for his education?"

Whether the governor was stalling for time to complete a crash course in government is still being argued in Vermont. But there is considerable evidence that the "student" is doing fairly well in his studies. For one thing, he has persuaded a hostile legislature to do pretty much what he wanted it to do—that is, almost nothing at all.

"The governor emerged from a six months' session of the legislature looking pretty good, especially for a guy who didn't do anything," comments Vic Maerki, the Burlington *Free Press*'s respected political writer. "Partly this was because the Republicans didn't know how to respond to a Democratic governor. Meanwhile, he appointed a million study committees that are supposed to return information upon which his legislative program for next year can be based. Nobody rocked the boat."

But if the legislature has marked time, Phil Hoff has not. He has worked hard at polishing his political image, whirling through the state like a twister and taking his attractive wife Joan with him.

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"Vermonters have come to realize that Democrats don't eat babies for breakfast."

DEMOCRAT IN VERMONT

These days it is almost compulsory for a candidate to have an attractive family. Phil Hoff's, perched on the woodpile of their home in Burlington, was a decided asset—daughters Gretchen, eight, Andrea, ten, Dagny, twelve, and Susan, thirteen, and wife Joan.

"In action," says a statehouse reporter, "Phil Hoff almost attacks a crowd. He won't stand still until he's talked to everybody in the room. He has a fantastic memory, and he remembers just the right question to put to people: 'How is that wrist you sprained last month?' or, 'How is your daughter doing in that French class she was having trouble with?'"

On a typical day recently Hoff visited a school for the deaf, made seven speeches, appeared at a lunch and dinner, was interviewed on three radio stations, and shook a multitude of hands. In short, he hasn't stopped campaigning just because he won the election. He figures a Democrat can't afford to in Vermont.

Hoff seems to have an instinct for the proper folksy gesture. One day in New York, for example, he and his wife took a taxi from the Newark Airport to their hotel. The bill was $11.60. "I was furious," said the governor. "I knew I'd been had, but I decided not to argue." Instead he took the driver's number and wrote to the Newark License Division. As a result, he got a refund of two dollars, and the cabbie's license was suspended. Widely and favorably reported in the press, the incident went down fine with the voters. Their governor had demonstrated that Vermonters are too smart to be taken by city slickers. "It wasn't even my money," said Hoff, making the story even better.

"Politically, Hoff has done well," said a Republican legislator. "Of course, he hasn't done a damn thing for the state yet, but he's done a lot for himself. If he comes up with a good legislative program next year as a result of these studies, he'll be in good shape. And if his program is thwarted by the legislature, he can campaign on the basis that he wanted to reform the state but we wouldn't let him."

At the mid-point in his term, in fact, Hoff seems to have proved that you don't have to be a pro to get somewhere in politics. Born of staunchly Republican parents in the little town of Turners Falls, Mass., Phil had no idea he was going to be a politician when he got out of Cornell Law School in 1951. What he wanted most at that moment was a decent job in a decent city where he and his wife could bring up a family. He had two job offers. One was in Cleveland and meant big-city life. The other was in Burlington, a town of 35,000. "I didn't influence his decision, because a wife shouldn't," says Joan. "But every time he mentioned Cleveland, I frowned, and every time he mentioned Burlington, I smiled."

Loading most of their worldly possessions into a second-hand car, the young couple and their baby daughter Susan drove to Burlington, where Phil went to work with a local lawyer, Boone Wilson. Earnings were meager, and the family had to economize. "Mackerel was twenty-five cents a pound, and we lived on it," says Joan. "I never want to see another as long as I live."

In Burlington, Hoff, who had abandoned his parents' politics and become a Democrat, started his political career as a chauffeur, driving voters to the polls. Later he worked on the zoning board, and he also helped organize a committee on community relations to fight prejudice against Negroes and Puerto Ricans. Once when a judge in Rutland frustrated the attempt of a young white schoolteacher and his wife to adopt a partly Negro child, Hoff went to their aid and got the decision reversed by a superior court. "It was one of the nicest cases I ever worked on," he said. He accepted no fee, but the case won him considerable renown.

Good Democratic candidates are scarce in Vermont, and in the spring of 1960 he was nominated for alderman. He lost by a hair. "But I learned a lesson," he said. "Think Big!" That fall, he ran for the state House of Representatives and won.

In the House he introduced more bills (31) than anyone else in memory. Some were hastily conceived and later withdrawn. Others were defeated. But 16 were passed, including a medical-aid-to-the-aged bill, and the party began to look at Hoff with real interest. For years the word *Democrat* had been an unsavory one in Vermont, and Hoff looked like just the man to wipe the tarnish off the party image. He is a blond, Ivy League six-footer who wears button-down collars, tweed jackets and a bashful smile. Not really an extrovert—"When I started to campaign, I actually got sick in the stomach"—he is appealingly shy, especially in small informal groups. Furthermore, by this time, in addition to his wife and Susan, he had three other attractive assets—daughters Dagny, now 12, Andrea, 10, and Gretchen, 8.

In 1962 he was asked to run for governor. At first he hesitated. "I wanted to run four years from now when I could have had at least another session in the legislature behind me," he said. "But I knew that delay was risky." The incumbent Republican, F. Ray Keyser Jr., was not popular, and the statistical tide was running in favor of the Democrats. In 1958, they had lost the governorship by only 1,098 votes. "The way I figured it," said Hoff, "the chances of winning were best when I ran, and in politics it's important to win."

The going was rough, however. In all but a few cities there weren't enough Democrats to stage a rally. "You don't know how discouraging it can be to come to someone's house for a meeting and find that only one other person has shown up," says Phil Hoff.

But he and Joan kept at it. Even the children joined in, with Andrea turning into the best campaigner. Once in a Burlington music store she spied her father's opponent, Governor Keyser. Without a moment's hesitation, she walked up to him and brought her foot down hard on the gubernatorial toes. "*That's* what we do to people who are against my daddy!" she declared.

When the balloting was over, all the other Democratic candidates for major posts were defeated. But Hoff had squeaked into office by 1,384 votes. Elated, he woke up Andrea at four A.M. and said: "Guess what? I won!"

"I know," she said matter-of-factly, and fell asleep again.

The Democrats had been waiting for a victory since 1854, and the inauguration last January was "the most riotous thing since Andrew Jackson moved into the White House," according to one defeated Democrat. For the first time, the National Guard fired a 19-gun salute, causing the outgoing governor to remark, "It isn't necessary to *shoot* me out of office!"

Between his election and the inauguration Hoff made a study of the state government and was "appalled" to find Vermont's problems more overwhelming than he'd anticipated. Chief among them is the matter of revenue. There are only 392,000 people in the state—not enough to bear the cost for all the highways, schools and other basic services a modern state demands. And few of them are rich.

Another problem is the relationship between the state and the towns. With the shift of population from the ailing farms to the larger cities, small towns are no longer able to maintain such vital services as schools and roads. Furthermore, this shift has caused vast inequities in the legislature. Each of Vermont's 246 towns sends one man to the House of Representatives, which gives a hamlet like Stratton, with 38 people, exactly the same voting strength as Burlington, with 35,000.

"The basic trouble with Vermont," says Hoff, "is that it's been trying to come into the 20th century with only a sap bucket in one hand and a milk pail in the other. Something more is needed."

Whether Phil Hoff is that "something more" won't be known until next year, when he presents his legislative program. And the verdict won't really be in until the voters go to the polls to elect a new governor next November.

But win or lose, Hoff's historic election has already accomplished a good deal. "Vermonters have come to realize that Democrats don't eat babies for breakfast," says newspaperman Vic Maerki. "Best of all, the Democrats now feel they have a chance—it's like discovering that the boss's son-in-law isn't going to be president after all. Furthermore, it's shaken up the Republicans in a healthy way. They'd gotten pretty fat and hadn't had a new idea in years. Now they're discovering their talent and are using it."

Thanks to the young lawyer from Massachusetts, in fact, the fine old state of Vermont will probably never be quite the same again. THE END

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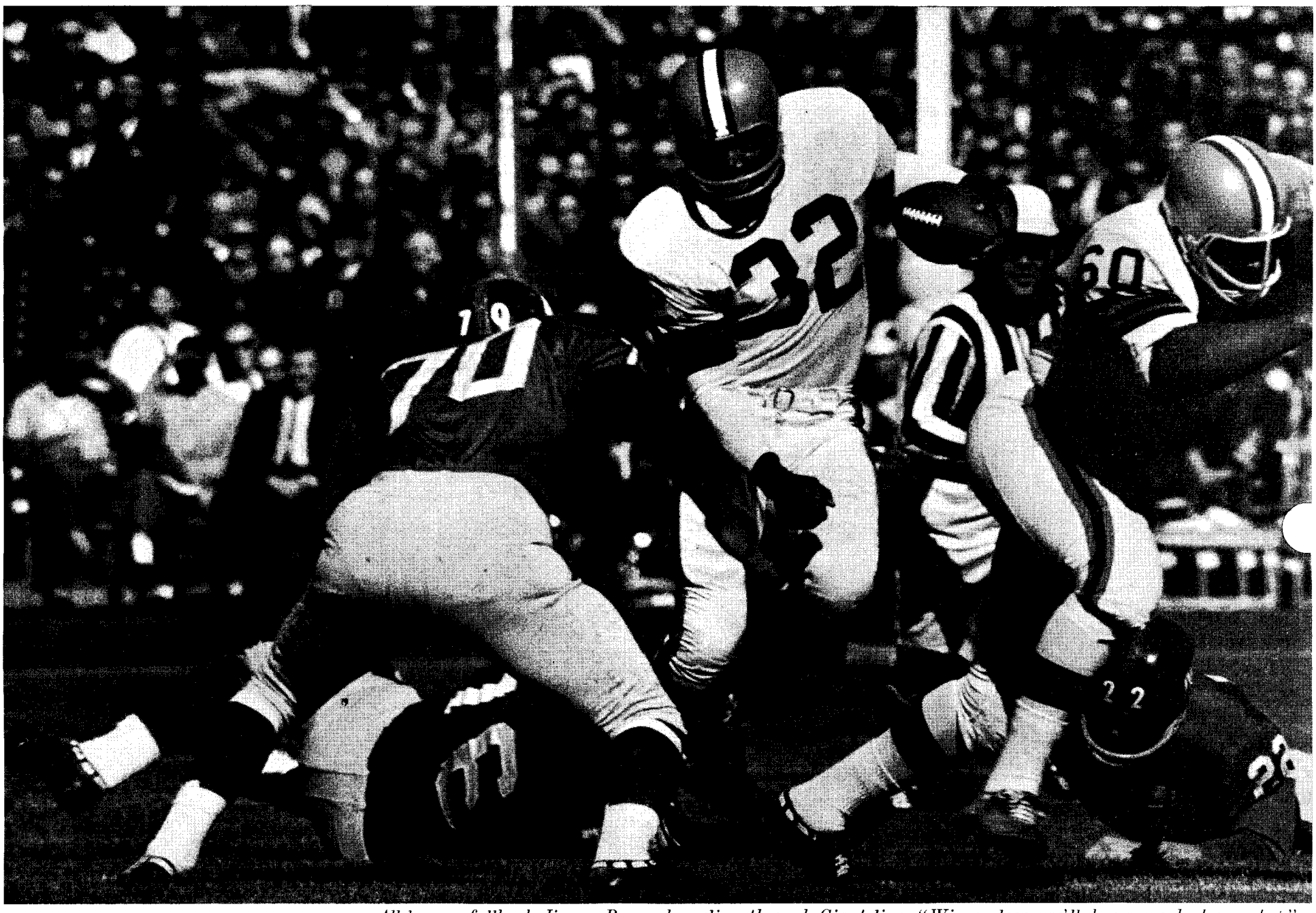
A TEAM ON TRIAL



All-league fullback Jimmy Brown barreling through Giant line: "Win or lose, we'll know we had our shot."

The Browns fight to prove they can win without the man who invented them.

On Saturday night, August 17, an unusual event took place in Cleveland. A professional football team that was not coached by Paul Brown represented the city at Municipal Stadium.

As an all-conquering coach, Brown once had been the idol of Cleveland. Then, when his teams lost a few, he became sort of a civic landmark, like the Soldiers and Sailors Monument on Public Square. It was acceptable to criticize man or monument, point out artistic flaws and, in moments of irritation, even suggest they be removed. But nobody could really imagine that happening.

Brown had formed the team, given it his name and been its coach and general manager for 17 seasons. In the public mind he was the Cleveland Browns. But on January 9, 1963, Arthur Modell, the president of the Browns, fired him.

The advertised attraction at the Stadium that August night was a pro-football exhibition doubleheader. Actually, most of the 83,218 fans came to decide what they thought of having a Browns team without Paul Brown.

The first clear opinion was expressed, according to the unofficial time on the scoreboard clock, with six minutes, seven seconds remaining in the first quarter. It was not only clear but loud. "Bring Back Paul Brown!" bellowed a vigorous baritone. That view gained supporters during the evening. The Browns lost to the Baltimore Colts, 21–7, and the score flattered their drab performance.

Cleveland sports fans are capable of wild enthusiasm and deep disillusionment. The Indians baseball team, which set attendance records in the late 1940's, has been at the bottom of the cycle in these early 1960's, playing to widespread cynicism and small crowds. Public support of the Browns had remained constantly strong, but neither the team nor its enthusiasts had ever faced anything like the Paul Brown firing. The Browns without Brown? Why that could be like Mount Rushmore without the statues or an Italian movie without lust. Would anyone want to look?

If the Browns collapsed, there would be no question of guilt. Modell had fired Brown and replaced him with Blanton Collier as head coach. But the club president had acted only after important players told him they would not return if Brown stayed on as coach. Paul Brown, was, in effect, fired by his team.

"I checked with my teammates ai I'm virtually certain they were one hui. dred percent in favor of the change,"

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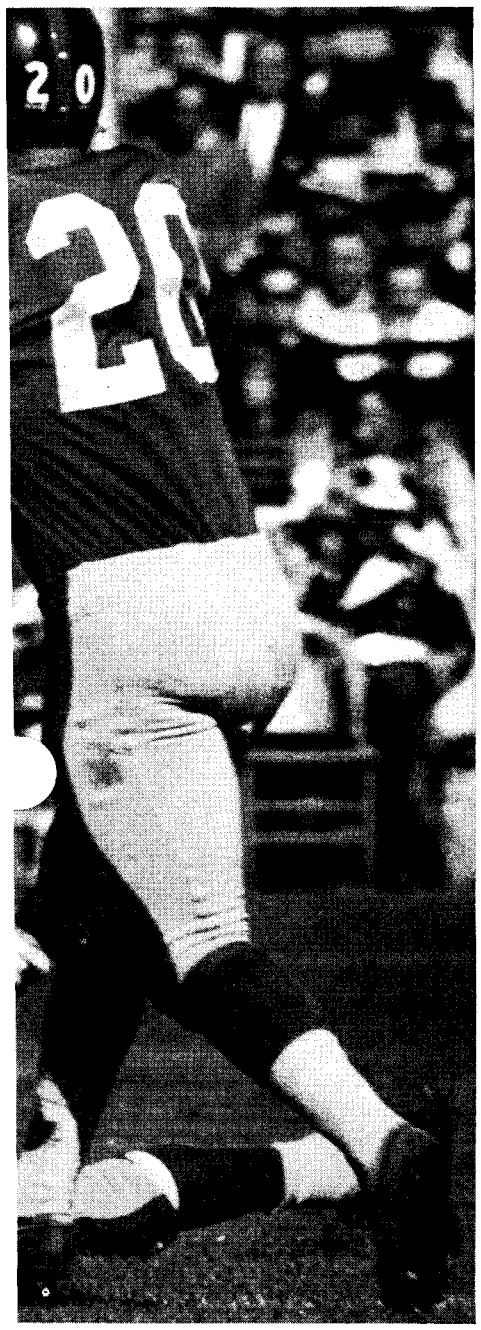
By BOB AUGUST



New coach Collier: "The boys like to have a part in running this thing."

said defensive halfback Bernie Parrish, representative to the National Football League's players' association. "It was time for a change," said Ray Renfro, a veteran pass receiver. "The record speaks for itself. Our personnel was better than our won-lost record every year since 1957."

After the August exhibition debacle, the Browns turned around so abruptly that Renfro seemed guilty of understatement. The squad thundered over six consecutive opponents, including the rugged Pittsburgh Steelers and the guileful New York Giants, thundered and rumbled until there was talk around the league that the Browns were a super-team. The passing was almost perfect. The running was unstoppable. The Browns, went the ard, were a cinch.

In their seventh game, the Browns played the Giants again. Completely overmatched, they were demolished 33–6 and now, as happens, the word changed. The Browns, it seemed, had been lucky and overrated.

The point is not that the Browns are a sound football team, which they are, or a super-team, which they are not. The point is that the Browns, by getting Paul Brown fired, have put themselves on trial. Changing coaches was the players' own choice and in victory, or in defeat, the players must live with it.

Always one hears, "A coach can't be any better than his players. You got to have the horses." This is an axiom of sports, a part of the dogma.

If the point is true—and it probably is—shouldn't the converse be equally valid? If a coach can't be better than his material, how then can the material be better than the coach? Should victories be credited to players and defeats be charged to the coach? To understand what happened and what seems to be happening at Cleveland, one must first understand Paul Brown.

Brown is a chilly, brilliant, contained man who once taught high-school English at Massillon, Ohio, and he had a dream. He was a marvelous high-school football coach and later a success at Ohio State. Brown's dream was, of course, to coach a perfect team.

Acting on the dream, during World War II, Brown helped organize what was to be the Cleveland Browns. He knew of a kicker—Lou Groza—whom he wanted. Groza was stationed on a Pacific island, and there Brown shipped him footballs and cleats. He corresponded with dozens of other men. He ceaselessly checked on talent, so one of the multitudinous side products of V-J Day was the formal organization of the Cleveland Browns, Paul Brown head coach and president.

The Browns played in the late All-America Conference and won four championships before the league folded in 1949. Under Brown, discipline was absolute. Did the players want to go to a movie? Then they all sat together, in a roped-off section with Brown.

Under Brown, too, players were freed from the burden of thinking. Before each offensive play, a substitute was shuttled in with a message from Coach Brown. He carried the play that Cleveland had to employ. No changes were permissible.

It worked. It worked in the All-America Conference and it worked in the National Football League. Overall, the Browns won 11 divisional championships. Seven times they won play-off games.

Or it worked until 1955, when a man almost as important as Brown himself in the Cleveland scheme, retired. That was Otto Graham, a great passer and a quarterback who didn't mind having someone tell him what to do.

Graham threw long, high, arching passes—"bombs" in the argot—which were the Browns' consistent long-gain threat. A variety of runners complemented him in the backfield, and Groza was the greatest field-goal kicker of his time, but the explosiveness of the old Browns traced directly to Otto Graham's right arm. Paul Brown called the plays. Otto Graham executed them.

With the arm gone, trouble came. The Browns did manage to win a divisional title in 1957, but then, in the play-off, they were humiliated by the Detroit Lions, 59–14. After that there were no more titles of any kind.

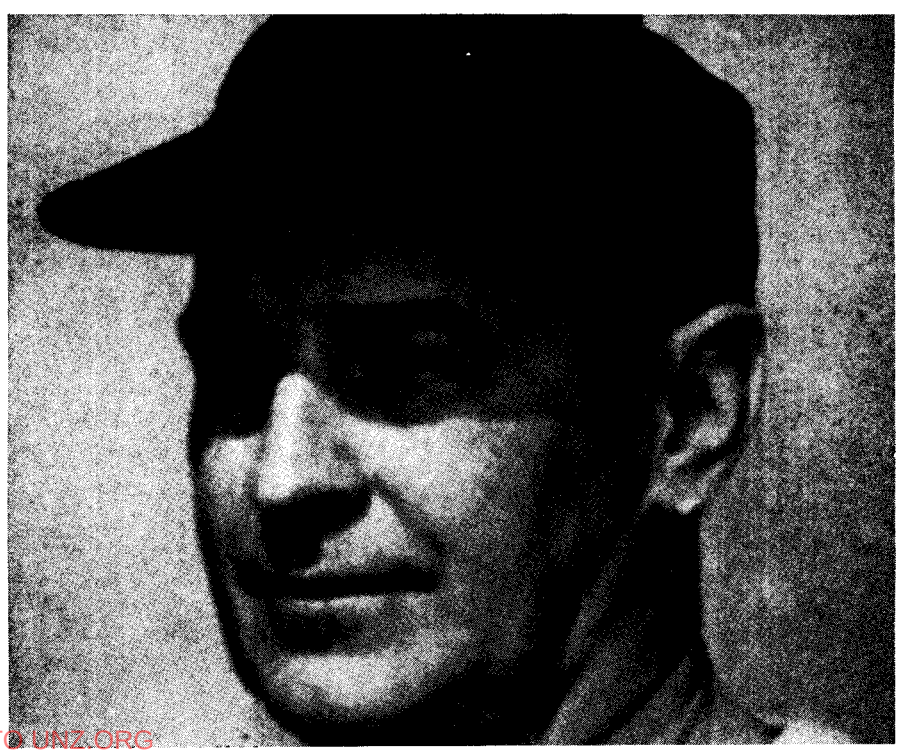
The game was changing. When the Browns began, defenses were more or less set. Brown could study a defense from the bench. Then by shuttling in a message-bearing substitute, he could vary his plays against it effectively. Unfortunately for him, as pro football evolved, defenses became more mobile, often changing the instant before the ball was snapped.

What then happened was this: Brown would call a play against one defense. Just before the snap, that defense was changed, often making the play utterly worthless—e.g., sending a fullback into a packed line. Every other National Football League team reached a reasonable solution to this problem. Quarterbacks were permitted to change the play at the line of scrimmage, barking out the switch by means of an oral code. Thus mobile offense would be matched evenly against mobile defense. Except in Cleveland. There Brown clung to his old ways, which had once worked superbly but were now anachronistic.

The situation was not tragic, football not being war, but it was sad. Here was Brown, an innovator, a creator, turned into a coach outworn. A slumping team, an introverted coach. Result: discord.

Perhaps the first public sign—aside from the N.F.L. standings—appeared in January of 1962, when quarterback Milt Plum became the first active Browns player to speak out boldly.

Plum wanted more freedom to change plays occasionally at the line of scrimmage. Beyond that he saw the play-calling as only one part of a system that was reducing player initiative and morale. "If we were brought up—emotionally



Ex-coach Brown: In his day he called the plays.

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charged—three times a season, we would win a title every year," he said. "The attitude was just nothing last year [1961]. We were asked for suggestions at a meeting each Friday, but it got to the point where the players didn't say anything. They felt, 'What's the use?'

"The players want the feeling they are doing something themselves out there."

If Brown recognized the discord, he did not realize the full possibilities of trouble ahead. Most football coaches accept as a fact that some day they will be fired. Brown admitted later that he thought it never would happen to him. Remembering his record—his *old* record—he had some reason for confidence. The fans, though, were beginning to ask, "What has he done for us lately?"

The Browns often seemed on the verge of their old form, but never more. As the disappointment grew through the years, players and coach wore on each other's nerves. Brown's quiet voice had always held a sharp edge, and now it seemed to cut more deeply. Players fumbled and dropped passes at crucial moments. More than ever, many found Brown aloof.

In last season's Pro Bowl All-Star Game, Jim Brown ran for a touchdown and was warmly congratulated by Allie Sherman ot the Giants, coach of the Eastern Division team. Afterward Brown commented pointedly, "It's nice to play for a coach who appreciates you."

Most of the players came to believe that Brown not only lacked inspirational force but that his system had become inflexible, incapable of responding to change. They saw themselves as reduced to robots without any means of expression.

"We are professionals, and maybe we shouldn't have felt that way," says Ray Renfro, "but we were also human."

Paul Brown always had refused to become involved in public controversy. Characteristically, he had never made a defense for himself. If he had wanted to, there was one available.

Many of the players' complaints, after Brown was fired, seemed small and petulant. As for the pat on the back and the gush of praise, that wasn't Brown's way. He would have thought either childish. He believed he was paid to do his job and that the players were paid to do theirs, and top performance was expected from both ends. The emotional response had to come from within.

Even Brown's critics admitted he was a victim of misfortune in his final season. Seeking a fresh approach, he made two daring trades, both widely criticized. He sent the outspoken Plum to the Detroit Lions and obtained Jim Ninowski as a replacement. Swift Bobby Mitchell was traded to Washington for the rights to halfback Ernie Davis, just graduating from Syracuse University. Brown then had yielded to pressure and promised Ninowski some play-calling authority.

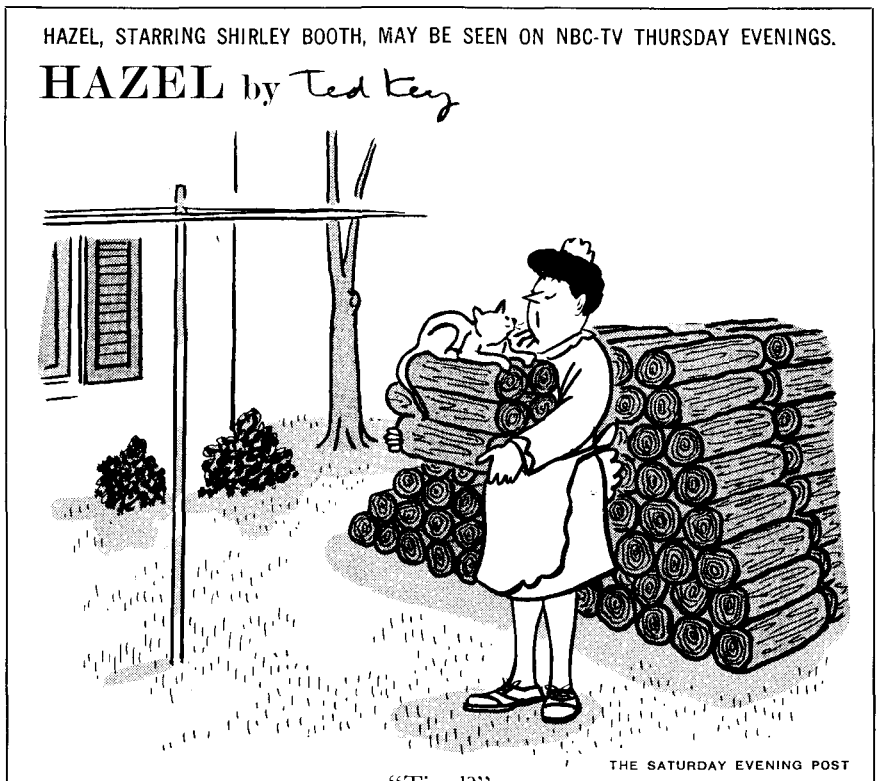
First, tragedy struck hard. Davis, a player of enormous promise, contracted leukemia and died without playing a pro game. Next Ninowski suffered a leg injury that handicapped him from the start of the season. The Browns finished with their second-poorest record, seven victories, six defeats and one tie.

The close of this disappointing season brought no hint that Brown's job was in danger. Then, to the shock of the Cleveland citizenry, Modell made what he called "the hardest decision of my life."

Ironically, Brown once had been a coach who couldn't be fired—and he had yielded that distinction voluntarily. In March of 1961 Modell, a 36-year-old New York advertising and television executive, supervised a group that purchased the Browns for four million dollars. In the previous regime Brown was a major stockholder, as well as coach, general manager and vice president. He had controlled the team's entire operation, including the business and publicity offices. Selling the team hinged on Brown's approval, and he had given it. The inducement was a large capital-gains profit for Brown and his partners.

When the final papers were signed, Brown noted pointedly that "I retain control of the things I think important." Modell agreed that "the football team is strictly Paul's department, and he has no peer."

However, the private relationship between the two men was uneasy almost from the start and disintegrated rapidly in the second year. Insiders maintain the clash of personalities in the front office, rather than what happened on the field, led to Brown's eventual dismissal.



"Tired?"

The Mitchell-Davis trade, probably more than anything else, shook Modell's confidence in Brown as a general manager. Brown had authority to make trades, and he made this one without consulting Modell. Contract negotiations with Davis then were left up to Modell.

The danger to the Browns was that they had given up an established star in Mitchell plus a No. 1 draft choice for mere rights to Davis, who was getting extravagant offers from American League and Canadian teams. Modell was thus placed in a difficult bargaining position. To sign Davis would cost a fortune, but if he failed, he would then be blamed by the public for the loss of Mitchell.

"There is a place where you can't go any higher without destroying everything you are trying to build," Modell said. He finally did sign Davis, but it took the largest contract ever given to a first-year player up to that time—$65,000.

After his own dismissal, Brown commented that Modell wanted to be a "playing owner," meaning one who becomes involved with the team. Modell denied this hotly. Since then neither has been willing to comment on the events leading to the final split. Privately both are bitter. Modell believes Brown was trying to force him out of football. Brown is convinced Modell drove a wedge between him and his players.

Modell's choice of Blanton Collier as the new head coach generated little enthusiasm. Nothing in Collier's record indicated he was the man for the job. At 57, Collier had held only one head-coaching job above the high-school level, and he had been fired from that, after eight years at the University of Kentucky. He returned to the Browns last season as assistant coach, the position he had held from 1946 through 1953.

There was a great deal the record didn't show. It didn't indicate that Collier's material at Kentucky was mediocre, or that he was regarded in the coaching profession as a superb tactician, as intensely dedicated to football in his own way as was Brown.

After refusing to consider Modell's offer until he had spoken to Brown, Collier accepted the job with what he described as "emotions so conflicting that I find them difficult to explain." Brown had been his close friend and had brought him into pro football. Collier realized that changes were needed and that each change might imply a criticism of Brown, a man he did not want to hurt. But he knew he had to go his own way.

Before the team went to training camp, Collier made one point clear: "I never hope to be Paul Brown. I don't want to be Paul Brown. I want to be Blanton Collier." On the play-calling, he said, "I think the boys like to feel they have a part in running the thing."

Collier rehired all the Browns' assistant coaches and added Dub Jones, one of the team's brilliant pass receivers of an earlier era.

When the team opened training in July, Collier encountered serious problems. Three of the team's all-pro performers—tackle Mike McCormack, guard Jim Ray Smith and safety man Don Fleming—were missing, Fleming having been killed in an off-season accident, the others having left the team. The draft of collegiate players promised little help, and the Browns' record had shown that gradual decline over the last three seasons.

However, the potential for a good team remained if Collier could find a way to strengthen the team attack. The first requirement was improved quarterbacking. Collier had the choice of Ninowski or Frank Ryan and he selected Ryan, who had failed to establish himself as a regular in five previous seasons, four of them with the Los Angeles Rams.

Collier, a dedicated teacher, made a special student of Ryan, a player of exceptional intelligence, who holds a master's degree in mathematics. Ryan was exposed daily to Collier's pet theory about passing, which differs radically from the accepted view that the outstanding passer is the one who can pick out receivers across a wide range.

"The secret of Otto Graham's greatness was that he concentrated on only one receiver to the exclusion of everything else," Collier says. "Sometimes another receiver wouldn't have anybody within ten yards of him, and Otto wouldn't even see him. But it was that concentration that made him."

Ryan passed poorly for weeks, but Collier waited patiently. Although Ryan didn't throw a touchdown pass until the final preseason exhibition, he threw nine of them in the Browns' first four regular season games.

Collier's other objective was to get maximum use from the team's largest weapon, the running of Jim Brown. Opponents always concentrated on Brown, and in 1962 they began to stop him. He failed to win the rushing title for the first time in his six-year career, and his yardage had slipped below 1,000 from a high of 1,527.

Collier loosened up opposing defenses for Brown with a more daring use of the team's passing. He also reduced the number of plays the team used and put more emphasis on the execution of each. Most successful of all was a new series of plays that gave Brown freedom to run wherever opportunity beckoned, rather than to a hopefully predesignated hole.

These plays are based on what Collier calls "option blocking," with the offensive lineman letting his opponent commit himself before deciding which way to block. Other pro teams had used option blocking successfully. The Browns had tried it briefly, at Collier's suggestion, in 1962, and then discarded it.

Jim Brown, with his sure instinct, has proved the perfect runner to exploit the option blocks. One of the unhappiest of the players under Paul Brown last year, the big fullback has never been in higher spirits. "Now I can run anywhere on the field, and it makes it so much harder for them to key [anticipate] on me," he says. "The most important thing, though, is the blocking. Our linemen now really believe in what they are doing. Call it positive thinking. It's become a joint effort. We get together out there and talk it over and decide what we can do. Now the linemen take as much pride in my yardage as I do."

The players are responding to Collier, the quiet man of deep emotion who sometimes clutches them as they come off the field as if they were sons returning from the wars. They also are responding to a challenge of their own. But the proof that they can win without Paul Brow still must be established over the lo 14-game schedule.

"We feel that it is our ball club," says Jim Brown. "Win, lose or draw, we'll know we had *our* shot at it." THE END

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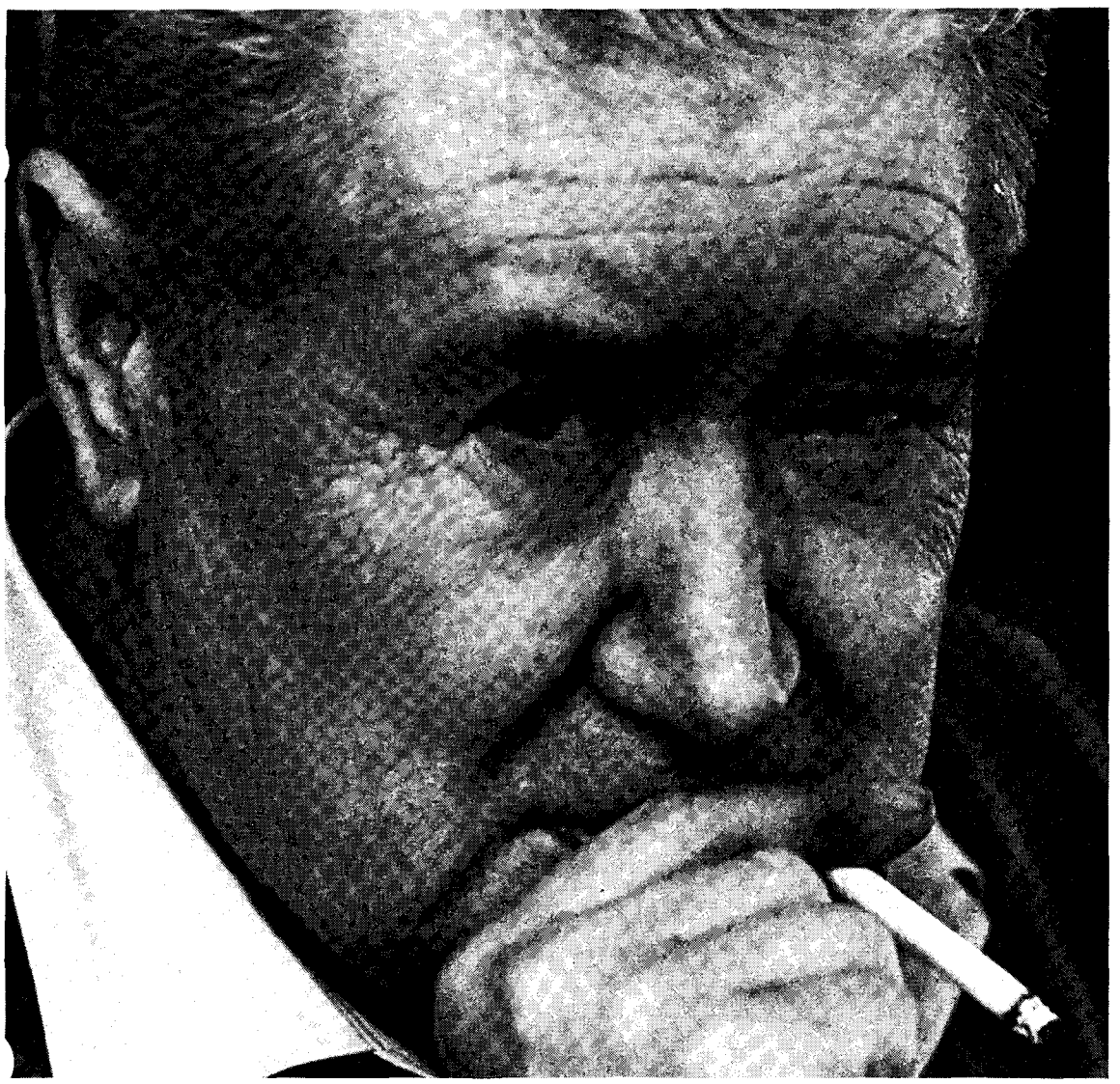


"YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME DOING THIS AGAIN," says Quentin Reynolds. This photograph was taken a few months before the famous author gave up smoking.

It's hard for a writer to GIVE UP SMOKING

Here's how I cut from 4 packs to 0 in 5 days

by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

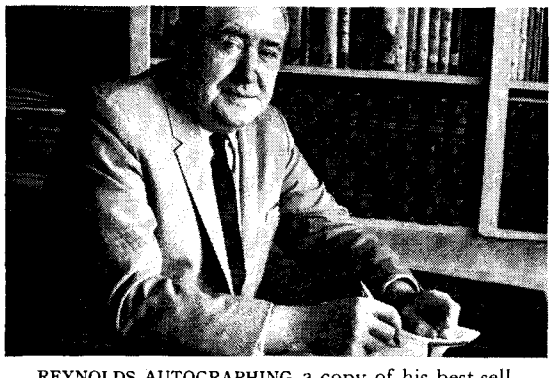
A surgeon can't very well operate with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth. When counsel addresses the jury, he doesn't stop for an occasional puff. But it's easy for a writer to smoke at his typewriter. I'd say that excessive smoking may well be one of the peculiarities of the craft.

I know that I smoked for thirty years—4 or 5 packs a day. I didn't think there was any easy way to stop. Then something happened!

Some time ago, I was flying to Louisville with a few friends. A horse called Chateaugay was about to surprise us by walking away with the Derby. In the group was a friend of mine who doubles as my doctor. After listening to me hold forth for about twenty minutes on why Candy Spots was a shoo in, he said, "Quent, what's the matter with your voice?" I realized then that for some time I had been getting more and more hoarse and gravelly. "I'm going to have a look at that throat when we get back to New York," said the doctor.

A few days later I heard his verdict. "That throat of yours is as red as a maraschino cherry," he told me. "No more smoking for you!"

I dare say thousands have faced the same problem, but I still say it's harder for a writer to give up smoking than for anyone else. Fortunately, I have a secretary who is notably resourceful. She had heard about a little white pill called Bantron which has helped people all over the world to stop smoking. She got me a box. And in just 5 days, taking one of these little pills after every meal, I gave up smoking entirely.



REYNOLDS AUTOGRAPHING a copy of his best selling autobiography *By Quentin Reynolds*. He tells a vivid story of adventure in war and peace and encounters with the great and near great.

I had absolutely no withdrawal pangs. Stopping was easier than I ever expected. Bantron didn't affect my taste in any way. It didn't even make me dislike smoking. It just removed the craving. I was so impressed that I became a kind of crusader. I wanted everybody who needed to stop smoking to hear about Bantron. I made some inquiries and found that it had an interesting, even dramatic, background.

The Bantron formula was discovered by doctors in the research department of Chicago's Loyola University. Its active ingredient is lobeline sulphate. Lobeline sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant, sometimes called Indian Tobacco. Hundreds of years ago the Indians used to smoke the leaves and flowers of this plant as a tobacco substitute. The extract is a first cousin to nicotine, mimicking its action without being habit forming. The lobeline acts by displacing the nicotine in the system and helps curb the desire for tobacco.

So startling were the first results obtained with this little pill that further investigation was carried on. For months the research team carefully tested it on hundreds of people. The results showed that 83%—more than 4 out of 5 of all people who wanted to stop smoking—did so easily and pleasantly in 5 to 7 days with its help. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

These experiments proved definitely that anyone who wanted to stop or cut down could do so easily and quickly with the help of the Bantron formula. But suppose you didn't want to stop smoking and made no effort to do so? What would happen if you took the pills? Well, I read the answer in a leading medical journal. Most people who took Bantron automatically smoked less whether they wanted to or not. They did not smoke fewer cigarettes, but they smoked less of each cigarette they lit.

The discovery of the Bantron formula was reported in medical journals and newspapers all over the world. It was granted a patent by the U. S. Government. People everywhere who desired to stop smoking wanted to know how they could get this new pill. The Campana Corporation of Batavia, Illinois, was chosen to market it. Bantron is now being sold in over 14 countries.

My own experience with Bantron had an interesting aftermath. At the time, I was doing the commentary on a new series of films about World War II that were being produced in Hollywood. After Bantron had helped me stop smoking, I went back to Hollywood to finish the series. But, alas—I had a new voice. When the producer heard it, he threw up his hands. It wasn't like my old voice at all. It was so much clearer and better. The difference was so striking that in the upshot they had to do the whole of the first part of the series over.

Because of what it did for me, I am a firm believer in Bantron. If you have a smoking problem, try this amazing little pill. It really works! Bantron is so safe when taken as directed, that you can get it in the United States and Canada at all drug stores without a prescription.

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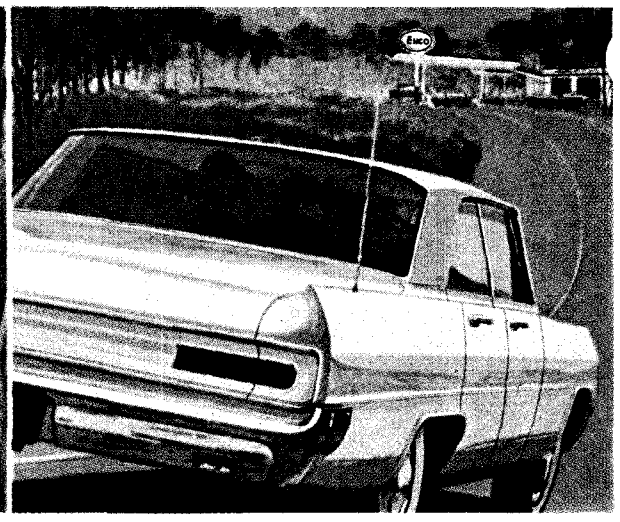

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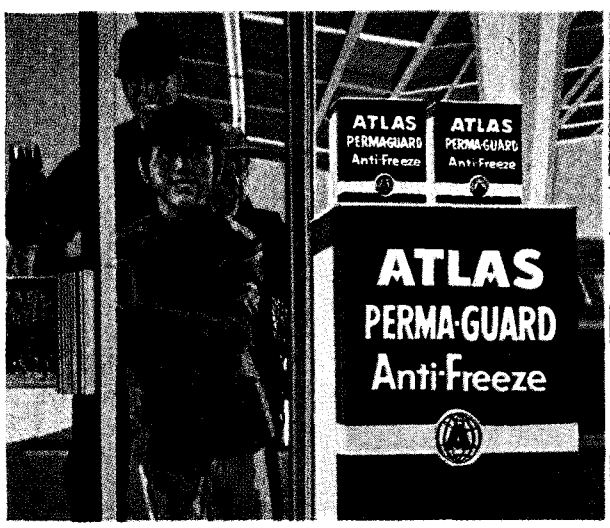

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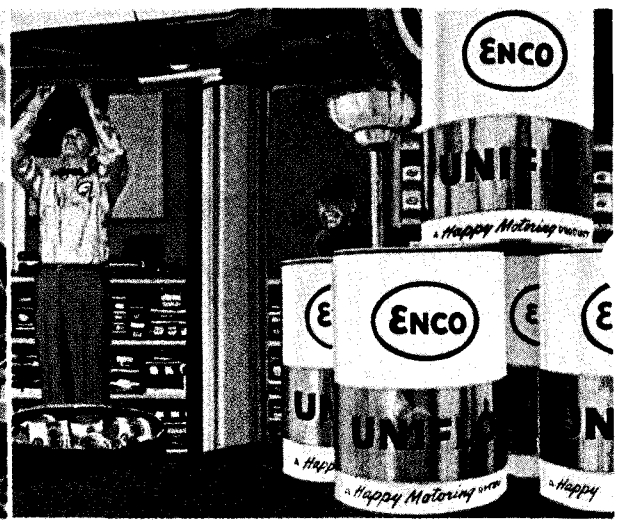

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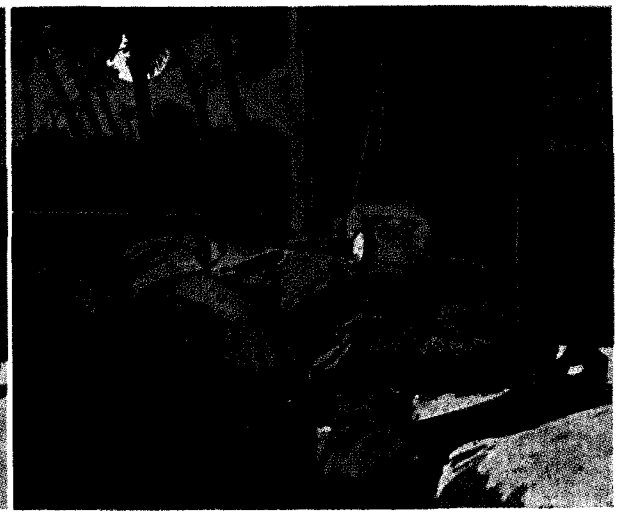

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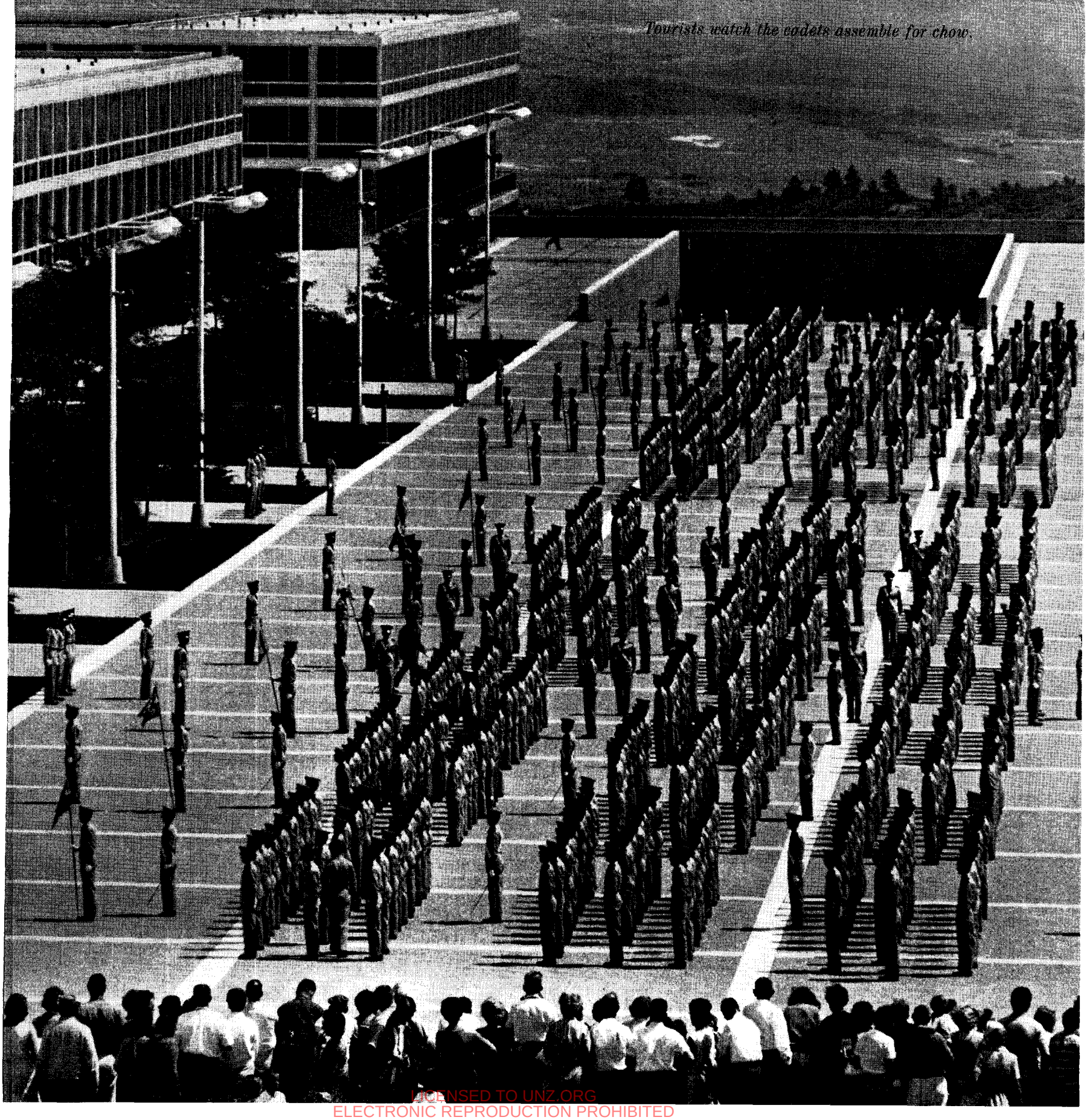
COUNTING ON ITS NEW ACADEMY IN COLORADO

TO PRODUCE A BREED OF SUPER-BRAINY WARRIORS.

THE AIR FORCE'S EGGHEAD FACTORY

By MARTIN MAYER

Tourists watch the cadets assemble for chow.



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"THE REASON THAT YOU PUT ON A UNIFORM IS BECAUSE YOU MAY BE, WILL BE

"What's your altitude?"

"Sir," said the beardless boy in blue uniform, standing at extreme attention, "my altitude is 7,250 feet above sea level—far, far above that of West Point or Annapolis."

The answer is always the same, part of the "fourth-class knowledge" which must be memorized by every doolie (freshman) at the U.S. Air Force Academy. The doolie learns to identify Annapolis as Canoe U. and West Point as Hudson High ("a little school on the Hudson River having 161 years of tradition unhampered by progress"). His own academy has no traditions—the first cadets entered only in 1955, and it was not until 1958 that the school moved to its astonishingly beautiful home at the foot of the Rampart Range near Colorado Springs. Furthermore, nothing is taught here that could not really have been taught at the other service academies—flight training, for example, comes after graduation.

Somehow, if only to justify the $160 million of taxpayers' money spent to build the place, the Air Force Academy has to be "better." It must be "better," too, because the Air Force wants to be the service that makes American defense policy in the years to come. And the men the Air Force counts on to win these political wars—against the other services, the Pentagon's civilian bosses and Congress—can do so only if the training they get in Colorado Springs is superior.

The area in which the Air Force Academy has chosen to prove its superiority is academic achievement. Though the cadets take a "balanced program" with more pure science and humanities than the other service academies offer, their degrees in engineering science are accredited by E.C.P.D., the Engineers Council for Professional Development, a distinction neither of the rival academies can claim. Air Force cadets spend about 19 hours a week in classrooms and laboratories, and study assignments add another 30 hours of academic work—all together about an hour a day more than their rivals at the other service academies. The assignments had better be done on time, too. "These boys are being paid to come to college," says a captain on the faculty. (The pay is $111.15 a month, less allotments for uniforms, supplies, etc.) "It's not like a civilian college, where if a boy goofs off that's his own business."

Insistence on academic superiority is drilled home from all corners, even from such remote ones as the English-composition course. "Although he was president of his class and an excellent football player," says the model sentence written for the academy's *Cadet Handbook of Composition Standards* to illustrate the correct use of a semicolon, "he failed his A.F. Academy entrance examinations; but still he was admitted to West Point."

The "cadet wing" of some 2,400 students is divided into 24 squadrons, each of which lives in its own part of the enormous dormitory. Much of the cadet's life is organized around intersquadron competition, and academic accomplishment counts for one third of the total points in deciding which squadron wins it. If tutoring is necessary to pull up a cadet's grades, his squadron leaders will provide it.

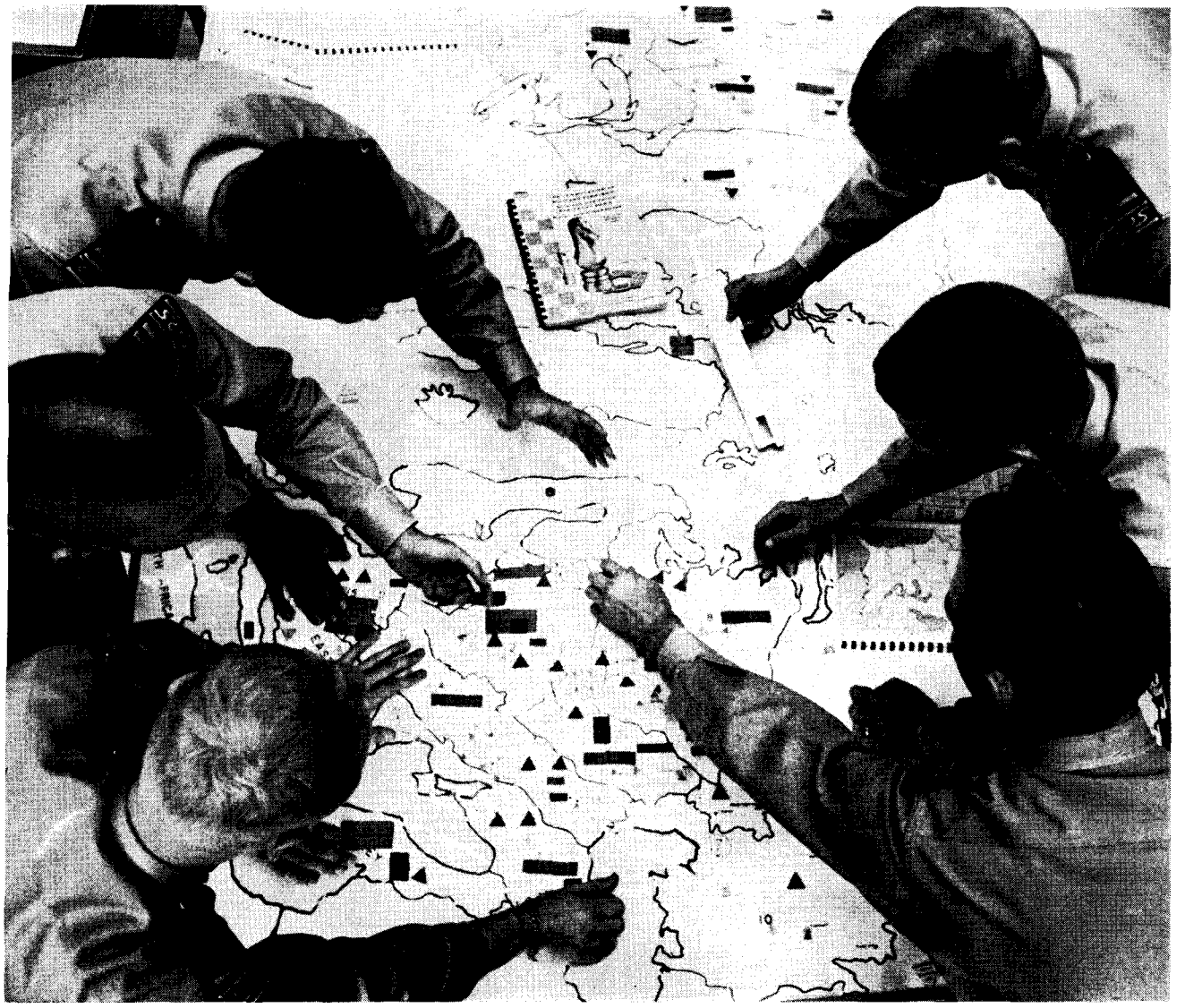
But the emphasis is not wholly academic. Cadets must be physically tough too. Part of the new doolie's basic cadet training in the summer before classes start is a "controlled survival test" in which he is thrown into the mountains without food, with a knife, a parachute to use as a tent, and orders to get back to the academy on his own. The trek back takes four days, ending on a Sunday morning, when the starved cadets—who were ordinary high-school seniors just a few months before—straggle into the dining hall to receive a special breakfast of as much steak as they can eat.

Intramural sports, which also count in the competition among the squadrons, are rugged enough to be called "intramurder," and account for the largest fraction of the walking wounded who hobble about the cadet area. (The next largest fraction are the members of the ski club, the academy's most popular extracurricular activity.) "The reason you put on a uniform," says Col. M. L. Martin, director of athletics, "is because you may be, will be and want to be called on if there's a fight." Everybody must play on three squadron teams a year: sports build the combative spirit.

Nationally advertised intercollegiate sports are less important. Though the cadet wing will shake the skies whenever its Falcons take a nationally ranked team or a rival service academy, the athletic department will ordinarily settle for success in its own mountain-states league, against teams like Wyoming and Utah and Colorado State, with maybe an occasional win over football-happy Colorado U. There will be no hotshot civilian coaches at the Air Force Academy, as there are at West Point.

Military ratings, from the quality of the squadron's marching to the neatness of its uniforms, also count in the squadron competition, and everyone is always conscious that professional life is around the corner. Unless the cadet becomes a professional officer, the Air Force has received little value for the $46,000 it spends to educate him through the four years. Only a third of the entering cadets believe they will make military service a career (the rest plan to put in their required four years as regular officers after graduation, then "do something else"), but the academy confidently expects that actually about nine tenths of the 70 percent or so who graduate will remain in the Air Force until death or retirement—and this change of attitude has to be accomplished by the program.

The job is done more by controlling the atmosphere than by specific teaching. Almost all members of the faculty are career officers, and believe in it. Classes report formally for duty to their instructors and are formally dismissed. The wing marches to meals. The cadet's person and room, which he shares, are subject to inspection at all times, and any sloppiness counts against his squadron. Daily life is lived in instant obedience to orders relayed through a chain of command—where possible, a *cadet* chain of command.



Fourth Classmen (Seniors) work out an exercise in Strategic Analysis on a table-top map of the world.

Gen. McDermott "made this place what it is."

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AND WANT TO BE CALLED ON IF THERE'S A FIGHT."

An honor code—"We will not lie, steal or cheat, nor tolerate among us anyone who does"—is enforced as a military matter by a cadet committee, and eliminates every year 30 or 40 boys, about half of whom have turned themselves in. ("We don't play cops and robbers here," says a cadet.) Impropriety outside as well as inside the academy is grounds for dismissal—one boy was thrown out not long ago because he lied about his age to get a drink while in civilian clothes during his month-long summer vacation. Usually one does not get cadets even moderately relaxed—let alone drinking—when they are with outsiders. Even a boy lounging in his undershirt, playing a guitar in the duty room on Saturday and covering the squadron telephone, will *speak* at attention when asked a question by a visitor.

The central pressure point, however, is always academic. "The military skill," Prof. Samuel Huntington of Harvard wrote in his book *The Soldier and the State*, "requires a broad background of general education for its mastery"—and the academy likes the quote so much that the cadet editors of *Contrails*, the cadet handbook, paraphrase it without attribution to explain why everybody has to work so hard. Huntington lists the academic fields the ideal officer must understand—"history, politics, economics, sociology and psychology . . . chemistry, physics and biology." Except for sociology, each of them rates at least one required course at the Air Force Academy, as do law, philosophy, math, foreign language, English composition, astronautics, and electrical, mechanical and aeronautical engineering.

Scholars in uniform

All classes are held in seminar fashion, no more than 14 or 15 boys in the room with the instructor, so it is fairly easy to verify whether the work has been done. Moreover, the students are expected to speak up; grades are given for participation as well as for test results. Cadets are slotted into different sections of a course according to their ability, and brighter classes are expected to handle more material. Nobody can look out the window in a classroom, because there are no windows—the academic building has halls along the outside, with classrooms buried in the center block.

Before the dining hall, where cadets must pass it three times a day, stands a stone sculpture of a fierce (but aerodynamically unsound) bald eagle, guarding two fledgling eagles. On the base of the sculpture are carved the words, MAN'S FLIGHT THROUGH LIFE IS SUSTAINED BY THE POWER OF HIS KNOWLEDGE. The academy takes this slogan seriously enough to print it on the official stationery—and a surprisingly large fraction of the cadet wing seems to buy it too.

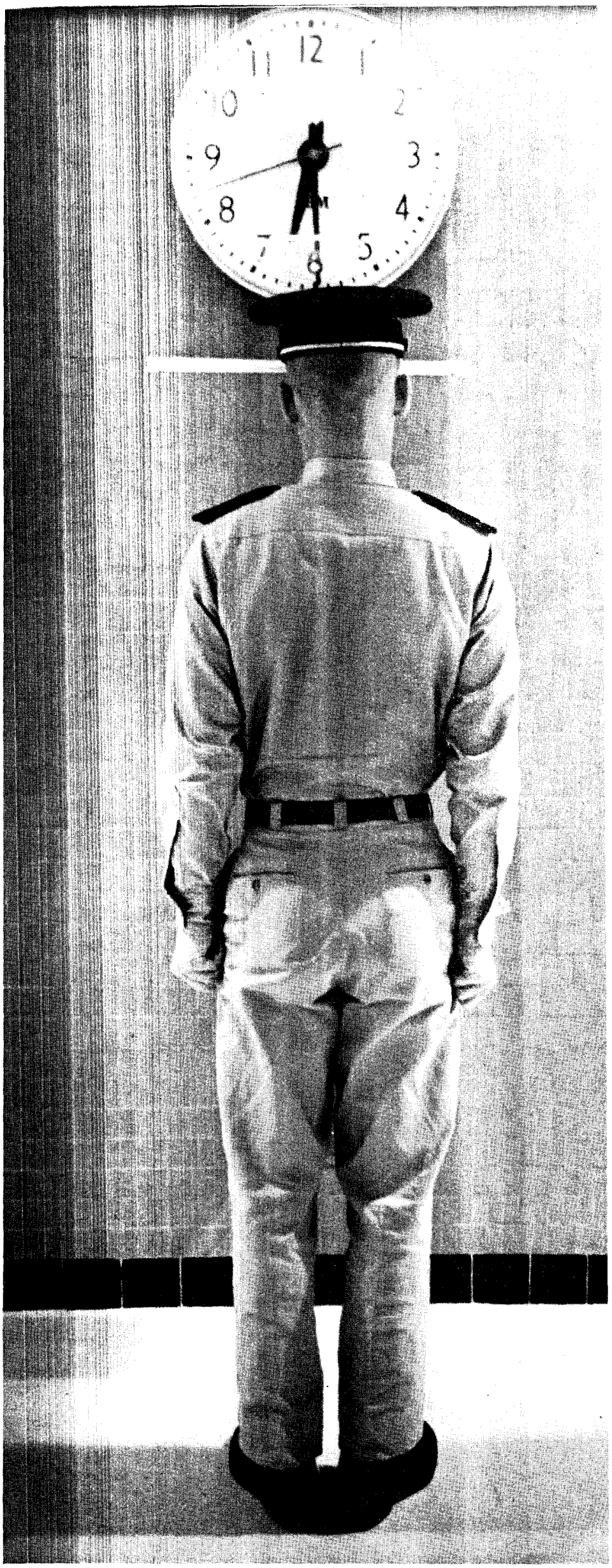
About half the courses offered at the academy are "electives," and two thirds of the cadets will try some of them, over and above the required program. Cadet Col. Sam W. Westbrook III, the slight, serious cadet commander of the wing for the past spring term, was overjoyed to learn that his Rhodes scholarship would allow him to move on after two years at Oxford to complete his Ph. D. in physics at the University of California. He will then have contracted to serve at least another 13 years in the Air Force, and doubtless will be back at the academy some day as an instructor.

The job of creating and maintaining a thirst for knowledge in the cadet wing falls primarily on the 350 officers in the academic faculty. "The question is, what do you find when you go over there and scratch an instructor?" says director of evaluation, Lt. Col. Cary Thompson, looking out from the administration building across to the classrooms. "If you scratch deep enough, do you find an air officer or a college professor? And the answer is, you find a college professor." Yet the fact is that, apart from the 21 permanent colonel-professors (of whom only 11 have as yet been appointed), the academy faculty consists of air officers who are serving a five-year tour of duty as teachers. Why should they scratch down to college professors?

As the intelligent tourist said when he saw the sphinx, this thing didn't just happen; somebody planned it. And there is no great mystery at the academy about who has directed the growth of Disneyland East, as the cadets call it, in its first eight years. The school has already had four superintendents and four commandants of cadets, and among the senior staff only one man, Brig. Gen. Robert F. McDermott, dean of the faculty, has been involved with the academy from the first plans to the present. Every one of the 350 officers on the faculty has been appointed at McDermott's recommendation. "He's a great man," says Col. Victor J. Ferrari, wing air officer commanding, in charge of the squadron organization until last June. "He's made this place what it is."

A handsome, squared-off general with bright blue eyes, wavy hair beginning to go gray at age 43, McDermott has created his own type—that of "the military academic." An effective rather slow speaker, with just a touch of the Boston manner, he has immense resources of courtesy which can give people the notion that his temperament is pliable. But the man is a fighter—a command pilot who was a group operations officer in the Ninth Air Force in World War II and wears four rows of ribbons—and he is a politician of consummate skill. He is also a trombonist, and has been known to play for the cadets on informal occasions. "The year I was graduated from the Boston Latin School," he says, "there were two music prizes. I won one for trombone, and Leonard Bernstein won the other one for piano. But Bernstein hasn't made general yet."

McDermott was teaching at West Point when President Eisenhower signed the bill creating the Air Force Academy, and in September, 1954, less than a month after Lt. Gen. Hubert Harmon had opened the academy's first two-room office at Lowry Air Force Base in Denver, McDermott was on the staff as professor of economics and vice dean. He jumped for the job. After the war and three years in uniform at the Harvard Business School, he had been assigned back to West Point as a faculty member, reporting for duty the year the Korean War began. A quarter of the West Point faculty had been reassigned to combat duties in the Far East, and their places had been taken by reserve officers called back to



Erring doolie is required to face clock and periodically announce the time.

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Cadet holds one of academy's falcon mascots, which perform at football half-times.

Photographs by Bill Bridges

"DAMN THE UPPERCLASSMEN, FULL SPEED AHEAD."

service from teaching jobs at the civilian universities. Observing the greater sophistication of these essentially civilian colleagues, and their willingness to stick pins in sacred West Point balloons, McDermott began to dream of a service academy that would experiment in ways West Point refused to try.

This dream has not been shared by everyone who has come to Colorado Springs. With help from a handful of close associates—particularly from the third superintendent, Maj. Gen. William S. Stone, who had graduate degrees himself from Columbia and Cal Tech, and who is now Lieutenant General Stone, deputy chief of staff for personnel at the Air Force end of the Pentagon—McDermott has found ways to make people share his dream, or leave the academy.

Attacks have come from all directions. Making a public speech to a service group, Brig. Gen. Robert M. Stillman, a former commandant of cadets at the academy, denounced it for reducing the emphasis on intercollegiate sports to push down cadets' throats a lot of academic stuff they would never use. Air Force commanders have complained that the "balanced curriculum" deprives cadets of the engineering training they will need.

The most serious of McDermott's difficulties, however, came from the heart of the academy, from the attitudes of the air officers commanding who ran the 24 cadet squadrons, combining the roles of commanding officer, psychological counselor and house mother. An AOC sees much more of the cadets in his squadron than does any member of the faculty. In the West Point tradition, these AOC's had been assigned to the Air Force Academy strictly for their military qualities. Most of them had no academic interests—some of them, indeed, had never been to college. "They'd say," McDermott recalls, "'If you're failing a course, that's bad for the squadron. Don't fail. But there's no reason to get better than a C.'" McDermott felt that the AOC's were—some of them consciously—sabotaging the academic work of the school. He agitated for a new deal.

In the spring of 1961 Major General Stone made the necessary changes. Tables of organization were changed to give each squadron both an AOC and an assistant AOC, and McDermott transferred 24 members of his faculty to the squadron organization, half of them as AOC's, half as assistant AOC's, all with a mission. At the same time, Colonel Ferrari, a former psychology teacher who had been McDermott's assistant in the dean's office, was moved over to be wing air officer commanding.

The new AOC's, though many of them had been through the very similar West Point "plebe" year, found that they could not live with the existing doolie system. Psychological and occasionally even physical harassment of the doolie by upperclassmen kept the newcomer from concentration on academic or military habits. A mistake in the manual of arms or the various memorized rituals was greeted by upperclassmen not with correction but with unrelated punishment. The emphasis on don't-speak-unless-you're-spoken-to frustrated the academic procedure of the discussion class, which relies upon the willingness of students to ask questions and make comments. Holding their breath, the academy's leaders in early 1962 decided to make drastic changes in the doolie system.

They anticipated serious trouble. The West Point plebe system was bred in the bones of the senior men in the Air Force as well as the Army. Stone announced his changes and waited for the cannon to open up. One of the first letters he received was from General Eisenhower. He opened it in fear and trembling, and found a note of congratulations: Eisenhower wrote that he'd often wondered why the Point hadn't long before eliminated this archaic hazing of young cadets. Stone had the letter framed and stopped worrying about repercussions. Only the cadets themselves were offended; it had been part of their spunk to put up with whatever hit them. "Hazing, sir," said one boy, "has been illegal in the service academies since the turn of the century. There was no hazing, sir."

Revision of the doolie year continues under the new superintendent, Maj. Gen. Robert H. Warren, a tall, big-boned man with a long face and rapidly blinking eyes, who was our ramrod negotiator with the Communists at Panmunjom ("I rather enjoyed it—it was like playing chess"). Warren has abandoned the time-honored "walking the area" with a gun on the shoulder as a punishment for infractions of minor rules, substituting "dignified" manual labor on work projects like the cadet picnic grounds, or twice as many hours at supervised study for those cadets in academic trouble. The most drastic break with service-academy tradition will come a month from now, when doolies will be given Christmas leave, previously a privilege of upperclassmen only. "I went down to the cadet area last Christmas and looked around," Warren explains, "and as far as I could see the boys didn't seem to be learning anything."

Despite the emphasis on learning, the discipline and the tightly supervised 6:30-A.M.-to-11:00-P.M. schedule, daily life is not necessarily grim. Even doolies are not so cowed as the observer might think—their official slogan is DUFSA, standing for "Damn the Upperclassmen, Full Speed Ahead!" Everything has a name: The silver wreath which a cadet is entitled to wear on his sleeve for a high order of military proficiency is The Toilet Seat; the area before the dormitory, where the cadet wing forms for inspections and the march to meals, is The Blue Zoo in honor of the two million tourists who come each year to stand on the other side of the railings and watch the formations. (One summer somebody posted a sign: PLEASE DO NOT FEED THE CADETS.)

There is an officially tolerated humor magazine, *The Dodo*, which gets suppressed at regular intervals, usually for a particularly objectionable piece of smut; but when *The Dodo* is shot down, a wholly unofficial mimeographed sheet, *The Phoenix*, often rises to replace it.

A surprising amount of fun and games can be found in the classroom too. The relationship between the officer-instructor and the cadet who will soon be an officer himself is better defined than that between the college professor and the civilian student; indulgences can be offered without loss of dignity, and liberties taken without loss of respect. Asked by an instructor to assume that he was the commanding general of NATO, a cadet began ominously, "Well, *Captain* Pinckney . . ." Another, eying a formula on a blackboard, said fretfully, "What idiot thought *that* one up?" When his instructor replied, "It was my own idea," the cadet commented, through the laughter of the others in the class, "Sir, I'm genuinely sorry I said that."

The program itself is not in any way sacred or immovable. "I try to change a few things every year," McDermott says, "to make sure everybody knows things can be changed." McDermott itches constantly from the belief that there must be, somewhere, better ways to achieve the academy's complicated objectives.

Some of the most puzzling difficulties are psychological. Harvard's Samuel Huntington writes, and the Academy believes, that "the professional officer exists in a world of grays." But in a nation that has no tradition of military families—McDermott has children in Stanford and Harvard—the boy who chooses a service career is likely to be one who sees things in blacks and whites.

Cadets are willing to study and they can sweat out the intricacies of Asian existence, the liaison of social, political and military factors in brush-fire wars. What really rouses them, however, is the sort of story they hear in a military-training lesson, about a day in Korea when the heavy artillery zeroed in on the attacking Chinese, "and it rained gooks for half an hour." This business is tricky, like walking a tightrope. Telling war stories is a classic and proven way to "motivate" cadets for a service career. Today, however, matters are more complicated than war stories can tell.

"We're not going to fight World War II again," McDermott says. "We're in a situation where the Ph.D. without military experience may on occasion have a greater grasp of reality than the military man with twenty years' fighting. Military technology is not enough. We face an intellectual challenge. There's a high level of competency now at the Defense Department, higher than in any previous Administration of either party. To put it crudely," McDermott concludes, remembering the ambitions of the bright boys at Boston Latin, "we realize now that in dealing with DOD [Department of Defense] we have to be able to match a Harvard man with a Harvard man."

For this purpose, the training of cadets is only part of the Air Force Academy mission. Almost equally important is the pushing of each year's best seniors into M.A. and Ph.D. programs, and the requirement that all faculty members must get graduate degrees in academic specialties—in the future, at the nation's most eminent universities. McDermott's "military academics" must be able to match bibliographies of learned and scientific papers against the knowledge of the civilian academics who play an ever-increasing role in defense planning.

McDermott obviously expects that a tour on the academy faculty—already one of the most desirable Air Force assignments, with 10,000 officer applicants for the 350 posts—will mark the road up for the staff officers of the future. "I could select from the young captains here now," McDermott says, "take over the plans staff, and give [Air Force Chief of Staff Curtis] LeMay the best planning group he's ever had. If these kids aren't general officers in ten years, there's something wrong with the system. I'm willing to bet at least two of them will be superintendents here before I'm through as dean of the faculty. That'll be awkward, won't it?"

The real importance of the Air Force Academy on the national scene lies in this ambitious, long-range view of its potential. The United States in this century will have to make great decisions about the relationship between the military establishment and a democratic government at a time when one tenth of the national income is paid through the Defense Department. Whatever mission has been officially assigned to the Air Force Academy, its unspoken purpose is to make sure that professional Air Force officers will be intelligent enough, flexible enough and educated enough to participate powerfully when such decisions must be made.

THE END

Cheering cadets exult as the Falcons win, 10–7, over the University of Washington.

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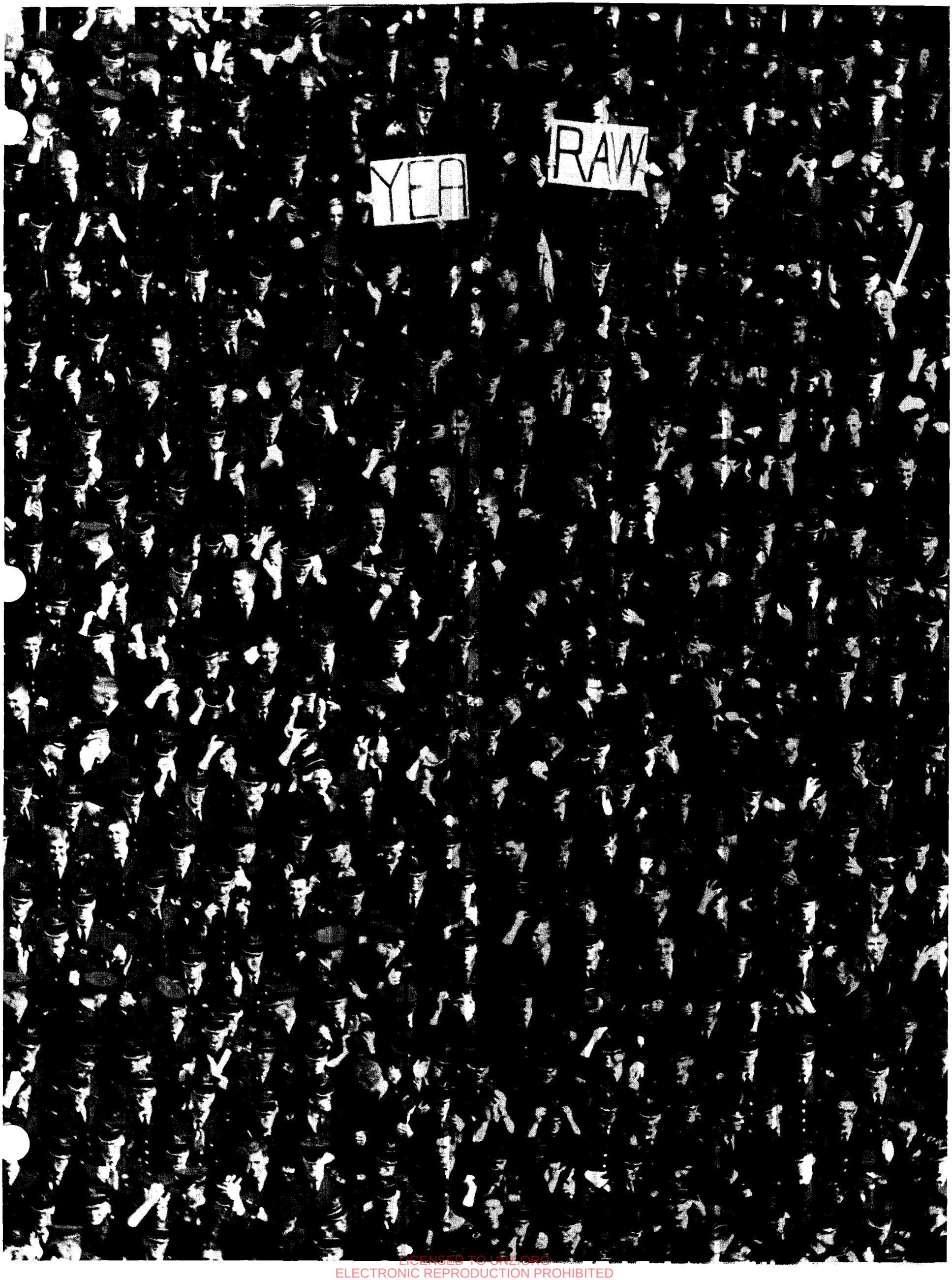

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COMMON SENSE ABOUT UNCOMMON CARRIERS

The announcement by the Department of Defense last month that Secretary McNamara had ordered the Navy to proceed under a full head of steam with the construction of another conventional supercarrier strikes us as a curiously illogical way for a cost-conscious, efficiency-minded establishment to do business.

The question here is not the merits of the supercarrier (See FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL OF THE SUPERCARRIER, *Post*, Nov. 2). That controversy has been shoved under water for the time being. No doubt it will surface again before many months. The question is whether the latest supercarrier should be conventional or nuclear-powered, whether nuclear power is worth the extra cost of about $125 million.

The new supercarrier, CVA 67, was authorized by Congress last year for fiscal 1963. The Department of Defense, with congressional approval, later decided to delay its construction "to permit consideration of the desirability of constructing this vessel with nuclear power." Before that question could be resolved, "it became clear," the Department of Defense says, "that the assessment of the greater cost associated with nuclear power, against the advantages to be derived from its use, was a much more complicated question than had been realized." Such an assessment "involves a determination of the cost of nuclear power for the other ships within the carrier task force, if the carrier itself is nuclear-powered. It also involves an assessment in greater depth of the missions of a carrier task force in a variety of military situations, in order to determine whether the added costs of nuclearization are worth incurring."

Supercarriers are expensive. The conventionally powered *Forrestal* cost $277 million. The *Enterprise*, our first nuclear carrier, cost $459 million, and a second nuclear carrier would cost about $403 million. That is a lot of money.

It is hard for us to understand, however, why further studies should be needed to evaluate the nuclear supercarrier. The *Enterprise* has been in commission for two years. It is well established that a nuclear carrier can operate at top speed much longer than a conventional carrier, remain on combat station three or four times as long, carry twice as much aviation fuel and accommodate a greater number and variety of bombs. Because it can sustain greater speeds and does not have to rendezvous for refueling, it is less vulnerable than a conventional carrier.

Despite these factors, the Department of Defense wants to study further the cost efficiency of the nuclear versus conventional supercarriers. Meanwhile, it orders the construction of another conventional supercarrier. It may find itself one day in the position of belatedly realizing that the extra cost of a nuclear carrier makes sense after it has already gone ahead with the conventional carrier.

The Defense Department's announcement of the order to proceed with the conventional carrier said that the "decision was motivated by a desire to avoid further delay, and does not prejudge the larger question of the application of nuclear power to the Navy's surface vessels in the future. A Navy study of that question is under way."

Maybe so, but the announcement sounds suspiciously like the end of nuclear carriers. We suspect that when judgment day comes, someone somewhere in the Pentagon will be in the middle of a study called "Judgment Day, U.S.A." It will be marked TOP SECRET, of course.

BY THE NUMBERS

It's getting so that life is just a numbers game: serial numbers, digit-dialing numbers, license numbers, Social Security numbers, bank-account numbers and ZIP-code numbers. A popular movie is called 8½, and the newest character in "Peanuts" is 555 95472, or 5 for short. His sisters are 3 and 4. The poor children's father was under the influence of area codes and ZIP codes when he renamed them.

The numbers game has had the opposite effect on us. We are outnumbered. There are so many numbers to remember that we spend half our time searching through our wallet trying to find the number on our supermarket identification card to cash a check, or going back to the phone book to look up a number that is too long to remember.

There was a time when our telephone number was three digits—667. The operator, whom we called "Central," was a friendly human being who personally placed every call. If you didn't know the number, the name would do. To call out of town, you said "long distance" and dumped the whole problem in the ear of this helpful soul.

Now, in the name of progress, it is every man for himself. Call long distance and you can dial directly, without the help of any mortal being. All you have to do is remember 10 numbers, if you can find them. If it turns out you have to talk with another person in the same office, it is easier to call Hong Kong than to have the call transferred.

The result of this numbers-happiness no doubt will be a world like alphabet soup with digits instead of letters. People will say, "Four, nine, three, six five," and clever conversationalists will reply, "Zero two, nine eight eight seven."

In journalism there is a number that is used to end a story. That number is 30, and that is what we would like to say to the business of turning names and everything else into numbers. 30.

WHERE TO WRITE

The White House Historical Association tells us that as a result of our recent story, HOW JACKIE RESTYLED THE WHITE HOUSE (*Post*, Oct. 26), requests for its guidebook are streaming in. As we noted at the time, the pictures for that story came from *The White House: An Historic Guide*, which is available for $2.75 in the clothbound edition and $1.25 in soft cover. The address and mailing details were listed on the contents page of that issue of *The Post*, but some of our readers seem to have missed them. Here, for those who didn't see it, is the complete address: The White House Historical Association, 718 Jackson Place, N.W., Lafayette Square, Washington 6, D.C.

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